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**THE CIVIC GARLAND.**

EDITED BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ.

**LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BECKET.**

EDITED BY J. H. BLACK, ESQ.

**21512**







# The Civic Garland.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FROM  
LONDON PAGEANTS.

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EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY

FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

42

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— "Quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng."  
*Longfellow's Voices of the Night.*

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,  
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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M.DCCC.XLV.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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It was my original intention to have appended the songs from the mayoralty pageants of London, contained in this volume, to the volume on Lord Mayors' Pageants published by the Percy Society in 1843-4, so that this may be considered as the *third* and concluding part of the collections on that subject. I have however not restricted myself now, as I should have done before, to those only to be found in pageants expressly devoted to London's chief magistrate, but have added several from pageants designed to entertain royalty when it honoured the city with its presence. It must be allowed that many of these songs possess but little poetical merit; they are chiefly curious as specimens of the taste and feeling of the day; but they derive an historic interest from the great occasions in the celebration of which they were composed. In many instances, too, they vividly picture forth, in coarse and homely phrase enough, the opinions, political and religious, held in the capital of the kingdom. In some instances the freedom of expression is rather surprising; but this also is characteristic of the times. Thus,

when Charles the Second and his queen were entertained with the Waterman's Song, printed in this collection, p. 34, the author tells us:—"The song ended, and upon their majesties drawing near, one of the watermen boldly steps forward, and expresseth himself to their majesties in these words,—‘Haul in, haul in, for the honour of your calling, and be hang’d; do you know your fellows no better? I have something to say for the good of ye all: God blesse thee, King Charles, and thy good woman there, a blest creature she is, I warrant thee, and a true. Go thy wayes for a wagg! thou hast had a merry time on’t in the west; I need say no more; a word to the wise—thou understand’st me; much good may it do thee, fall too and welcome; the devil take the grudger! But dost hear me, don’t take it in dudgeon that I am so familiar with thee; thou mayst rather take it kindly, for I am not alwayes in this good humour; though I *thee* thee and *thou* thee, I am no quaker, take notice of that; he that does not love thee in his heart, may he be drawn in a cart; God blesse me, that rime has put me in mind of the old poet my brother waterman.\* Have at ye, i’faith! if I have any guts in my brains! I’ll give you a dish

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\* John Taylor the Water-Poet, so named from having been a Thames waterman. He composed the mayoralty pageant for 1634.

of poetry to stay your stomach 'till you get further;  
a distich or two does it:

We in our hearts do foster no deceit,  
They and our tongues simplicity do meet,  
As sands and fishes are thought numberless,  
So may our joyes be pregnant, and increase.

And so God speed you well."

The very great rarity of the descriptive pamphlets of London pageants can only be accounted for by the temporary interest they excited. The original editions were not small, and they appeared on all occasions. In the *Satires* of Henry Fitzgeffery, 1617, mention is made how

" Carelesse, fearlesse pamphlets fly about,  
Bookes made of ballades ; workes of playes,  
Sights to be read of my lo. maior's days."

and he previously speaks of the eagerness with which descriptive accounts are got up and published:

" Be there a city show, or sight at court."

Since the publication of my collections on Lord Mayors' Pageants, in which I included a brief description of all I could then discover in any public or private library, Mr. Pearson has obtained one by Thomas Middleton hitherto unpublished, and which is printed entire in the second volume of the *Shakspeare Society's Papers*. It is entitled "The Triumphs of Honor and Virtue," and was written by Middleton for the mayoralty of the Rt. Hon. Peter

Proby, of the grocer's company, in 1622. The pageants for 1621 and 1623 I have already described; and this supplies the missing one. Two pageants were exhibited on the water, *the Throne of Virtue*, and *the Continent of India*. They add to the show by land, and are stationed on the mayor's return, at different places. St. Paul's church-yard is the abiding-place of *the Continent of India*; this was the *trade-pageant*, and was "replenished with all manner of spice-plants and trees bearing odour." A black personage, representing India, is seated on a bed of spices, attended by Indians in antique habits, "Commerce, Adventure, and Traffic, three habited like merchants, presenting to her view a bright figure, bearing the inscription of *Knowledge*, a sun appearing above the trees in brightest splendour and glory." Middleton tells us that "the three merchants placed in the *Continent* have reference to the lord mayor and sheriffs, all three being this year brothers of this ancient and honourable Society." India addresses an exceedingly complimentary speech to the mayor, who now proceeds to "the chariot of *Fame*, which awaits his honour's approach near the little conduit in Cheap," where Antiquity again compliments him and the company to which he belongs, and declares the honours they have received in his "golden register book." *The Throne of Virtue* is

the next to confront the mayor near to Laurencelane end, and here again compliments are rife. The mayor now reaches Guildhall, dines, and afterwards goes to St. Paul's, attended by "the whole state of the triumph," and so homeward. "In Soper Lane two parts of the triumph stand ready planted; viz. *the Throne of Virtue*, and *the Globe of Honour*." This last pageant, which, with the others, was the work of Gerard Christmas (whose inventive genius and clever execution is always lauded by the city poets, and has been frequently noticed by me elsewhere), is so exactly like what we constantly see upon the modern theatres, that it is not a little curious, particularly if Christmas was the original inventor of this "unparalleled master-piece of invention and art," as Middleton styles it. This "*Globe* suddenly opening, and flying into eight coats, or distinct parts, discovers in a twinkling eight bright personages most gloriously decked, representing as it were the *inward man*, the intentions of a virtuous and worthy breast by the graces of the mind and soul, such as *Clear Conscience*, *Divine Speculation*, *Peace of Heart*, *Integrity*, *Watchfulness*, *Equality*, *Providence*, *Impartiality*, each exprest by its proper illustration. And because man's perfection can receive no constant attribute in this life, the cloud of Frailty ever and anon shadowing and darkening our brightest intentions,

makes good the morality of those coats or parts, when they fall or close into the full round of a globe again, showing, that as the brightest day has its overcastings, so the best men in this life have their imperfections; and worldly mists oftentimes interpose the clearest cogitations, and yet that but for a season, turning in the end, like the mounting of this engine, to their everlasting brightness, converting itself to a canopy of stars." The four cardinal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, are placed at the four corners, and Honour, "mounted on the top," explains all in a farewell speech to the mayor.

I have myself obtained access to the very rare pageant for 1698 by Settle, and which is remarkable as being *one* of the only *two* containing engravings of the shows exhibited. It is entitled, "Glory's Resurrection, being the Triumphs of London revived, for the Inauguration of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Child," of the Goldsmiths' Company. Upon this occasion the place of meeting was Goldsmiths' Hall, and the procession passed through Cheapside to Three-Crane wharf, where they embarked for Westminster, landing on their return at Dorset-stairs.\* The first pageant, "The

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\* See my "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 115, for the account given in the newspapers of the day, of their entertainment there by the Earl of Dorset.

Amphitheatre of Union," was exhibited in Cheapside; it was a temple of the Corinthian order, on the angles of which were placed "four noble golden cups, being part of the bearing of the companies arms." Union addresses a short and amicable speech to the Mayor. The second pageant is the Goldsmiths' Laboratory, where sits St. Dunstan, holding a pair of goldsmith's tongs in his right hand and a crozier in his left, while under his feet lies the devil. "On each side this noble seat," says Settle, "is plac'd Apollo and Esculapius his son, in their proper habits, bearing the city's and company's banners, and playing on several melodious instruments, as well for his lordship's diversion as to preserve a harmony and decorum among the artificers," who are all at work in the various processes of their trade around him. St. Dunstan thus commences his address to the Mayor,

" The triumphs of this day, deserv'd so well,  
When fame shall in recorded story tell,  
Those oracles of truth——"

*Devil. (Interrupting him.)* Can you speak truth?

*St. Dunstan.* Peace, snarling devil! Thus I'll stop your mouth!

*(Catches him by the nose.)*

Down to thy hell, there croak, thou fiend accurst,  
See this great day, and, swell'd with envy, burst.\*

The third pageant is the chariot of justice, in

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\* It was usual to act this legend whenever a mayor of the goldsmiths' company was inaugurated. It occurs in Jordan's

which sits Astrea, holding in her right hand a touch-stone, and in her left a golden balance with silver scales. "At a descent beneath this goddess are placed Charity and Concord, as the necessary supporters of Justice; and on a seat remote sits another virtue, called Truth, supporting the reins and guiding the chariot of Justice. This stately chariot is drawn by two unicorns, most exquisitely carved and gilded, with equal proportion to the life. On the backs of the two unicorns are mounted two beautiful young princes, one a Barbarian, the other an European, sounding forth the fame of the honourable company of goldsmiths. At the feet of these most noble creatures are seated four other virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Courage, and Conduct, all properly attired, each holding a banner, display'd with the king's, the lord mayor's, the city's, and the company's arms." Astrea addresses a short complimentary speech to the mayor.

The fourth and last pageant is "the Temple of Honour," where he sits with Peace, Plenty, and Liberality; and he also compliments the mayor. At each corner of the stage beneath, were placed impersonations of "the four principal rivers of

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pageant for Sir Robert Vyner, 1684. See "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 82, for the descriptive passage. In the pageant for 1687, which Taubman had composed for Sir John Shorter, the same scene was enacted. (See "Pageants," Part I, p. 103.)



trade, as Tiber, Nile, Danube, and Thames." A song of three verses, composed for the feast in Guildhall, concludes the pamphlet; it promises an increase of trade and wealth to the city, owing to the peace effected by the prowess of William the Third:

"Of war he has ended the toil and the pain,  
And William's work now is to smile and to reign."

The four plates do not altogether accord with the author's description of the pageants they are supposed to delineate. Thus, the first exhibits a figure not answering to the description given of "Union," holding a bow and arrow, under a square canopy, not supported by Corinthian capitals, but by twisted pillars of a nondescript order. St. Dunstan is represented in his chair, without the devil, and unattended by the other personages named; two goldsmiths, one weighing ore, and the other placing cups in the shop which forms the back-ground, are all that appear. The engraving altogether lacks *vraisemblance*, and does not look like a fac-simile copy of any particular pageant. Both these plates are of the folio size of the pamphlet; the third one is a larger folding plate; it is "the chariot of justice," and is inscribed "to the worshipfull the Company of Goldsmiths, the prints of these Pageants, as a lasting monument of this year's triumphs, are humbly dedicated," and it is

marked as "17 foot high." The fourth, "the Temple of Honour," answers the description pretty well: it is very badly executed as a work of art, as are all the others except the Chariot of Justice, which is a remarkably spirited engraving, with a very broad effect, reminding one forcibly, in its style and treatment, as well as by the features of the faces, of the works of the celebrated Dutch engraver, Romain de Hooge, by whom it was very probably executed. It is copied in outline as a frontispiece to this book.\*

The Fishmongers' company have, since the completion of my little volume, published by subscription a series of fac-simile engravings from the very interesting drawings of Sir John Leman's pageant for 1616 in their possession, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, in an elegant folio volume. Their resemblance in structure to the

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\* If the reader will turn to my "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 81, he will find that precisely the same pageant was exhibited in 1674; and in p. 103 of the same volume it is described in the pageant for 1687 identically as Settle now gives it; in the notes and additions to Part I he will find a further notice of the way in which these "stock-pageants" were repeated, and sometimes under new names, or with new figures introduced, which may account for the engravings of some of those above-named not exactly agreeing with the descriptions of the city laureate. They have evidently been executed by different hands, and probably at different times.

continental pageants I have described in the introduction to the first part of my own book is identical; the figures exhibited are all arranged on stages, and the machinery which moves them is concealed by hangings or painted cloths, like the Antwerp pageant engraved there.

In the notes to the second part of the Pageants I have printed a song on the visit of King James I to St. Paul's in 1620, from a MS. in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, and which formerly belonged to John Gamble, a musician of whom I have given a brief notice in p. 35 of the present volume; I may be excused for printing another curious song from the same MS. on the citizens' neglect of their cathedral, as the Percy Society should be considered as peculiarly the guardians of all such ancient unpublished lyrics.

The purelinges of the citty,  
 Both zealous men and witty,  
     Inspired with the spirit of truth :  
 Doe hould it for a great offence,  
 To repayre a church with such expence,  
     That hath beene superstitious all her youth.

Lett ould Duke Humphrey and his crue  
 Rise from their graves, and build it newe,  
     That there long tyme did use to say their masses ;  
 For they stood much upon good workes,  
 Which we esteeme farr less then Turkes,  
     And those that doe them we terme them asses.

Forsooth, all Papists aske us where  
 Our church was many a yeare  
     Invisible, when theirs was in the height :  
 But let the poore deceived souls  
 Look underneath the quier of Pauls,  
     And they may see her holly fayth.

There is noe bell nor organs there,  
 To make a fearefull noyse to heare ;  
     The surplis is not worne, nor yet the cope ;  
 Noe choristers to make a noyse,  
 We prayse the Lord without such toyes,  
     By psalms and sermons preacht against the pope.

There are not pictures to be seene,  
 But only of our royall queene  
     Elizabeth, whose fame doth beare the bell,  
 Her soul's in heaven, you may be sure,  
 For though she died a virgin pure,  
     She ne're deserved to lead apes in hell.

The Scriptures all men freely read,  
 Interpreting it for a neede  
     Themselves, without a guide, and never feare it.  
 Wee neede noe fathers to expound,  
 Our doctrine is soe sure and sound  
     That all men find it by their private spirit.

I cannot chuse but laugh at those  
 That seeke the Church and doctrines gloss  
     Upon the text, and dare not trust their owne.  
 As if they knewe as well as wee,  
 What without zeale doth best agree,      [knowne.  
     That wrought soe long before the Church was

Now God preserve King Charles his life,  
 For he hath gott a vertuous wife ;  
     The match is broake with Spayne, I saw't in print,  
 The Frenche match is goinge on amayne,

If that should have broake as it did with Spayne,  
For my part, I should think the devill were in't.\*

Of Jacob Hall, the celebrated rope-dancer who was hired to figure before Charles II in the pageant for 1671, when he dined with the mayor, (see "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part II, p. 138, and *notes*), a notice occurs in a poem "upon the stately structure of Bow Church and steeple," printed in the "Collection of Poems on affairs of State," vol. iv, p. 379, which would seem to prove that he was frequently seen in the mayoralty shows.

"When Jacob Hall on his high rope shews tricks,  
The dragon flutters,† the lord mayor's horse kicks ;  
The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know  
Which most t' admire, Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow !"

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\* The same MS. contains the following stanza set to music, which was written on Charles the First's peremptory dismissal of his queen's French servants, in the summer of 1626. They had so tired his patience, that in a letter to Buckingham he says, "I command you to send all the French away out of town. If you can by fair means, (but stick not long in disputing), other ways force them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them ; and so the devil go with them."

Harke, I'll tell you newes from the court,  
Marke, these thinges will make you good sport,  
All the French that lately did prauce  
There up and downe in bravery,  
Now are all sent backe to France,  
Kinge Charles hath smelt some knavery.  
Harke ! how they call for helpe ! some porters is lacking ;  
Denmark House was full of packs,  
Sent away on porter's backs.

† Alluding to the dragon which forms the weather-cock of Bow Church.

The guilds, or companies of tradesmen of all our large towns, were formerly distinguished by their public processions and pageants exhibited on the election of mayor, or the commemoration day of their patron saint. These have all gradually fallen into disuse, or else lingered on until their original meaning was in some degree forgotten.\* The three most interesting of these ancient shows, which remain to us, are the guild processions of Coventry, Preston, and Shrewsbury. The Coventry tradesmen have always been celebrated for their love of shows since the days of the old mysteries, when each trade played one peculiar to itself, as did their fellow-traders of Chester. The guild procession of modern times was annually exhibited at Coventry, on the Friday in Trinity week, until within the last thirty years, but now it seldom occurs oftener than once in three or four years. The show commences with the city guards, dressed in ancient armour, and carrying spears; then follows St. George in a complete suit of armour, on a horse, led by a youth in female attire, probably intended for Sabra, the king of Egypt's daughter, whom,

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\* At Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, it was usual to place outside the Guildhall, on the mayor's feast, two puppets named John and Bess Joblet. Why they were so named or exhibited no one knew; they were the last relic of some old commemoration or pageant.

according to Richard Johnson's veritable "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," he saved from the dragon's devouring jaws. He is followed by musicians, and the high constable of the city, with his staff of office in his hand, preceding the centre of attraction, the Lady Godiva. A handsome woman is always engaged to personate her ladyship; she is clothed in a white linen dress, fitting close to her body, which is relieved by a variety of gay ornaments; from her hair is suspended a splendid gauze scarf, she is also furnished with beautiful long ringlets, which flow in graceful luxuriance over great part of her body. She carries a large bunch of flowers in her hand, and rides on a cream-coloured horse, accompanied on either side by the city crier and beadle, on horseback.\* These men are remarked for their coats of two colours, the one side green, the other scarlet, to represent the bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield; the badge of the city is borne on their left arms. The mayor and corporation follow on horseback, preceding the different trade companies of the city, who are each represented by a streamer, and a master or head of the com-

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\* Though this guild procession is of very ancient date, the introduction of Lady Godiva is believed to have taken place about the time of that notorious licentiate Charles II.

pany provided with followers.\* They ride in the following order :—the mercers, drapers, clothiers, blacksmiths, tailors, cappers, butchers, fell-mon-gers, carpenters, cordwainers, bakers, and weavers. They are followed by a knight in silver armour, and by masonic and benefit societies. These are followed by the woolcombers' company, a strange-looking set of men, most of them wearing large wigs and hats of different coloured jersey. First comes their streamer; then their master and two followers; after them appear a little boy and girl, representing a shepherd and shepherdess; they are seated beneath two arbours, formed of boughs and flowers, which make an entire covering for the splendid car in which they ride; the boy carries a dog, the little girl a lamb, or images of these animals, and they hold crooks in their hands. Immediately following them is a man representing Jason, with a golden fleece, and drawn sword; after him five men, sorters of wool, and then one dressed to personate Bishop Blaze, the great

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\* These followers who attend on the principal characters of the show, are beautiful little boys, dressed in costly habits, and some of them are so young as to require support in their basket-work seats, which are fixed to the backs of their horses. The men who lead the horses walk without their coats, and are decorated with a profusion of ribbons.



patron and friend of the woolcombers,\* with the combs in one hand, and the bible in the other, followed by several woolcombers, fantastically dressed. Another full band of music closes the procession.

The Preston *gilda mercatoria*, or merchant's guild, was confirmed by charters given in the 37 Edward III, and 15 Richard II: it was instituted in the reign of Henry II; and was generally a gay and festive meeting; oratorios, balls, masquerades and plays, continued for many weeks. St. John the Baptist is the special patron of the Preston guild. The first year on record of its public celebration was 1329; the second, in 1397; the third, in 1418; and so on at irregular intervals, but from the year 1543 it has been held regularly every twenty years. Upon failure of such celebration the guild forfeit their elective franchises, and their rights as burgesses.

They meet on the Monday after the decollation

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\* He appears to have been tormented with *iron combs* previous to his martyrdom under Licinius, A.D. 316. In the first volume of Hone's "Everyday Book" is an account of the septennial festival of the bishop, held by the woolcombers of Bradford on the day of his martyrdom, February 3rd, 1825, in which the bishop formed the principal feature of the show; he was attended by his chaplain, and was preceded by Jason, Medea, and the King and Queen, (of Colchis?) and followed by shepherds, shepherdesses, and country swains, attired in light-green dresses.

of St. John the Baptist at the Moot-Hall, and thence go to church. A series of plates was engraved by B. Mayor in 1762, delineating the whole of the procession on that occasion. The companies were preceded by the marshal armed cap-a-pie, and mounted. The smiths exhibited a mounted horseman with head-piece and axe; the carpenters, a group of boys, bearing wands surmounted with bunches of flowers, like that borne by the lord mayor of London's henchboy, in Charles I's time, as shewn in the frontispiece to the first part of my "Lord Mayors' Pageants;" the cordwainers had two nondescript figures, partially armed with hats and feathers and long mantles, probably meant for Crispin and Crispianus. The weavers carried aloft a small loom, with a boy at work; the woolcombers exhibited their patron saint, Bishop Blaise, on horseback, holding the woolcomb in his hand. The celebration of this guild lasted about fourteen days.

In 1802, the tailor's company was attended by a man and woman decorated with fig-leaves, to personate Adam and Eve, "an emblem of the very high antiquity of their business." The farrier's company were led by a man completely attired in steel armour, to represent Vulcan, attended by eight boys in powdered hair. The companies were all gaily dressed, the cordwainers appearing in red

morocco aprons, bound with light blue ribands. A spinning-jenny, with a boy at work, and a loom at which was a girl at work with bobbins, were each drawn on sledges by the men in the procession, as well as a miniature steam-engine, performing all the various processes of the cotton manufacture. The celebration lasted for a fortnight, and balls, races, oratorios, balloons, &c., were provided for each day's entertainment.\*

The pageant annually celebrated at Shrewsbury, and known by the name of the *Shrewsbury Show*, is of very ancient foundation, and appears to have owed its origin to one of the most splendid festivals of the Romish church, that of Corpus Christi. Upon this day the several guilds and

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\* See "History of Preston, and Account of the Guild Merchant," fol. Lond. 1822. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in a letter from Adrianople, dated May 17, 1717, describes a Turkish trade show, which in many particulars bears a curious resemblance to the European ones:—

"It was preceded by an effendi mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill, and boys employed in grinding corn; followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading bread, and another in draw-

companies, preceded by their masters and wardens, and attended by the abbot, priors, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, bearing the host under a superb canopy, and richly dressed and appointed with various religious insignia, proceeded in solemn procession to the Weeping Cross, some little distance out of town, where they bewailed their manifold sins; and having offered up thanksgivings and prayers for the harvest, they returned in the same order to the town, and concluded their ceremony by the celebration of High Mass in the ancient church of St. Chad. This was followed by three days of general rejoicing. Since the Reformation, the religious part of the ceremony has been of course discontinued, and the second Monday after

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ing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the noble sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c., so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe there were upon the whole twenty thousand men."

Trinity Sunday has been substituted for Corpus Christi day. The different companies still continued their procession with increased pomp and grandeur. At the present time, the various companies, with all their "com-brethren," assemble in the forenoon at the castle, and having been duly marshalled in proper order of precedency, start in procession in the following order: first, the shoemakers, with a splendid array of flags and banners, and preceded by St. Crispin in the dress of a cavalier of Charles I, and Crispianus in the costume of George II, both on horseback; second, the butchers, with the king of the company, and numerous flags and banners; these are followed by the bricklayers, the painters, the booksellers, the bakers, the barber-surgeons, and many other companies, with flags, banners, devices, and implements, and each accompanied by a "king," or some principal personage of their trade on horseback. The procession moves down Castle-Foregate and Pride Hill to the market-place, where they rest until the national anthem is played, and then march forward down the Mardol, over the Welch bridge, and up Frankwell to Kingsland.

This is a large tract of land belonging to the burgesses, and upon which the several companies have small enclosures each comprising within its limits a small dwelling-house, and an "arbour,"

or summer dining pavilion. On arriving at Kingsland, the companies branch off to their respective harbours, where dinners are prepared, and shortly after the mayor and corporation arrive on horseback, and proceed from harbour to harbour, to partake of refreshment with each. In the evening, the procession re-forms, and leaving Kingsland on the opposite side, returns to Coleham, over the English bridge, up the Wyll Cop, along High Street to the Market Square, where, having again sung the national anthem, they separate.

The day is spent in unbounded jollity and good humour, and flags, banners, bands of music, shows, booths, stalls, &c., are to be seen everywhere.

Of the provincial mayoralty processions, one of the most interesting was that of Norwich, which exhibited some peculiar features of "pomp and antique pageantry," even until the year 1835, when the old corporation was legislatively abolished, and the mayor has since been sworn in with scarcely so much of public form and distinction as accompanies the installation of a parochial overseer. In the olden time all the trade guilds or confraternities, preceded by their banners, marched through the principal streets to the cathedral. By the statutes of 31 Henry VIII and 1 Edw. VI, all the guilds, except that of St. George's company, were abolished; and they always appeared with their

pageant of St. George and the Dragon and St. Margaret, until that once opulent and important brotherhood was dissolved in 1731.\* Their annual processions were generally very grand, and they always exhibited their patron saint in great glory. Bloomfield has furnished us, in his *Norfolk*, with many items on this subject, shewing their great liberality. Thus, in 1534, Philip Foreman is ordered "to be George this year, and to have 10*l.* for his labour, and finding apparel," a very large sum when the value of money at that time is considered. In 1537, was "bought for the apparel of the George and Margaret, eight yards of tawny, and four yards of crimson velvet, to be in the custody of the aldermen," so that St. Margaret, who

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\* This company was first founded in 1385, being a society of brethren and sisters in honour of the martyr St. George, who, by voluntary subscription, provided a chaplain to celebrate service every day before the high altar on the south side of the cathedral, for the welfare of the brethren and sisters of the guild while alive, and the repose of their souls when dead, and thus they continued until 1415, when Henry V granted them a charter, by which they were incorporated by the name of "the aldermen, masters, brethren, and sisters of the fraternity or guild of St. George in Norwich," and they annually chose one alderman, four masters, and twenty-four for the assembly or common council. The company having dwindled to poverty, gave up their charter, books, and goods to the city in 1731, in consideration of their debts, which amounted to 236*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*, being paid by them.—(*Bloomfield.*)

is always painted with the Dragon\* as well as St. George, also appeared in the procession, and was called the Lady of the Guild. In 1468, in the inventory of the goods belonging to the guild, is "a scarlet gown for the George, with blue garters.† A coat armour for the George, beaten with silver. A chaplet for St. George, with an owche (or brooch) of copper gilt, and all the horse's furniture. A *dragon*, a basnet, a pair of gauntlets, two white gowns for the heynsmen or henchmen, and a sword, the scabbard covered with velvet, and bossed."

In 1549, they sold their old pageant-dresses, and among them "a black velvet vestment, a jerkin of crimson velvet, a cap of russet velvet, a coat armour of white damask, with a red cross, a horse harness of black velvet, with copper buckles, gilt, for the George, and a horse harness of crimson

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\* The legend of this saint assures us that she was swallowed alive by the evil one under the form of a dragon, and that while in his stomach she made the sign of the cross, and "yssued out all whole and sound." There is a painting by Raffaele of this event, in which the saint is represented with her foot on the head of a gigantic dragon, and holding a palm branch.

† In the reign of Edward IV the colour of the gown or surcoat of the knights of the garter was changed from blue to purple, and it was embroidered all over with blue garters. The hood was similarly decorated.



velvet with flowers of gold, for the lady." In 1556, "a gown of crimson velvet, pirlled with gold," was bought for the George. In 1558, it was ordered "that ther shall be neyther George nor Margett, but for pastime the dragon to come in and shew himself, as in other yeres."

When the company dissolved itself in 1731, the inventory of their goods contains the following items connected with their pageants, and the value set on them.—

	£.	s.	d.
"One large silver-headed staff, with the effigies of St. George, on horseback, trampling the dragon under his feet -	5	5	0
One new dragon, commonly called snap-dragon -	3	3	0
Two standards, one of St. George and the Dragon, and the other the English colours	1	1	0
Four sashes for the standard-bearers -	0	10	6
Two habits for the standard-bearers -	2	2	0
Five habits for the wifflers -	2	12	6
Two habits, one for the club-bearer, another for his man, who are now called <i>fools</i> -	0	10	6

The club-bearers and whifflers were always seen in the London pageants, their duty being to clear the way; and the Norwich corporation retained their whifflers to the last. The frontispiece to the first part of my "Lord Mayors' Pageants" represents the London civic whiffler of the time of Charles I, and here we have the last of his race, as he ap-

peared at Norwich, previous to the operation of the Reform Bill in 1832. His costume is curious,



and had been handed down from the age of the Tudors; it consisted of whitestockings, gartered below the knee, with crimson ribbons, capacious trunk breeches of blue plush, a doublet of white cotton, with full sleeves, trimmed with light-blue ribbon, and ornamented with gilt buttons; a hat made of crimson cloth, and edged with white ribbon, having a large blue bow and white feather; his shoes were decorated with large white rosettes. There were four whiffers employed, and each held a sword, broad, and short in the blade, but having a long handle grasped by both hands; it was blunt

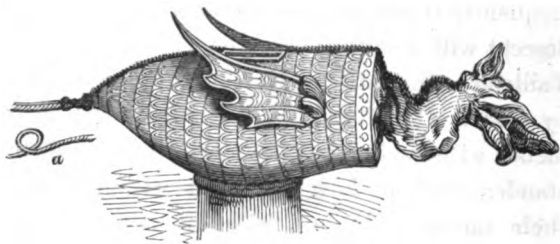
at the point, and without edge ; and with this harmless, but dexterously flourished weapon, which they frequently threw up into the air and caught in its descent with unerring precision, (like the Norman Taillefer at the battle of Hastings), they contrived, by a sort of half leaping, half *pirouetting* movement, without hurting any one, to make all bystanders cautious how they came within reach of their varied evolutions, and thus effectually did the business of pioneering for the cavalcade ; they being, like the heralds of ancient Rome, held sacred from personal insult or violence, which not even the lowest of the populace ever attempted.\*

Next these men, and at the head of the procession, appeared *the dragon*, familiarly known as *snap*. The universal popularity of the dragon in public shows, and on great festivities, has been frequently noted, both here, and on the Continent ; I am glad to be enabled, through the kindness of S. W. Stevenson, Esq. of Norwich, to give "the true pourtraicture and effigies" of the *last of the Dragons*, as he figured in that town ; the more so,

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\* The office had been held in the family of the last of the whiffers, William Dewing, for more than two centuries ; and mention is made in Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder" of their being employed when he danced into Norwich in 1599. A coloured print of this whiffler was published in 1841, by R. Muskett, of Norwich, from which our cut is copied.

as I had been informed, on a visit to Norwich three years ago, that he had fallen into total decay.



The body of this monster was formed of light materials, being composed of canvas stretched over a framework of wood ; the outside was painted of a sea-green colour, with gilt scales, picked out with red. The body was five feet in length, and was sometimes used to secrete wine abstracted from the mayor's cellars. The neck was capable of elongation, (measuring three feet and a half when extended), was supported by springs attached to the body, and was capable of being turned in any direction at the will of the bearer. From between the ears the whole outer extremity of the back was surmounted by a sort of mane, of crimson colour, tied in fantastic knots around the juncture of the enormous tail, which extended about five feet, curling at the further extremity, as exhibited in the cut (*a*). Between the wings was a small aperture for air, and beneath the body was hung a sort of petticoat to conceal the legs of

the bearer, whose feet were furnished with large claws.



The dragon's head had its lower jaw furnished with a plate of iron resembling a horse-shoe; it was formerly garnished with enormous nails, which produced a terrible clatter when the jaws met together. They were made to open and shut by means of strings, and the children amused themselves by throwing halfpence into the gaping mouth, which turned to the right and left during the whole of the journey, noisily clashing its jaws, from which the Dragon's popular name of *snap* was probably derived.

The procession did not possess any other *peculiar* feature of antique show.

Walker, in a short historical essay on the Irish stage, published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. ii. 1788, gives the following

extract from the MS. of Robert Ware, which shows that the Irish companies or guilds, had each their peculiar mysteries and moralities, like those of Chester and Coventry.—“ Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1528, was invited to a new play every day in Christmas, Arland Usher being then mayor, and Francis Herbert and John Squire bayliffs, wherein the taylors acted the part of Adam and Eve; the shoemakers represented the story of Crispin and Crispianus; the vintners acted Bacchus and his story; the carpenters that of Joseph and Mary; Vulcan, and what related to him, was acted by the smiths; and the comedy of Ceres, the goddess of corn, was acted by the bakers. Their stage was erected on Hoggin-green, (now called College-green), and on it the priors of St. John of Jerusalem, of the Blessed Trinity, and of All-hallows, caused two plays to be acted, the one representing the Passion of our Saviour, and the other the several deaths which the apostles suffered.” In 1557, the “ Six Worthies was played by the city;” and the *Chain-Book* of Dublin, also quoted, furnishes the following notices of dresses, &c., supplied by the city for these shows, and in which St. George and the dragon figure most conspicuously.—

“ It was ordered in maintenance of the pageant

of St. George, that the mayor of the foregoing year should find the emperor and empress, with their train and followers, well apparelled and accoutered; that is to say, the emperor attended with two doctors, and the empress with two knights, and two maidens richly apparelled to bear up the train of her gown. Item, 2ndly, the mayor for the time being was to find St. George a horse, and the wardens to pay 3*s.* 4*d.* for his wages that day: the bailiffs for the time being were to find four horses, with men mounted on them, well apparelled, to bear the pole-axe, the standard, and the several swords of the emperor and St. George. Item, 3rdly, the elder master of the guild was to find a maiden well attired to lead the dragon, and the clerk of the market was to find a golden line for the dragon. Item, 4thly, the elder warden was to find St. George four trumpets, but St. George himself was to pay their wages. Item, 5thly, the younger warden was obliged to find the King of Dele, and the Queen of Dele, as also two knights to lead the Queen of Dele, and two maidens to bear the train of her gown, all being entirely clad in black apparel. Moreover, he was to cause St. George's Chapel to be well hung in black, and completely apparelled to every purpose, and was to provide it with cushions, rushes, and other necessities for the festivity of the day."

The record proceeds :—" No less was the preparation of pageants for the procession of Corpus Christi-day, on which the glovers were to represent Adam and Eve, with an angel bearing a sword before them. The corrisees, (perhaps curriers), were to represent Cain and Abel, with an altar and their offering. The Mariners and Vintners, Noah, and the persons in his ark, apparelled in the habits of carpenters and salmon-takers. The weavers personated Abraham and Isaac, with their offering and altar. The smiths represented Pharaoh, with his host. The skinners the camel with the children of Israel. The goldsmiths were to find the King of Cullen. The hoopers were to find the shepherds, with an angel singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. Corpus Christi guild was to find Christ in his passion, with the Marys and angels. The taylors were to find Pilate, with his fellowship, and his wife cloathed accordingly. The barbers, Anna and Caiaphas. The fishers, the apostles. The merchants, the prophets; and the butchers the tormentors." All these pageants moved in solemn procession to St. George's Chapel, the scene of their dramatic exhibitions, which stood formerly in St. George's Street, South,\* not a

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\* It is mentioned in Holinshed's Chronicle as "of late razed."



trace of it now remains, but the memory of these pageants continued to be preserved in *The Franchises* that were rode triennially in Dublin till the year 1772, when they were abolished by the lord mayor's proclamation."

This perambulation "of the liberties and franchises of the city of Dublin" took place in August, each trade or guild being dedicated to some saint, and marching in the following order:—1, merchants, or Holy Trinity guild; 2, taylors, or guild of St. John the Baptist; 3, smiths, or guild of St. Loy; 4, barbers, or guild of St. Mary Magdalen; 5, bakers, or guild of St. Anne; 6, butchers, or guild of the Virgin Mary; 7, carpenters, millers, masons, healers, turners, and plumbers of the fraternity of the Blessed Virgin, and house of St. Thomas; 8, shoemakers, or guild of St. Michael Archangel; 9, sadlers, upholders, coach and harness makers, or guild of the Blessed Virgin; 10, cooks, or guild of St. James Apostle; 11, tanners; 12, tallow-chandlers, or guild of St. George; 13, glovers and skimmers, or guild of St. Mary; 14, weavers, or guild of St. Philip and James; 15, sheer-men and dyers, or guild of St. Nicholas; 16, goldsmiths, or guild of All-Saints; 17, coopers, or guild of St. Patrick; 18, hatters; 19, printers, painters, cutlers, stainers, and stationers, or guild of St. Luke, the Evangelist; 20,

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bricklayers and plasterers, or guild of St. Bartholomew ; 21, hosiers, or guild of St. George ; 22, curriers ; 23, brewers and maltsters, or guild of St. Andrew ; 24, joiners, ceilers, and wainscotters ; 25, apothecaries, or guild of St. Luke. All these bodies were distinguished by their peculiar colours, and a broadside was published regularly, descriptive of their proceedings, in which the following "poem" always appears, and which is remarkable for its grandiloquent opening, and satirical close. It is printed from a copy dated 1762, in the collection of T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

Thou mighty Sol, now in the east ascend,  
Thy beams display and all thy glories lend;  
Now mount thy chariot, drive each cloud away,  
And bright Aurora usher in this day.

Next Neptune, god and ruler of the main,  
Let not the clouds exhale one drop of rain;  
Then will each hero at the night's approach  
Come home with dry cockades without a coach.

And now the glorious cavalcade's begun,  
Ye muses open all your Hellicon,  
Inspire my verses, and assist my song,  
While I relate how each troop moves along.

The city Prætor, mounted on a steed,  
With ribbons drest, leads on the cavalcade:  
Before his Lordship, with a solemn grace,  
They bear the sword of justice and the mace;  
His gown of richest scarlet, in his hand  
Majestical he holds the powerful wand.  
In awful pomp and state, on either side,  
The city Sheriffs in like triumph ride,  
Attended by a band whose gripping paw,  
Poor debtors dread and keeps them still in awe.

Next march the Guild who plow the frothy main,  
 In depth of winter, for the hopes of gain,  
 To distant climes our beef and wool convey,  
 And barter wholesome food for silk and tea;  
 Fearless of rocks they seek the unknown shore,  
 And bring from thence the glitt'ring tempting ore.

The cross-legg'd Taylors next in order go,  
 Who by their arts trim others for this show,  
 All other arts acknowledge and confess,  
 They're grac'd by them in every gaudy dress;  
 As well the peasant as the cringing beau,  
 Must from the tailor to fair Silvia go;  
 No wonder then those tailors march so gay,  
 Since from all others thus they bear the sway.

Next march the Smiths, men bravely us'd to fire,  
 Without whose aid all arts must soon expire;  
 Before them, clad in armour in his pride,  
 A brawny Vulcan doth in triumph ride.

Next comes the Barbers, who can soon repair  
 Nature's defects, and 'fend the bald with hair,  
 Suit all complexions, and with little pains,  
 Supply the skull with wig that lacketh brains.

Next comes the well-bred men who know the way  
 To please the ladies in their bread at tea,  
 And with their white, their wheaten and their brown,  
 Can please the palate of the lord or clown.

Next march the Butchers, men inur'd to toil,  
 Their brawny limbs like champions shine with oil;  
 Murder and slaughter, knocking in the head,  
 Are their delight, the trade to which they're bred.

Next march the Carpenters, whose arms can rend  
 The lofty pines and make proud elms to bend.

Next do the Shoe-makers in order go,  
 And their dragoons do make a stately show,  
 Since the wide hoop exposes to the view  
 The well shap'd leg, silk stocking, red heel'd shoe.

Next march the Sadlers, glorious to behold,  
 On spritely beasts, their saddles shine with gold;

A warlike steed most proudly walks before,  
Richly attir'd, led by a black-a-moor.

Next march the Cooks, who study day and night  
With costly fare to please the appetite;  
With these the Vintners ride; did they refine  
As much as they adulterate the wine,  
Then every muse [their praise] would gladly sound,  
And with what pleasure every glass go round!

Next march the Tanners, fam'd in days of yore  
For tanning hides for shields which heroes bore.  
Who has not heard of Ajax's seven-fold shield,  
Which neither to the sword nor spear would yield?  
And won't you as much admire, as much adore,  
The tanner's hand, as his the buckler bore.

Next march the Tallow-chandlers, who expel  
With cheerful lights, shades from the darkest cell;  
Enthusiasts of inward light may boast,  
But these are they, illuminate the most.

Next march the Glovers, who with nicest care,  
Provide white kid for the new married pair;  
Or nicely stitch the lemon-colour'd glove,  
For hand of beau to go and see his love.

The Weavers next in order proudly ride,  
Who with great skill the nimble shuttle glide,  
Pity such art should meet with small reward,  
But what art, now-a-days, does meet regard?

Shearmen and Dyers next in order come,  
Men who depend entirely on the loom,  
The Weaver finds employment for them both,  
One gives the colour, 'tother refines the cloth.

Next march the Goldsmiths, who can form and mould  
In sundry shapes and forms the ductile gold.  
Men call them traytors, rebels, and what not,  
Nor King nor Queen they spare, all goes to pot,  
Nor pity meets; in the devouring fire,  
Monarchs and chamber pots and rings expire.

Then comes the jolly Coopers, who confine  
In casks well bound with hoops the sparkling wine.

Next march the Hatters, once a gainful trade,  
 When men wore finest heavers on their head;  
 But now lest weight of that the curl should harm  
 Beaux strut along with beaver under arm.

Next Printers, Stationers, Cutlers, Painters appear,  
 Three men in shields their arms before them bear,  
 And printing-press to shew that art so rare.

Next march the Bricklayers, by whose hands arise  
 Hibernia's towers, whose top salutes the skies.

The Stocking-weavers next in order come,  
 Who form the scarlet stocking in the loom,  
 With clock of gold or silver nicely wrought;  
 Each step fair Chloe takes, a lover's caught.

Next march the Curriers, who both cut and pare  
 The hydes for Saddlers or Shoe-maker.

The Brewers next well mounted doth appear,  
 These are the men brew humming ale and beer.

The skilful Joiners next in order come,  
 Whose chairs and tables furnish out the room;  
 A man in white precedes the gallant train,  
 Whose ample shoulders a huge pole sustain.

See! where the proud Apothecaries drive,  
 Who most by fraud and impositions thrive,  
 Whose monstrous bills immoderate wealth procure,  
 For drugs that kill as many as they cure,  
 Well are they plac'd the last of all the rout,  
 For they're the men we best could live without.

In order thus they ride the city round,  
 View all the limits, and observe each bound,  
 Then homeward steer their course without delay,  
 And fall to drink, the business of the day,  
 Next morning send their horse and 'coutrements away.

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The ensuing collection of songs contains specimens by most of the city poets laureate; the entire list comprises the names of George Peele,

Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Middleton, John Squire, John Webster, Thomas Heywood, John Taylor, Edmund Gayton, Thomas Brewer, (?) John Tatham, Thomas Jordan, Matthew Taubman, and Elkanah Settle. No songs appear in the pageants of many of these writers, and solitary specimens are all that can be found by others. Thomas Jordan was the most prolific in this way, and some of his songs are extremely good. A specimen by Settle, the last of his tribe, concludes the Collection; and it is curious that one of our latest notices of him records the fact of his enacting a dragon in Bartholomew fair;—a nondescript creature that so universally figured in the pageants, both English and foreign.

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## THE CIVIC GARLAND.

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### THE WHITE FALCON.

FROM "Verses and Dities made at the coronation of Queene Anne Boleyn," Royal MS. 18, A. LXIV, which were "devised and made partly by John Leland, and partly by Nicholas Uvedale," or Udall, (latinized Udallus throughout this MS.) who has achieved extra celebrity as the author of the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," which was probably written about the same time as these pageant verses, as Mr. Collier imagines it to be "the production of comparative youth." Udall was born as early as 1506, admitted scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the 18th of June 1520, and died "after 1564," according to Mr. Collier, (*Hist. of Stage*, vol. 2, p. 445), having first been master of Eton, and afterwards of Westminster schools. His severity to his scholars has been noted by Roger Ascham, who says, in the preface to his "Scholemaster," that divers of the scholars of Eton ran away from thence for fear of him. Thomas Tusser, the author of the "Five Hundred Pointes of good Husbandrie," was one of his pupils, and thus alludes to the usage he received at his hands:—

"From Paules I went, to Eaton sent,  
To learne streightwaies, the Latin phraies,  
Where fiftie-three stripes given to mee,  
at once I had:  
For fault but small, or none at all,  
It came to pas, thus beat I was.  
See, Udall, see, the mercie of thee  
to me poore lad."—(Edit. 1580).

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The song here printed was sung at the end of the pageant representing Saint Anne, (the queen's patron saint), and Mary Cleophas with her four children. One of these made a goodly oration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, and her generation, trusting that the like fruit should come of her. (Hall's Chronicle). "This spoken, opened a cloud, and leatt down a white falcon, in the descending of whiche was pronounced by another child as followeth:—

"Behold and see the Falcon white,  
How she begynneth hir wings to spred,  
And for our commforte to take hir flight,  
But where woll she sease as you doo red?  
A rare sight, and yett to bee joyed,  
On the rose, chiefe floure that ever was,  
This bird to light, that all birds dothe passe."

The white falcon was the badge of Anne Boleyn, (See Willement's "Regal Heraldry,") where it is engraved. The rose upon which the falcon lights being Henry the Eighth, who bore the flattering legend on his coins of "Rosa sine spina," and a ballad on his expedition to France in 1513 has the words—

"The rose will into Frawnse spring,  
Almythy God hym thyder bryng,  
And save this flowr which is our kyng,  
Thys rose, thys rose, this Ryall Rose."

The speech being delivered, "at the departing of the Queene's said Grace was songen this balad following:—

THIS white Falcon  
Rare and gaison,  
This bird shyneth so bright,  
Of all that ar  
No bird compare  
Maye with this Falcon whight.

The vertues all  
No man mortall  
Of this bird may write;

Noo man earthely  
Ynough truely  
Can prease this Falcon whight.

Who woll expresse  
Gret gentilnes  
Too be in any wight,  
He woll not mys  
But call hym this,  
The gentil Falcon whight;

This gentill burd,  
As white as curd,  
Shyneth bothe daye and night;  
Nor farre ne nere  
Is any pere  
Unto this Falcon white.

Of bodie small,  
Of power regall,  
She is, and sharpe of sight;  
Of courage haulte,  
Noo manner faulte  
Is in this Falcon whight.

In chastitee  
Excedeth shee,  
Moste like a virgin bright,  
And worthie is  
To live in blisse  
Alwayes this falcon whight.

But now to take  
 And use hir make,  
 Is tyme, as trauthe is plight,  
 That she may bring  
 Frute according  
 For such a Falcon whight.

And where by wrong  
 She hathe fleen long,  
 Uncertain where to light,  
 Hir self repose  
 Upon the rose,  
 Now maye this Falcon whight.

Wheron to rest,  
 And build hir nest,  
 God graunte hir moste of might;  
 That England maye  
 Rejoyce alwaye  
 In this same Falcon whight.\*

#### SONG IN PRAISE OF ANNE BOLEYN.

**THIS** Skeltonical "balad," also by Udall, and sung upon the same occasion as the last, came in at the end of the pageant called "The Judgment of Paris," and which is thus described in the MS.

\* The entire of these verses have been reprinted in the first volume of Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," (first edition, 1788), but the stanzas are there printed in four lines only, the four shorter lines being printed as two. It is here given as it stands in the original MS.

"At the litle counduite in Chepe sid was exhibited the Juge-  
mente of Paris, in maner and fourme folowing:—

- Mercurie.* Juppiter, this aple unto the hath sent,  
Commaunding in this cause to geve true jugement.
- Paris.* Juppiter a straunge office hath geven me,  
To juge whiche is fairest of these ladies three.
- Juno.* All riches and kingdomes bee at my behest:  
Give me the aple, and thou shalt have the best.
- Pallas.* Adjuge it to me, and for a kingdome  
I shall geve the incomparable wisdome.
- Venus.* Preferre me, and I shall rewarde the, Paris,  
With the fairest ladie that on the erthe is.
- Paris.* I should breke Juppiter's high commaundement,  
If I should for mede or rewarde geve jugement.  
Therefore, ladie Venus, before both these twain,  
Your beantie moche exceding, by my sentence  
Shall win and have this aple. Yet to bee plain,  
Here is the fouerthe ladie, now in presence,  
Moste worthie to have it of due congruence,  
As pereles in riches, wit, and beautee,  
Whiche ar but sundrie qualitees in you three.  
But for hir worthynes this aple of gold  
Is to symple a rewarde a thousand fold.'

Hall tells us, in the account of this day's proceedings, that Mercury presented to the Queen a ball of gold, divided; signifying the three gifts which the goddesses gave her—wisdom, riches, and felicity; but from the last verse of this ballad, Venus appears to have received the ball, and the Queen was consoled by a very high-flown compliment.

---

QUEENE ANNE so gent,  
Of high descent,  
Anne excellent  
In noblenes,  
Of ladies all  
You principall,  
Should win this ball  
Of worthynes.

Passing beautie  
And chastitee,  
With high degree,  
    And gret riches;  
Soo coopled bee  
In unytee,  
That chief ar yee  
    In worthynes.

When Juppiter  
His messenger  
Sent down hither,  
    He knewe certes,  
That you victrice  
Of all ladies,  
Should have the price  
    Of worthynes.

And wise Paris,  
Made juge in this,  
Anon I wys,  
    Moste high Princesse,  
Well undirstood  
Your vertues good,  
Your noble blood,  
    And woorthynes.

Your dignitee  
When he gan see,  
The ladies three,  
    Queene Anne pereles,

He bead geve place  
Unto your Grace,  
As mete it was  
In worthynes.

The golden ball,  
Of price but small,  
Have Venus shall,  
The fair goddesses;  
Because it was  
To lowe and bace  
For your good grace  
And worthynes.

---

## SONG TO KING EDWARD VI.

THIS song was sung at the Conduit in Cornhill, when King Edward VI passed through London from the Tower to Westminster, Saturday, February 19th, 1546-7, preparatory to his coronation the day after. It has been preserved by Leland in his "Collectanea," vol. 4, where it was printed "from a MS. formerly belonging to William Le Neve, (Norroy.)" It has been reprinted in Nichols's 'London Pageants,' 8vo., London, 1831, p. 45, who considers it "worthy of particular attention, at it embraces most of the sentiments of the modern 'God save the King,' although not noticed by the several writers who have investigated the history of that national anthem." He adds, "As the arrangement of the lines in the 'Collectanea' is very obscure, some slight transposition has been attempted; but by no means with confidence that the song is thus restored to its original form." I have adopted Mr. Nichols's reading, as it is impossible to make sense of the song as it stands in the pages of Leland.

---

KING EDWARD, King Edward,  
 God save King Edward,  
 God save King Edward,  
 King Edward the Sixth!  
 To have the sword,  
 His subjects to defend,  
 His enemies to put down,  
 According to right, in every towne;  
 And long to continue  
 In grace and vertue,  
 Unto God's pleasure  
 His Commons to rejoice!  
 Whom we ought to honour, to love, and to dread  
 As our most noble King  
 And Sovereigne Lord,      [Supream Head;  
 Next under God, of England and Ireland the  
 Whom God hath chosen  
 By his mercy so good.  
 Good Lord! in Heaven to Thee we sing,  
 Grant our noble King to reigne and springe,  
 From age to age  
 Like Solomon the sage,  
 Whom God preserve in peace and warre,  
 And safely keep him from all danger.

---

“A BALLET OF THE KINGS MAJESTY” (EDW. VI.)

THIS was sung upon the same occasion as the foregoing, at the  
 Little Conduit in Cheapside, where a pageant was prepared to  
 amuse the young king, in which King Edward the Confessor and



St. George were the principal characters ; the latter was to have made a speech, and a child "an oration in Latin," but "for lack of time it could not be done, his Grace made such speed ; howbeit there was a song," which was the one here reprinted. It has been given in Nichols's "London Pageants," who says of it that "it has more merit than most of the poetry employed on this occasion, and is sufficiently well written to have deserved popularity, if it did not obtain it."

---

KING EDWARD up springeth from puerilitie,  
And towards us bringeth joy and tranquillity;  
Our hearts may be light, and merry oure cheere,  
He shall be of such might that all the world may him feare.  
Sing up, heart; sing up, heart; sing no more down,  
But joy in King Edward that weareth the crown !"

His father, late our soveraigne, each day and also houre,  
That in joy he might reigne, like a prince in high power,  
By sea and land, hath provided for him eke,  
That never King of England had ever the like.  
Sing up, heart, &c.

He hath gotten already Bullen that goodly towne,  
And biddeth sing speedily up and downe,  
When he waxeth weight, and to manhood doth spring,  
He shall be without fail of foure realmes the King.  
Sing up, heart, &c.

Yee, children of England, for the honor of the same,  
Take bow and shaft in hand, learn shewtage to frame,\*

---

\* The decay of archery in England was looked on as a serious evil, the pride and strength of our early armies being their bowmen. The practice of shooting was consequently enforced by

That you another day may so do your parts  
As to serve your King as well with hands as with hearts.  
Sing up, heart, &c.

---

ordinances from most of our sovereigns, and particularly when fire-arms had rendered this early form of defence comparatively worthless; Henry VIII passed three several acts for promoting the practise of the long bow, one prohibiting the use of cross-bows and hand-guns; another prohibiting all games in the open fields that would tend to prevent archery; and a third obliging all men who were the king's subjects to exercise themselves with the long bow, and also to keep a bow and arrows continually in their houses. Only men who were sixty years of age were exempt, but all younger were compelled to practise, and all fathers and guardians were enjoined to teach all male children who had arrived at seven years of age the use of the bow. Masters were ordered to find bows for apprentices, and to compel them to learn to shoot with them upon holidays, and at every other convenient time. By virtue of the same act, every man who kept a cross-bow in his house was liable to a penalty of ten pounds. (*Strutt's Sports.*) The decay of archery in England is lamented by Holinshed, but most by Bishop Latimer, who, in his sixth sermon, says, "the arte of shutynge hath been in times past much esteemed in this realme; it is a gyft of God, that he hath given us to excell all other nacions wythall. It hath bene Goddes instrumente, whereby he hath given us manye victories agaynste oure enemies. A wonderous thyng, that so exalaunte a gyft of God shoulde be so lyttle esteemed. I desire you, my lordes, even as you love honoure, and glorye of God, and intende to remove his indignacion, let there be sent fourth a proclamation, some sharpe proclamation, to the iustices of the peace, for they do not theyr dutie; charge them upon their allegiance, that thys singular benefit of God may be practised." To judge from the Journal of Edward VI in the British Museum, this young king appears to have been fond of archery. (*Meyrick's Critical Inquiry into Ancient Arms and Armour.*)

---

Yee children that are towards, sing up and downe;  
And never play the cowards to him that weareth the  
crown.

But alway bee you sure his pleasure to fulfil,  
Then shall you keep right sure, the honour of England  
still.

Sing up, heart, &c.

---

### THE SONG OF TROYNOVANT.

THIS production of Thomas Dekker was sung on the passage of King James I through London, to his coronation, March 1603-4, by "two boyes, choristers of Paules," at the conclusion of a pageant emblematic of the benefits derived from the accession of James. It was sung, we are told, "to a loude and excellent musicke, composed of violins, and another rare artificiall instrument, wherein, besides sundrie severall sounds effused all at one time, were also sensibly distinguisht the chirpings of birds." For some remarks on the name Troynovant, as applied to London, see the notes to my "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part II.

---

TROYNOVANT is now no more a citie;  
O great pittie! is't not a pittie?  
And yet her towers on tiptoe stand,  
Like pageants built on fairie land,  
And her marble armes,  
Like to magicke charmes,  
Binde thousands faste unto her.  
That for her wealth and beauty daily woove her,  
Yet for all this, is't not a pittie?  
Troynovant is now no more a citie.

Troynovant is now a sommer arbour,  
 Or the nest wherein doth harbour  
 The Eagle, of all birds that flie  
 The souveraigne, for his peircing eie.  
     If you wisely marke,  
     'Tis besides a parke,  
 Where runnes (being newly borne)  
 With the fierce Lyon, the faire Unicorne ;\*  
 Or else it is a wedding hall,  
 Where foure great kingdomes holde a festivall.

Troynovant is now a bridall chamber,  
 Whose rooffe is gold, floore is of amber,  
 By vertue of that holy light  
 That burns in Hymens hand, more bright  
     Than the silver moone,  
     Or the torch of noone.  
 Harke, what the ecchoes say !  
 Brittainne till now ne're kept a holiday!  
 For Jove dwels heere; and 'tis no pittie,  
 If Troynovant be now no more a cittie.†

---

\* This alludes to the supporters of the royal arms, then "newly borne," but which have continued the same to the present day. (Note by Nichols in his "Progresses of James I.")

† Dekker follows his song by this somewhat curious apology:—"nor let the scrue of any wresting comment upon these words,

"Troynovant is now no more a citie"

enforce the authors invention away from his owne cleare, straight, and harmlesse meaninge; all the scope of this fiction stretching

## SONG IN PRAISE OF SIR THOMAS MIDDLETON.

FROM the mayoralty pageant of 1613, by Thomas Middleton the city poet. It is sung on the mayor's first appearance, and is thus introduced in the pamphlet descriptive of the day's proceedings:—"At Soper-lane end a senate house (is) erected, upon which musitians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a sweet voyce (is) married to these wordes." London, "who is attired like a reverend mother," is the person addressed in the song.

MOTHER of many honorable sonnes,  
 Thinke not the glasse too slowly runnes,  
 That in Time's hand is set,  
 Because thy worthy sonne appeares not yet:  
 Lady be pleased, the hower growes on,  
 Thy joy will be compleate anon;

onely to this point, that London, to do honour to this day, wherin springs up all her happiness, being ravished with unutterable joyes, makes no account for the present of her ancient title to be called a cittie, because that, during these triumphs, she puts off her formal habit of trade and commerce, treading even thrift itself under foote, but now becomes a reveller and a courtier. So that albeit in the end of the first stanza 'tis said,—

"Yet for all this, is't not a pittie,  
 Troynovant is now no more a cittie?"

"By a figure called *Castigatio*, or the mender, heere followes presently a reproofe; wherein tytles of sommer arbor, the eagle's nest, a wedding hall, &c. are throwne upon her, the least of them being at this time, by vertue of poetick heraldrye, but especiallie in regard of the state that now upholds her, thought to be names of more honour than her owne. And this short apologie doth our verse make for itselfe, in regard that some, to whose settled judgment and authoritie the censure of these devices was referred, brought, though not bitterly, the life of these lines into question."

Thou shalt behold  
The man enroll'd  
In honour's bookes, whom vertue raises;  
Love-circled round,  
His triumphs crown'd,  
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.

What greater comfort to a mother's heart,  
Than to behold her sonnes desert:  
Goe hand in hand with love,  
Respect, and honor, blessings from above!  
It is of power all greefes to kill,  
And with a floud of joy to fill  
Thy aged eyes,  
To see him rise,  
With glory deck'd, where expectation,  
Grace, truth and fame,  
Met in his name,  
Attends his honor's confirmation.\*

---

“THE SONG OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS  
HUNTESMEN.”

FROM Anthony Munday's pageant for 1615, entitled, “Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery.” Munday

---

\* This pageant has been reprinted in Nichols's “Progresses of King James I,” but, as the Rev. A. Dyce notices in his edition of Middleton's works, the second stanza of this song is omitted altogether. In the old edition it is given at the end of the pageant, with the musical notes to which it was sung.

was a popular ballad writer, and the easy flow of the verses of this song denote a hand well practised in this species of composition. Some account of this author will be found in my "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 31, note.

---

Now wend we together, my merry men all,  
Unto the forrest side-a;  
And there to strike a buck or a doe,  
Let our cunning all be tried-a.

Then goe we merrily, merrily, on,  
To the green-wood to take up our stand,  
Where we will lye in waite for our game,  
With our bent bowes in our hand.

What life is there like to Robin Hood?  
It is so pleasant a thing-a;  
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes  
As pleasantly as a king-a.

No man may compare with Robin Hood,  
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke, and John;  
Their like was never, nor never will be,  
If in case that they were gone.

They will not away from merry Shirwood,  
In any place else to dwell,  
For there is neither city nor towne  
That likes them halfe so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,  
And haunt the merry greene-wood,  
Where our best service is daily spent  
For our master Robin Hood.

---

### THE SONG OF PEACE.

THIS song, by the city poet, Thomas Middleton, is extracted from his "Civitatis Amor, The Citie's Love. An entertainment by water at Chelsey and Whitehall, at the ioyfull receiving of that illustrious hope of Great Britaine, the high and mighty Charles, to be created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earle of Chester, &c." Nov. 4th, 1616. On this occasion the mayor, aldermen, and several companies of the City of London, "were ready attending, with a great traine and costly entertainment, to receive his Highnesse at Chelsie; their barges richly deckt with banners, streamers, and ensignes, and sundry sorts of lowd-sounding instruments, aptly placed amongst them." A personage figuring London, who is seated upon a sea-unicorn, attended by tritons, and accompanied by Neptune, the Thames, and the Dee, meet the prince near Chelsea, and after the delivery of some complimentary verses, attend on him to Whitehall, where they are joined by Hope and Peace. The latter personage "sitting on a dolphin with her sacred quire," addresses the prince, (afterwards Charles I), in the following song.

---

WELCOME, oh welcome, spring of joy and peace!  
Born to be honour'd and to give encrease  
To those that waite upon thy graces;  
Behold the many thousand faces  
That make this amorous flood  
Looke like a moving wood,  
Usurping all her cristall spaces;



'Mongst which *the citie's love* is first,  
 Whose expectations sacred thirst  
 Nothing truly could allay,  
 But such a prince and such a day.  
 Welcome, Oh welcome; all faire joyes attend thee!  
 Glorie of life, to safety we commend thee!

---

## SONG OF THE MUSES.

FROM Squire's *Tryumph of Peace*, 1620. The Muses appear with Apollo in the second water pageant, called *Pernassus Mount*. "This accompanied the lord maior up to Westminster, with variety of musique, where, while his honor was taking the oath, it returned backe, and met him in Paule's Church-yard, where Euterpe and Terpsichore entertained him with this song."

We muses of the pleasant hill,  
 That bathe within the Thespian spring,  
 That did direct the Grecians quill,  
 Who of olde Pelius' sonne did sing,  
 We that Amphion did inspire  
 With admired strains and layes,  
 And did infuse a sacred fire  
 In both these to gaine the bayes.  
 We Apolloes hand-mayds Nine,  
 Come to meet thee on the way,  
 That unto thy honours shrine,  
 We might dedicate this day;  
 And this ditty us among,  
 So curiously shal wrest thy glory,  
 That the envious 'mongst this throng  
 Shall confesse it merits story.

---

## SONG IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY INNOCENCE.

FROM John Tatham's *London's Tryumph*, 1658. It was sung by the persons in the first pageant that day exhibited, which "represented the manufacture of cloth-working." See *History of Lord Mayors' Pageants*, Part I, p. 66, for the passage in Tatham's descriptive pamphlet which introduces this song.

---

Who can boast a happinesse  
More securely safe than we :  
Since our harmless thoughts we dress,  
In a pure simplicitie :  
And chaste nature doth dispence,  
Here her beauties innocence.

Envy is a stranger here ;  
Blest content our bowls doth crown :  
Let such slave themselves to fear,  
On whose guilt the judge doth frown :  
We from evill actions are  
Free, as uncorrupted ayre.

With the turtles whisper love,  
With the birds do practice mirth :  
With our harmless sheepe we move,  
And receive our food from earth :  
Nor doe we disdaine to be  
Cloth'd with the Lambs Liverie.

---

## A DIALOGUE BETWIXT TOM AND DICK,

The former a Countryman, the other a Citizen. Presented to his Excellency and the Councill of State at Drapers' Hall, in London, March 28th, 1660.

To the tune of *I'll never love thee more.*

THE period at which this dialogue was sung renders it of peculiar interest; and it may be looked on as an early revival of the semi-dramatic entertainments that had been frowned down by the Puritans, and which were usually exhibited on great occasions in the city. Its chief interest arises from the fact of Monk not having made his real intentions public at this period; indeed, he continued to wear the mask when it was no longer necessary; and it was not until the first of the following May, when Sir John Granville brought despatches, and the declaration of Breda from Charles II to Monk, in the council of state, (and for which he was put under arrest for the sake of appearances), that his real meaning was known. He thus fully sounded parliament, and felt the pulse of the nation, who at this time were thoroughly tired of the Protectorate, and hailed Monk as a deliverer. The citizens were among the earliest to embrace the change, and the lord mayor and common council gave Granville £300, and named some of their council to wait upon his majesty. The dialogue here reprinted must have assured Monk, who acted throughout with the most consummate carefulness, of the safety of the course he had determined on taking: it was written by Thomas Jordan, who was made city-poet at the Restoration,—(See the introduction to my reprint of his *Triumphs of London*, 1678, *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, Part II), and is to be found in that very rare collection of political songs, *Ratts rhimed to Death, or the Rump Parliament hang'd up in the Shambles*, 1660, where it is printed anonymously.

---

*Tom.* Now would I give my life to see

This wondrous man of might.

*Dick.* Do'st see that jolly lad? That's he;

I'll warrant him he's right,

Ther's a true Trojan in his face,

Observe him o're and o're.

*Dick.* Come, Tom, if ever George be base, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust good fellow more.

He's none of that fantastique brood

That murther while they pray:

That trusse and cheat us for our good,

(All in a godly way.)

He drinks no blood, and they no sack

Into their gutts will poure.

But if George does not the knack, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust good fellow more.

His quiet conscience needs no guard,

He's brave, but full of pitty.

*Tom.* Yet, by your leave, he knock'd so hard,

H'ad like t' awak'd the city.

*Dick.* Fool, 'twas the Rump that let——

The chains and gates it tore,

But if George beares not a true heart, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust good fellow more.

*Tom.* Your city blades are cunning rooks,

How rarely you collogue him?

But when your gates flew off the hooks,

You did as much be-rogue him.

*Dick.* Pugh! Twas the Rump did onely feel

The blowes the city bore:

But if George be'nt as true as steel, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Come, by this hand we'll crack a quart,  
Thou'lt pledge his health I trow.

*Tom.* Tope, boy.—*Dick.* A lusty dish, my heart,  
Away w'ot.—*Tom.* Let it go.

Drench me, you slave, in a full bowle  
I'll take't an 'twere a score.

*Dick.* Nay if George be 'nt a hearty soul, }  
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

*Tom.* But heark you, sirrah, we're too loud,  
Hee'l hang us by and by ;  
Methinks he should be vengeance proud.

*Dick.* No more then thee or I.

*Tom.* Why then I'll give him the best blade  
That e're the bilbo wore.

*Dick.* If George prove not a bonney lad, }  
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

*Tom.* 'Twas well he came, we'd mawll'd the tail ;  
We've all thrown up our farms,  
And from the musket to the flayl  
Put all our men in arms,  
The girles had ta'ne the members down,  
Ne're saw such things before.

*Dick.* If George speak not the town our own }  
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus*

*Dick.* But, pre'the, are the folk so mad ?

*Tom.* So mad say'st ? They're undone,

There's not a penny to be had,  
 And every mother's sonne  
 Must fight, if he intend to eate,  
 Grow valiant, now he is poor.

*Dick.* Come, yet if George don't do the feat, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

*Tom.* Why, Richard, 'tis a devilish thing;  
 We're not left worth a groat.  
 My Doll has sold her wedding-ring,  
 And Sue has pawn'd her coat.  
 The sniv'ling rogues abus'd our squire,  
 And call'd our mistresse whore.

*Dick.* Yet, if George don't what we desire, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

*Tom.* By this good day, I did but speak,  
 They took my py-ball'd mare,  
 And put the carri'on wench to th' squeak,  
 (Things go against the hair.)  
 Our prick-ar'd cor'nell looks as bigg  
 Still, as he did before.

*Dick.* And yet if George don't humme his gigg, } Cho.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Faith, Tom, our case is much at one,  
 We're broak for want of trade;  
 Our city's baffled and undone,  
 Betwixt the Rump and blade.

We've emptied both our veins and baggs  
 Upon a factious score ;  
 If George compassion not our raggs, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

*Tom.* But what doest think should be the cause  
 Whence all these mischiefs spring ?

*Dick.* Our damned breach of oath and laws,  
 Our murder of the king.  
 We have been slaves since Charl's his reign,  
 We liv'd like lords before.  
 If George don't set all right again, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

*Tom.* Our vicar—(and hee's one that knows)—  
 Told me once,—I know what :—  
 (And yet the chief is woundly close)

*Rich.* Tis all the better ;—That.  
 Ha's too much honesty and witt,  
 To let his tongue run o're.  
 If this prove not a lucky hitt, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Shall's ask him, what he means to do ?

*Tom.* —Good faith, with all my heart ;  
 Thou mak'st the better leg o' th' two :  
 Take thou the better part.

I'll follow, if thow't lead the van,

*Rich.* Content,—I'll march before.  
 If George prove not a gallant man, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

My lord ! in us the nation craves

But what you're bound to do.

*Tom.* We have liv'd drudges.—*Ric.*—And we slaves.

*Both.* We would not die so too.

Restore us but our laws agen ;

Th' unborn shall thee adore :

If George denies us his Amen,      } Chorus.  
Ne're trust good fellow more,

A SHORT REPRESENTATION PERFORMED  
BEFORE THE LORD GENERAL MONK,

At Goldsmiths' Hall, Tuesday, April 11th. By three persons,  
an Englishman, a Welshman, and a Scotchman.

London: printed for Thomas Morgan, and are to be sold at the  
Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1660.

THIS dramatic trifle, conceived *pro tempore*, and having allusion only to the unsettled state of the country, is still of much interest, as it evidently was intended to assure Monk of the feeling held by the most powerful body in the city, at a time when his intentions were only suspected. At this period most of the city companies entertained Monk, and were careful to point out their opinion of the necessity of a change, by some allusion either in a song or speech. The Goldsmiths, Fishmongers, Skinners, and Drapers thus displayed their feeling. The speeches at the three former entertainments are given in *Jordan's Nursery of Novelties*. Monk had visited Goldsmith's Hall on April 9th, and heard a speech "from a sea-captain, after a song concluding with a chorus of Amity." This "representation," performed at the same place two days afterwards, was printed as a quarto tract of four leaves; a copy is in the library of the City of London, at Guildhall.



*Officer.*—How now, friends! whither are you crowding so fast? Pray get ye back again and wipe your shoos. Who invited you, I wonder? If y'are hungry, stay till the scraps come forth, which will be about four or five hours hence.

*Englishman.*—Pray, good man, *Jack-hold-my-staffe*, be good in your office. Sirrah, we came to see the General; we have as much businesse with him as the best of 'em all that has invited him hither.

*Officer.*—We'll hear no petitions to day.

*Englishman.*—Petition! we come not to petition, friend! he has done our businesse without a petition already.

*Officer.*—He had much to do, I warrant, when he did your businesse.

*Englishman.*—Friend, you need not be so angry; we come not to defraud you of the least bit that you intend to carry home to your wife for her provision till the next quarter feast; for, give me leave to tell thee, we have been as good housekeepers as some of your masters, and kept better men than thou to wipe our shoos, and now I hope we shall do so again.

*Officer.*—You are sufferers then in the times. Her's one, I warrant, whose catt has dy'd with eating a poyson'd ratt. Her's another who's two ducks and one drake used to sleep at his bed's head, and he has now lost all, by the maledictions of the old witch, his neighbour. Her's another had but one torn shirt, which was stollen by a gypsie as it hung upon a hedge a-drying,

one Saturday in the afternoon. And for your part, Goodman *Prate-a-pace*, what have you lost, I wonder? your dogs-leather hedging-gloves, I warrant, or some such precious piece of treasure!

*Englishman.*—The fellow would fain be witty before the Masters of the Company. Alas! it would stand thee in little stead had we a mind to retort; but that is not our businesse. We are come to make our General merry, for making us merry. Sirrah, we have been at charges for a *pawet*, and the fiddlers, and, therefore, I tell thee we will see our Generall, and sing him a song, and give him thanks for his care of us all.

*Welshman.*—Sirrah, if her will not [let her] see her Sheneral, and sing her a fine song, which her ha pay'd her share for the making, her will preak her pusee-potie's pate.

*Officer.*—I care not for your songs; you come not here unlesse I know better who you are.

*Englishman.*—Friend, I am a Cheshire-man who had lost my tenure of a good farm for siding with my landlord, Sir George Booth, but I now have got it again, thanks to our General.

*Welshman.*—And her pe shentleman of Wallis, and her lost her create fortune for her creat loofe to her creat landlord, Sir Thomas Middleton; but her have cot it acain, her thank her cood Sheneral.

*Scot.*—In troath noow they hud gotten een aw; and aw for becase Ise ha sarved my gude loard and mais-ser, the King. But whare be those muckle traitors noow? introath, friend, wee's come for nething else

but to garr the General take notice of our loove,—tell him for his muckle paines and care of us, and of aw the kingdom.

*Officer.*—Well, stay there, and if the Generall will be troubled with your impertinences, I'le give ye notice.

*Englishman.*—Now thou speak'st like an honest fellow ; dost heare ? if thou canst but get us in, wee'l give thee sixpence a piece.

*After a little pause the Officer returns.*

*Officer.*—Wel, if your song be good you may come in, but be advis'd of that, for if it ben't, you'l be soundly, soundly laught at ; and for your poet, tell him from me, if he come off basely, the Company will not give him a brass token ; and so you lose your credit, and he his labour.

*Englishman.*

To the tune of *The Grecian Army.*

No more good people, talk no more  
Of what the Champion did of yore ;  
I care not a pin what stories forge  
Of Bevis, or of great St. George,  
Who dragon did slaughter,  
To get the king's fair daughter  
For his wife ;  
Which was truly,  
And most duly,  
The bravest thing he did in his life.

*Scotchman.*

To the *Highlander's New Rant*.

Nor Ise ne care at aw  
For kuintry man, St. Andrew,  
Although he ware as gude a swerd  
As ever muckle man drew.  
For though he did redeem  
The ladies fair and breeght,  
Yet had the swains bin still  
But for gude Willy's leeght.  
Away then,  
Stay not,  
What gare's us be silent?  
Wee'l feast our Monk, though now it be high Lent.

*Welshman.*

To the tune of *Fortune, &c.*

Nor for our old St. Taffie to I care,  
Who slew a mighty shyant without laughter;  
Yet for th' excessive pains he took that tay,  
Full fast he slept seaven whole years after.

*Englishman.*

To the tune of *What you please*.

But our St. George hath set as free  
From a base Rump's bold slavery;  
Poor England now shall bleed no more;

*Welshman.*

And Wallis sal pe as her was before.

*Scotchman.*

The war in Scotland first did swagger,  
But there first ends, Jemmy put up thy dagger.

To the tune of *The Grecian Army*, as before.

You base Excisemen and commitee's  
That swagger'd over towns and city's,  
While the sad ploughmen plough'd in grief,  
And yet poor swains had no relief,

Must now go down,

And stoop to the abused clown;

For like the sun

In his glory,

In his story

Monk is resolv'd not to be out don.

*Scotchman.*

To the tune of *The Highlander's New Rant*, as before.

Ah! out! out away phanaticks!

Who ken not what yee'd have;

Your plots be aw discover'd

The nation to enslave;

Our cities now ne mere shall pay

The hire of their fetters;

Ne mere shall major generals

Now rant it or'e their betters;

For Monk's come,

That Monk

Whom all men prize

To heal up all our past maladies.

*Welshman.*

To the tune of *Fortune.*

And now her tosted cheese, her eat and sing,  
And freely drink a health unto her king:  
Ap Thomas ap Middleton give me thy hand,  
For now our sister Chester's walls shall stand.

Chorus. To the tune *Q. Dido.\**

Brave hero, then in thy brave rage  
Proceed, which hath rais'd up our age,  
To say you were from heaven let down,  
To give the wronged heir his crown,  
For well the wayes of truth you take  
The ballance even now to make.  
All our long differences bend  
Already to a settled end,  
For which we now must all agree  
To give the stile of just to thee,  
Bequeathing unto after story  
The care of thy unblemish't glory.

---

\* All the tunes named in this entertainment may be found in the various editions of Playford's *English Dancing Master*, 1650-1721. The two last mentioned are as old as the time of Shakspere.

## SONG OF WELCOME TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

FROM Ogilby's *Relation of his Majesty's entertainment passing through the City of London to his Coronation*, April 22, 1661, on which occasion it was sung by Concord, Love, and Truth, in the third triumphal arch or pageant which was placed "near Woodstreet end, not far from the place where the Cross formerly stood." The musick, we are told, was "all composed by Matthew Lock, Esq., composer in ordinary to his majesty."

The allusion to Charles as the prince whom—

"The stars so long foretold"

in the second line of this song, refers to the appearance of a star on the morning of his birth, Saturday, May 29th, 1630, and in the fourth pageant this day exhibited, Plenty addresses him with—

"Great Sir; the star which at your happy birth  
Joy'd with his beames at noon the wond'ring earth,  
Did with auspicious lustre, then, presage  
The glitt'ring plenty of this golden age."

This star was a fertile subject for the flatterers of Charles, and they carried their adulation to a great length. One Edward Matthew "of the Middle Temple, Esq.," published in 1661 a small volume in 12mo, entirely on this subject; it is entitled "The most glorious Star, or celestial constellation of the Pleiades or Charles's waine, appearing and shining most brightly in a miraculous manner in the face of the sun at noonday, at the nativity of our sacred sovereign King Charles II, presaging his majesties exaltation to future honour and greatnesse, transcending not only the most potent Christian princes in Europe, but by Divine designment ordained to be the most mighty monarch in the universe; never any starre having appeared before at the birth of any, (the highest humane hero), except our Saviour." From this title page the whole tenour of the book, (which is said to be "printed for the use and benefit of William Byron, Gent") may be guessed at. Flattery, is in fact, carried to the very extreme, and the author declares that "as Christ Jesus was the world's celestiall and eternal saviour, so hath God sent

our sovereign king to be a terrestrial temporal saviour" to the three kingdoms. He then endeavours to prove the star the same as that which appeared at the Saviour's birth; and prophecies, dreams, and prodigies are all raked together to show that Charles was by "Divine Providence pre-ordained to be the most pious, prudent, and potent prince in the universe." His sufferings are paralleled with the Saviour's, "the same time of age, (about thirty), and of the year when our Saviours resurrection and ascension came to passe, Divine Providence hath brought to passe for our sovereign King Charles, his restitution to his just rights, and his ascension to his royall sceptre and crowne." In the same strain the author explains the seven stars held in the hands of "one like the Son of Man" in the Revelations, as intended to typify Charles the Second "our king, in the hand of our God," and proposes that May, the month in which he was born, be henceforth called *Carolus*, as heaven does not disdain to have a celestial sign known by the name of Charles." Without some such proof as this of the intoxication of men's minds at the Restoration, it is impossible to understand the licenses allowed to Charles, and a debauched court; licenses, that in the end, deprived them all of a people's love, and destroyed the honour and liberty of the nation.

---

COMES not here the king of peace,  
Whom the stars so long foretold  
From all woes should us release,  
Converting iron times to gold?  
Behold, behold!  
Our prince confirm'd by heav'nly signs,  
Brings healing balm,  
Brings healing balm, and anodines,  
To close our wounds, and pain assuage.  
He comes with conqu'ring bays, and palm,  
Where swelling billows us'd to rage,



Gliding on a silver calm;  
Proud interests now no more engage.

## CHORUS.

Let these arched roofs resound,  
Joyning instruments, and voice,  
Fright pale spirits underground ;  
But let heav'n and earth rejoyce,  
We our happiness have found.  
He, thus marching to be crown'd,  
Attended with this glorious train,  
From civil broils  
Shall free these isles,  
Whilst hee and his posterity shall reign.

Who follow trade, or study arts,  
Improving pasture or the plow,  
Or furrow waves to foreign parts,  
Use your whole endeavours now.  
His brow, his brow,  
Bids your hearts as well as hands,  
Together joyn,  
Together joyning bless these lands ;  
Peace and concord, never poor,  
Will make with wealth these streets to shine,  
Ships freight with spice, and golden ore,  
Your fields with honey, milk, and wine,  
To supply our neighbours store.

## SONG OF THE WATERMEN.

FROM "Aqua Triumphalis; being a true relation of the Honourable the City of London's entertaining their sacred Majesties upon the river of Thames, and wellcoming them from Hampton Court to Whitehall. Expressed and set forth in severall shews and pageants, the 23 day of August, 1662." The production of the city poet, John Tatham.

The barges of the twelve companies were, on this occasion, carried up the river as far as Chelsea, and "most of the barges are attended with a pageant." These pageants were "placed at the head of every barge." The Mercers exhibited their crowned Virgin seated with three maids of Honour and six pages. The Drapers exhibited a "grave Roman magistrate, habited in a long robe, on his head a helmet, in his right hand he holds a sceptre, in his left a triple crown, a sword girt to him. His attendants are four; Loyalty, Truth, Fame, and Honour. The stage of the Merchant Taylors' pageant is twelve feet long, and seven broad, arched with a wild arbour made in manner of a wilderness, where is seated an aged man representing a pilgrim, and habited accordingly. In one hand he holds a staff, in the other a banner, bearing the figure of a golden lamb, with this motto 'inter nocentes innocens.' This alludes to St. John, the patron of their company: for his attendants he hath Faith, Hope, and Charity." They also exhibited the supporters of the company's arms, and the camels and Indians, as usual in the pageants of the mayors of that company. The Goldsmiths exhibited a figure of Justice, under a canopy of state, attended by two virgins. The "bravery" of the other companies pageants are not described, "lest it be too tedious." The day's proceedings are thus briefly given:—"between 8 and 9 of the clock, the Lord Mayor and court of Aldermen move toward Chelsey, where they attend their Majesties comming from Putney, and then the Lord Mayor leads the way down the river before their Majesties. The grand pageants appointed for this day are placed thus: the first at Chelsey; the second between Fox-hall and Lambeth; the third at the private staires at Whitehall. There are two drolls, one of Watermen, the other of Seamen, continually employed in dancing and singing; the droll of Water-

men is placed between Chelsey and Fox-hall. That of Seamen between Lambeth and Whitehall, cross the Thames, where there is severall tricks of activity performed, both on the stage and the rope; and the Seamen throw themselves into severall antick postures and dances." The three grand pageants are a sea chariot drawn by sea horses, in which sits Isis and her water nymphs; an island, upon which is seated Thames, "an old man with long hair and beard," attended by water nymphs, one bearing on her head "the figure of Greenwich castle," the other, "the figure of Windsor castle." A lion and unicorn stand in front, upon which a Scotch and English boy is seated, bearing the national banners: "a sea chariot made in the manner of a scallop shell, drawn with two dolphins, on whose backs are placed two Tritons." In this chariot Thetis appears. Isis, Thames, and Thetis, each address long rhyming speeches to their Majesties.

Two songs are sung, one in the "droll of Watermen," which is this one now printed, the other a short song and chorus of ten lines, in the "droll of Indians and Seamen." The songs, we are told, "were set by Mr. John Gamble, one of his Majesties servants, a person well known in musick." This composer, termed "a play house musician," was a celebrated performer on the Viol da Gamba, and one of Charles II's famous "four-and-twenty fiddlers:" he was a pupil of Ambrose Beyland, and published two books of "Ayres and Dialogues," in 1651 and 1659, the poetry of which was the composition of Thomas Stanley. Gamble appears to have been always intimate with the city poets, as recommendatory verses to his first book were written by Tatham, and to his second by Thomas Jordan. He died in 1680.

---

LET sadness flie, boyes, flie,  
 The king and queen draw nigh,  
     And their loyal train  
     Pour in amain,  
 Like hailstones from the skie,  
     The town to fill,  
     And fears to kill  
 The tradesmen had of breaking,

Who scarce a pennie  
Would spare to any,  
They were so poor and sneaking;  
But now  
Speed the plow,  
All will be  
Imploy'd and free,  
From the Mercer to the Draper,  
All sorts and all sizes  
Of trades and devises,  
Will make us sing and caper.  
The river shall no more  
Catch cold or be bound o're;  
Wee'le keepe her in heat,  
Use does the feat,  
Though winter fume and roare;  
The prentice he,  
Of each degree,  
To Lambeth or to Fox-hall,\*  
With their lasses, cry,  
What oares will you ply?  
Where are you with a — all?  
See then  
You be men,  
And stand to't,  
Set a hand to't,  
That our stretchers may be working,

---

\* A corruption of Vaux-hall, which derives its name from an ancient family of the name of Vaux, one of whom, Jane Vaux, occupied premises there in the year 1615.

For if you intend, boy,  
A penny to spend, boy,  
You must get it with yerking.  
A lazie life is base,  
True labour we embrace;  
'Tis the best physick  
To cure the tissick,  
Ill humours purge apace;  
Our sweats, and pains  
Brings health and gains,  
Which makes us bouncing merry,  
We ne're are orejoy'd,  
Till we are employ'd  
In sculler, oares, or wherry:  
Then sing  
Blesse the king  
And the queen,  
And all here seen,  
That masters are, and feed us  
With meat and wine stored,  
When they are once shored,  
And for Spring Garden\* need us.

---

\* A place of entertainment denominated Spring Garden (not an uncommon appellation for places of the kind near London) was situated opposite Vauxhall, and near the river. Pepys, in his diary, thus describes it:—"July 27, 1688. So over the water, with my wife and Deb, and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observed how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbors where there are not men, and almost force the women, which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

## A REVIEW OF THE TIMES.

FROM Jordan's "London Triumphant; or the City in jollity and splendour. 1672." The King was present on this occasion, and dined with the Mayor in Guildhall; "where," says Jordan, "his lordship and the guests being all seated, the city musick began to touch their instruments with very artful fingers; and after a lesson being played, and their ears as well feasted as their mouths, a person with a good voice, in good humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion) sings this new droll, to the tune of *With a fading*."

---

LET'S drink and droll, and dance and sing,  
And merrily cry, Long live the king:

'Tis friendship and peace

Makes trading increase:

Blind Fortune has plaid

The changeable jade;

We may curse her.

Lets sum up all that hath been done,

From forty-two till seventy-one,

Then he that loves changes,

Let him go on:

But I'll venture my fiddle, and forty to one

'Twill be worser.

When ordinance laws beat down the kings,

And Peters preach'd for thimbles and rings; \*

---

\* An allusion to the great general contributions of plate and money to aid the Parliament, made by the inhabitants of London in 1642, when Charles I erected his standard at Nottingham, and prepared by force of arms, to crush that liberty he had sworn to

When all that we priz'd  
 Were sacrific'd;  
 What did it produce  
 For general use,  
 But confusion.

The conjuring party raised then  
 Spirits they ne're could lay agen;  
 But suffer'd disasters,  
 Their servants grew masters;  
 Who slighted their votes,  
 And cudgell'd their coats  
 In conclusion.

Thus did our holy war succeed,  
 It made two hundred thousand bleed,

protect. With a noble emulation, "not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poorer sort, like that widow in the Gospel, presented their mites also; insomuch that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the cause, to call this the *thimble and bodkin army*." (*May Hist. Parl.*)

Butler alludes to this general levy in his "*Hudibras*," pt. i, canto 2, when he declares that the Londoners coined

" ——— bowls and flaggons,  
 Into officers of horse and dragoons;  
 And into pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers;  
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men, as soon  
 As in the furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the dragon's teeth being sown."

And in part ii, canto 2, he alludes to the women who—

" Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols."

And fellows that neither could write nor read,  
Did scatter in pulpits  
The sanctifi'd seed  
Of division.

The captain of a troop of horse,\*      \*Cromwel.  
With courage and conduct, cunning and force,  
The Crown, King, and Kingdom, did divorce;  
And put the land into a Protectorly course,  
By excision.

And after that great fatal blow,  
What did become of all, you know.  
The right royal heir  
Return'd to his chair;  
By no means fallacious,  
But by a good gracious  
Director.

Now let us survey this present age,  
Where freedom enlargeth the bounds of the stage:  
'Tis pleasanter far than ruin and rage,  
That swagger'd and sway'd  
When *Oliver* play'd  
The Protector.

Our ensigns now are turn'd to smocks;  
And ladies fight with their fire-locks;  
Wine, women, and sturgeon,  
Make work for the surgeon,  
The bonny buff jacket  
Doth tilt at a placket  
Of roses.



Thus have you heard the changes rung,  
As much as may be said or sung:

We must be no talkers,  
For fear the night-walkers  
Do watch for our words,  
And wait with their swords,  
For our noses.\*

---

\* Slitting the nose, or otherwise disfiguring the face, was no uncommon mode of revenging a real or imagined insult in "the merry days" of Charles the Second. The court, as corrupt as the commons, participated in the same mode of revenge. In 1670, Sir John Coventry put a question in the House of Commons, which was taken as a reflection on the King's low amours; he was denounced with fury at court, and Charles determined on revenge. "The Duke of York," says Burnet, "told me he said all he could to the King to divert him from the resolution he took, which was to send some of the guards, and watch in the streets where Sir John lodged, and leave a mark upon him. Sands and O'Brian, and some others went thither, and, as Coventry was going home, they drew about him. He stood up to the wall and snatched the flambeau out of his servant's hand, and with that in one hand and his sword in the other, he defended himself so well that he got more credit by it than by all the actions of his life. He wounded some of them, but was soon disarmed; and then they cut his nose to the bone, to teach him to remember what respect he owed to the King; and so they left him, and went back to the Duke of Monmouth's, where O'Brian's arm was dressed. That matter was executed by orders from the Duke of Monmouth, for which he was severely censured, because he lived then in professions of friendship with Coventry, so that his subjection to the King was not thought an excuse for directing so vile an attempt on his friend, without sending him secret notice of what was designed. Coventry had his nose so well sewed up that the scar was scarcely to be discerned." This outrage was so atrocious, that even the Parliament could not overlook it; and they passed a bill known by the name of the Coventry act, making cutting and maiming a capital offence: but they had not courage sufficient to bring the King's bravoës to trial.

## THE DISCONTENTED CAVALIER.

THIS song, from the same mayoralty pageant as the preceding one, was sung immediately after it, and Jordan thus introduces it: "this droll being ended, and well approved, a hearty cup of wine is set round the table; in the mean time, the musick express their skill in playing divers new sprightly ayres, whilst another musician, with a cup of sack puts his pipe in tune to sing this medley consisting of six several tunes." The freedom with which Jordan has thought proper to satirise the court, and the notorious ingratitude of Charles the Second to the cavaliers who had assisted in purse and person to reinstate him, is a little extraordinary, Charles being an invited guest, and of course compelled to hear it. Jordan seems to have felt on the conclusion of the "fifth ayre" that he had said quite enough, and excusing himself, turns the subject as loyally as possible; so that he tells us "the conclusion of the song gave occasion for a health to his Majesty, which was cheerfully performed."

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## FIRST AYRE.

I'LL never trust good fellow more,  
For I was told  
My shelves should shine with gold,  
Bright as Tagus yellow shore:  
But now the iron age is gone,  
An age of stone  
I fear is rolling on ;  
Or a heavy leaden one.  
Old loyalty is cramp'd with cold,  
And laid aside like tales too often told.  
Or not regarded, because 'tis old:

Our trumpet's turn'd into a shalm,\*  
But yet our wounds have neither tent nor balm,  
We freeze in fire, drown in a calm.

## SECOND AYRE.

The city now  
And country too,  
Cry out to the court they have nothing to do ;  
The stage and stews,  
Our gallants use,  
And most of our Gentiles are turn'd into Jews ;  
For when justice turns player,  
We may despair  
Of ever having an end on't,  
We have laid all our trade by,  
Ne're worse made by  
Presbyter or Independant:  
It ner'e was so bad  
We ner'e were more mad ;  
But we must needs fall,  
When the dammees get all:

---

\* Sir John Hawkins has engraved in his "History of Music," (vol. ii, p. 450) a representation of the Shalm, from Luscinius' "Musurgia," 1536; he says that its name is derived "from *calamus*, a reed, which is a part of it." It appears to have been a rude and warlike species of hautboy. It has been confounded by some writers with instruments of a totally different construction; the clearest and best account of it to be met with is in Daune's preliminary dissertation to the "Ancient Scottish Melodies," published from the Skene MS., at Edinburgh, in 1838.

From a king-killing saint,  
 Patch, powder and paint,  
     Where e're they be,  
*Libera nos Domine.*

## THIRD AYRE.

The world is but a moral cheat,  
 And every vice is good that's great;  
 Religion is a nose of wax,  
 Which politicks use to raise a tax:  
     Lust is no sin in  
     Fair white linnen,  
     Or a fair cambrick frock on:  
     Yet for pride,  
     Jane Shore died,  
     Some say with never a smock on.  
 The politician  
 Calls ambition  
     By the name of honour;  
 But fortune  
 Spoils our tune,  
     A mischief light upon her.

## FOURTH AYRE.

Hypocrisie and fair pretences  
     Convinces  
     The city, the country, and camp,  
 And all must pass current,  
     I'm sure on't,

That come from the mint with a politick  
stamp,  
The sects we have,  
And gallants brave  
Do the self-same tenet hold,  
For both can turn the gospel into gold;  
To yea and nay  
We were a prey,  
But in this our latter fall,  
Your humble servant, madam, cheats us all.

## FIFTH AYRE.

Little we find  
In the turn of the wind  
For consolation;  
Times are well changed, but crimes are the same;  
Nothing is right  
To the minds that delight  
In reformation;  
Pride and ambition are cocks of the game.  
  
He that can gallant it in the French rode,  
Swear he is valiant, and dance *a-la-mode*,  
By ladies letter-case,  
Shall have a better place,  
Than me or he  
That hath indur'd the lode.  
  
But still I hope that the Vice of the Times  
Will not be permanent, pardon my rhimes,

I'll do no person wrong  
With my pen or my tongue,  
Though I let fly so high at lofty crimes.

## SIXTH AYRE.

Leave off thinking now,  
And laugh a little ;  
Fall a-drinking too,  
And quaff a little.

Good Canary never  
Did miscarry ever ;  
Drink, or no good fellow will care for ye :  
Wine will never prick out popish crotchets,  
Sack will never pick at copes and rochets ;  
He that hatcheth treason  
In a merry season,  
Is a fellow void of love and reason.

They that freely tipple, envy none that rise,  
But are well contented,  
And consented,  
(Untormented)  
To be truly out of care,  
And free from that plague  
Which rides like a hag, the wise.

Let us all be merry, laugh, and change our  
drink ;  
Hold it, fill it, swill it ;

Drink it fair, and do not spill it ;

Take it,

Shake it,

*Vive le Roy.*

We'll trade

And wade

In no other joy

But drink,

Then drink.\*

\* Jordan tells us, "after the King's health, the musick play a well composed lively suit of ayres, and make ready for a third song," which is sung "to the tune of *Have at all*," (The words of which are to be found in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, under the title of the *New Courtier*), and is filled with reflections on the transitory nature of all things, and the follies of the day. The two following stanzas are all that are worth extracting as illustrative of manners; the burthen of the song being "Touch and go."

" The gayest gallants of our age  
Are become students of the stage ;  
Oxford and Cambridge we lay by,  
For play-house university ;  
Like glow-worms in the night they show,  
Whom when the sun  
Doth peep upon,  
*Touch and go.*

Another to express vain glory,  
Cries dam-him, ten times in one story ;  
He stares and struts at such a rate  
As if he'd break St. George's pate ;  
But when state stormy winds do blow,  
From drums and guns,  
Away he runs :  
*Touch and go."*

## THE PRODIGALS RESOLUTION.

THIS Song is also printed from Thomas Jordan's "London Triumphant," 1672, where it is simply called "a song." It has been printed with the above title before 1682, as it appears with it in Henry Playford's collection of songs entitled "Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy," the third edition of which book appeared in that year. Ritson printed it in his "Ancient Songs," adding the music from Durfey's "Pills to purge melancholy," of which Playford's book (a small 8vo. of 128 pages) was the precursor; and he introduces it with "this Jordan was the professed pageant writer and poet laureat for the city, and, if author of the following piece, seems to have possessed a greater share of poetical merit than usually fell to the lot of his profession."

---

I AM a lusty lively lad,  
Now come to one-and-twenty,  
My father left me all he had,  
Both gold and silver plenty;  
Now he's in grave, I will be brave,  
The ladies shall adore me,  
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this?  
My dad did so before me.

My father was a thrifty sir,  
Till soul and body sundred,  
Some say he was a usurer  
For thirty in the hundred;  
He scrapt and scratcht, she pinch'd and patch'd,  
That in her body bore me,  
But I'll let flie, good cause why,  
My father was born before me.



My daddy had his duty done  
In getting so much treasure;  
I'll be as dutiful a son  
For spending it in pleasure.  
Five pound a quart shall cheer my heart,  
Such nectar will restore me;  
When ladies call, I'll have at all,  
My father was born before me.

My grandam lived in *Washington*,  
My grandsir delv'd in ditches,  
The son of old John Thrashington,  
Whose lanthorn leathern breeches  
Cry'd, *Whether go ye? whether go ye?*  
Though men do now adore me,  
They ne'er did see my pedigree,  
Nor who was born before me.

\* My grandsir striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,  
Till he did riches gather,  
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,  
O! then he got my father.  
Of happy memory, cry I,  
That e're his mother bore him,  
I had not been worth one penny  
Had I been born before him.

To free-school, Cambridge, and Grays-Inn,  
My gray-coat grandsir put him,

E

Till to forget, he did begin,  
The leathern breech that got him:  
One dealt in straw, t'other in law,  
The one did ditch and delve it,  
My father store of satin wore,  
My grandsir beggar's velvet.

So I get wealth, what care I if  
My grandsir were a sawyer,  
My father prov'd to be a chief,  
Subtle and learned lawyer.  
By Cook's Reports, and tricks in courts,  
He did with treasure store me,  
That I may say, heavens bless the day  
My father was born before me !

Some say of late, a merchant that  
Had gotten store of riches,  
In 's dining-room hung up his hat,  
His staff, and leathern breeches ;  
His stockings garter'd up with straws,  
Ere Providence did store him ;  
His son was sheriff of London, 'cause  
His father was born before him.

So many blades that rant in silk,  
And put on scarlet cloathing,  
At first did spring from butter-milk,  
Their ancestors worth nothing.

Old Adam, and our grandam Eve,  
By digging and by spinning,  
Did to all kings and princes give  
Their radical beginning.

My father, to get my estate,  
Though selfish, yet was slavish,  
I'll spend it at another rate,  
And be as lewdly lavish;  
From madmen, fools, and knaves, he did  
Litigiously receive it,  
If so he did, justice forbid  
But I to such should leave it.

At play-houses, and Tennis-court,  
I'll prove a noble fellow;  
I'll court my doxies to the sport,  
Of, O brave *Punchinello*!\*

---

\* This is an early notice of this popular character. In the curious and amusing letter-press to Cruikshank's admirable illustrations of the popular puppet-show, now known as "Punch and Judy," its learned author has been unable to discover any earlier notice for his chapter "on the arrival of Punch in England," or that hero's popularity in our own country, than the annals of Anne's reign afforded. But he deduced from the fact "that no writer of the reign of Queen Anne, who notices him at all, speaks of him as a novelty," that he could not have "only recently emigrated from his native country." The above line shows that he was popularly known and appreciated in the reign of Charles II.

I'll dice, and drab, and drink, and stab,  
No Hector shall out-roar me;  
If teachers tell me tales of hell,  
My father is gone before me.

---

A SONG SUNG AT THE LORD MAYOR'S TABLE,  
IN HONOUR OF THE CITY AND THE  
GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

---

FROM Jordan's "Goldsmiths' Jubile," 1674, see "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," (Part I, p. 82), Sir Robert Vyner, of the Goldsmiths' Company, being mayor. Charles II, the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and others of the nobility were present at the banquet in Guildhall.

---

LET all the Nine Muses lay by their abuses,  
Their ralling, and drolling on tricks of the Strand,  
To pen us a ditty in praise of the city, [mand.  
Their treasure, and pleasure, their pow'r and com-  
Their feast, and guest, so temptingly drest,  
Their kitchens all kingdoms replenish;  
In bountiful bowls they do succour their souls,  
With claret, canary and Rhenish:  
Their lives and wives in plentitude thrives,  
They want neither meat nor money;  
The promised Land's in a Londoner's hand,  
They wallow in milk and honey.

For laws, and good orders, L. mayor, and recorders,  
And sheriff, with councils, keep all in decorum ;  
The simple in safety from cruel and crafty,  
When crimes of the times are presented before 'um.  
No town as this in Christendom is,  
So quiet by day and night ;  
No ruffin, or drab, dares pilfer or stab,  
And hurry away by flight :  
Should dangers come, at beat of drum,  
(It is in such strong condition)  
An army 'twould raise in a very few days,  
With money and ammunition.

For science, and reading, true wit, and good breeding,  
No city's exceeding in bountiful fautors ;\*  
No town under heaven doth give, or has given,  
Such portions to sons, or such dowries to daughters.  
Their name and fame doth through all the world flame,  
For courage and gallant lives :  
No nation that grows, are more curst† to their foes,  
Or kinder unto their wives :  
For bed and board, this place doth afford  
A quiet repose for strangers ;  
The lord mayor and shrieves take such order with  
thieves,  
Men sleep without fear of dangers.

For gownmen, and swordmen, this place did afford men,  
That were of great policy, power, and renown ;

---

\* Benefactors.

† Disagreeable.—Cross-grained.

A mayor of this city,\* stout, valliant and witty,  
Subdu'd a whole army, by stabbing of one;  
A traytor, that ten thousand men gat  
Together in war-like swarms;  
And for this brave feat, his red dagger is set  
In part of the city arms.†  
Should I declare the worthies that are,  
And did to this place belong,  
Twould puzzle my wit: and I think it more fit  
For a chronicle, than a song.

One meanly descended, and weakly attended,  
By Fortune befriended, in this city plac'd,  
From pence unto crowns, from crowns unto pounds,  
Up to hundreds and thousands hath risen at last.  
In chain of gold, and treasure untold,  
In skarlet, on horseback to boot;  
(To th' joy of his mother) when his elder brother  
It may be, has gone on foot.  
Such is the fate of temporal state,  
For providence thinks it fit,  
Since the eldest begat must enjoy the estate,  
The youngest shall have the wit.

Plague, famine, fire, sword, as our stories record,  
Did unto this city severely fix,

---

\* Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler.

† See History of Lord Mayors' Pageants, Part I, p. 117, *note*,  
for a refutation of this "vulgar error."

And flaming September, will make us remember  
One thousand six hundred sixty-six,  
When house, and hall, and churches did fall,  
(A punishment due for our sin:)  
No town so quick burn'd into ashes was turn'd,  
And sooner was built agen.  
Such is the fate of London's estate,  
Sometimes sh' has a sorrowful sup  
Of miseries bowl; but to quicken her soul,  
For mercy doth hold her up.

Our ruines did show, five or six years ago,  
Like an object of woe to all eyes that came nigh us:  
Yet now 'tis as gay as a garden in May,  
Guildhall and th' Exchange are in *Statu quo prius*.  
Our feasts in halls, each company calls,  
To treat 'um as welcome men:  
The Muses, all nine, do begin to drink wine;  
Apollo doth shine agen.  
True union and peace makes plenty encrease,  
And every trade to spring:  
The city so wall'd, may be properly call'd  
The chamber of Charles, our king.\*

Our princes have been, (as on record is seen),  
Good authors and fautors of love to this place;  
By many good charters, to strengthen our quarters,  
With divers indulgences, favour, and grace.

---

\* *Camera Regis* was a very ancient term for the city.

Their love so much to London is such,  
They do, as occasion calls,  
Their freedom partake, for society sake,—  
Kings have been made free of halls!  
If city and court together consort,  
This nation can never be undone:  
Then let the hall ring with God prosper the king!  
And bless the lord mayor of London!

## CHORUS OF FIVE VOICES.

But for this honour'd Company, whose kindness this day,  
Prepar'd all these triumphs, we have something to say:  
For all their future welfare, we heartily pray  
That the Goldsmiths, the Goldsmiths,  
The Gold and Silver Goldsmiths may,  
With gold and silver plenty,  
And treasures never empty,  
'Thrive on 'till the latter day.

---



## THE EPICURE.

FROM Jordan's "Triumphs of London," 1675. I have mentioned (Pageants, Part I, p. 84,) that Ritson has printed this song in his collection of "Ancient Songs," but I omitted to say that the verses there are transposed, the sixth taking the place of the fourth, &c., while the two concluding verses are entirely omitted. He speaks of "a copy of it, with considerable variations, and some additional stanzas in the valuable collection of Major Pearson," which was no doubt printed for the use of the ballad-singers, as many of Jordan's songs were of a popular character, and much sung in his own day. Ritson entitles it "The Town Gallant;" in the pageant it is called "The Epicure; sung by one in the habit of a town gallant," and is thus introduced:—"his lordship and the guests being all seated, the city musick begin to touch their instruments with very artful fingers, and after a lesson being played, and their ears as well feasted as their mouths; an acute person with a good voice, good humour, and audible utterance, (the better to provoke digestion), sings this new droll." I have adopted a few of Ritson's readings where they improve the sense.

---

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,  
With claret, and sherry, theorbo, and voice;  
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,  
All treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust;  
In frolicks dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,  
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free with Moll, Betty, and Philly,  
Have oysters and lobsters, and maids by the belly;  
Fish dinners will make a lass spring like a flea,  
Dame Venus, love's goddess, was born of the sea;  
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,  
'For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bit, that hath all eyes upon her,  
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour, [splendor,  
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such  
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her ;  
    Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
    Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,  
Turn all our tranquillity to sighs and to tears ?  
Let's eat, drink, and play, till the worms do corrupt us,  
'Tis certain that *Post mortem nulla voluptas* :  
    Let's deal with our damsels, that we may from thence  
    Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence.

Your usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,  
Who wants in his wealth, and doth pine in his plenty,  
Lays up for a season which he ne'er shall see,  
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three ;  
    His wit, and his wealth, his law, learning, and sense,  
    Shall be turned into nothing a hundred years hence.

Your chancery-lawyer, who by subtlety thrives,  
In spinning out suits to the length of three lives,  
Such suits which the clients do wear out in slavery,  
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,  
    May boast of his subtlety in the present tense,  
    But *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

Your most Christian Mounsieur, who rants it in riot,  
Not suffering his more Christian neighbours live quiet;

Whose numberless legions that to him belongs,  
Consists of more nations than Babel has tongues :  
    Though num'rous as dust, in despite of defence,  
    Shall all lie in ashes a hundred years hence.

We mind not the counsels of such bloody elves,  
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to ourselves ;  
Our honesty from our good fellowship springs,  
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.  
    Wee'll seek no preferment by subtle pretence,  
    Since all shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

---

#### THE COFFEE HOUSE.

DURING the reign of Charles II, coffee-houses met with such favorable patronage that they quickly spread over the metropolis, and were the usual meeting places of the roving cavaliers who seldom visited home but to sleep. Edward Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, vol. i, p. 30, has given a curious account of one of the earliest establishments of the kind: he says, "I find it recorded that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house which is now the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple Gate, (one of the first in England), was, in the year 1657, presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's in the West, for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood, &c. And who would then have thought London would ever have had near three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been, (as now), so much drank by the best of quality and physicians." The song here printed from the same pageant as the preceding one, affords a very curious picture of the manners of the times, and the sort of conversation then usually met with in a well frequented house of the sort,—the "Lloyds" of the seventeenth century.

---

You that delight in wit and mirth,  
And love to hear such news  
That come from all parts of the earth,  
Turks, Dutch, and Danes, and Jews ;  
I'll send ye to the rendezvouz,  
Where it is smoaking new ;  
Go hear it at a coffee-house,  
It cannot but be true.

There battails and sea-fights are fought,  
And bloody plots displaid ;  
They know more things than e're was thought,  
Or ever was bewray'd :  
No money in the minting-house,  
Is half so bright and new ;  
And coming from the *Coffee-House*,  
It cannot but be true.

Before the navies fell to work,  
They knew who should be winner ;  
They there can tell ye what the Turk  
Last Sunday had to dinner.  
Who last did cut Du Ruiter's\* corns,

---

\* The Dutch admiral who, in June 1667, dashed into the Downs with a fleet of eighty sail, and many fire-ships, blocked up the mouths of the Medway and Thames, destroyed the fortifications at Sheerness, cut away the paltry defences of booms and chains drawn across the rivers, and got to Chatham, on the one side, and nearly to Gravesend on the other. The king having spent in debauchery the money voted by parliament for the proper support of the English navy.

Amongst his jovial crew ;  
Or who first gave the devil horns,  
Which cannot but be true.

A fisherman did boldly tell,  
And strongly did avouch,  
He caught a shole of mackerell,  
They parley'd all in Dutch ;  
And cry'd out *Yaw, yaw, yaw, mine hare,*  
And as the draught they drew,  
They stunk for fear that Monk\* was there:  
This sounds as if 'twere true.

There's nothing done in all the world,  
From monarch to the mouse ;  
But every day or night 'tis hurl'd  
Into the coffee-house :  
What Lilly† or what Booker‡ cou'd  
By art not bring about,

---

\* General Monk and Prince Rupert were at this time commanders of the English fleet.

† Lilly was the celebrated astrologer of the protectorate, who earned great fame at that time by predicting, in June 1645, "if now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us:" a lucky guess, signally verified in the king's defeat at Naseby. Lilly thenceforth always saw the stars favourable to the Puritans.

‡ This man was originally a fishing-tackle maker in Tower Street, during the reign of Charles I, but turning enthusiast, he went about prognosticating "the downfall of the King and Popery ;" and as he and his predictions were all on the popular side, he became a great man with the superstitious "godly brethren" of that day.

At coffee-house you'll find a brood,  
Can quickly find it out.

They know who shall in times to come,  
Be either made or undone,  
From great St. Peter's-street in Rome,  
To Turnbal-street\* in London.  
And likewise tell at Clerkenwell,  
What whore hath greatest gain ;  
And in that place what brazen-face  
Doth wear a golden chain.

They know all that is good or hurt,  
To damn ye or to save ye ;  
There is the colledge and the court,  
The country, camp, and navy.  
So great an university,  
I think there ne'r was any ;  
In which you may a scholar be,  
For spending of a penny.

Here men do talk of every thing,  
With large and liberal lungs,

---

\* Turnbal, or Turnbull-street as it is still called, had been for a century previous of infamous repute. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," one of the ladies who is undergoing penance at the barber's, has her character sufficiently pointed out to the audience, in her declaration that she had been "stolen from her friends in Turnbal Street."

Like women at a gossiping,  
With double tire of tongues,  
They'll give a broadside presently,  
'Soon as you are in view:  
With stories that you'll wonder at,  
Which they will swear are true.

You shall know there what fashions are,  
How perriwigs are curl'd ;  
And for a penny you shall hear  
All novels in the world ;  
Both old and young, and great and small,  
And rich and poor you'll see ;  
Therefore let's to the coffee all,  
Come all away with me.

---

## SONG ON NEW BEDLAM.

BETHLEHEM Hospital, or as it is more usually called, Bedlam, took that name from the original direction of its founder, Simon Fitz-Mary, (sheriff of London in 1246), who desired that in token of subjection and reverence, one mark sterling should be paid yearly at Easter to the bishop of Bethlehem or his nuncio. The earliest notice of lunatics received there is in 1403, when the house afforded shelter to six of them, and three sick persons. It was purchased by the city in 1546. In 1644, forty-four lunatics were kept there, but the revenues did not defray one-third of the expenditure; the house was afterwards enlarged at the expense of the city, who also paid for its maintenance. The building commemorated by this song was commenced in 1675, and completed in the year following, when Jordan composed it to be sung in the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day, and it is printed

in his pageant for Sir Thomas Davies's mayoralty, 1676, entitled "London's Triumphs." The Lord Mayor is still Governor of this Hospital.

---

THIS is a structure fair,  
Royally raised ;  
The pious founders are  
Much to be praised,  
That in such times of need,  
When madness doth exceed,  
Do build this house of bread,  
Noble New Bedlam.

'Tis beautiful and large  
In constitution ;  
Deserves a liberal charge  
Of contribution.  
If I may reach so high  
To sing a prophecy,  
Their names shall never dye  
That built New Bedlam.

Methinks the Lawyers may  
Consult together,  
And contribute, for they  
Send most men thither ;  
They put 'em to much pain,  
With words that cramp the brain,  
'Till Bedlam's fill'd with plain-  
tiff and defendant.



Quacking physicians should  
Give money freely ;  
They maculate men's blood  
And make them seely ;  
With hydrargyrum pills,  
Their reasons and their wills  
They ruine, and this fills  
Most part of Bedlam.

So good a work as this  
Cannot want actors ;  
But i'll no more insist  
On benefactors,  
But hint such as I see  
Hypochondriack bee,  
That are in some degree  
Fit for New Bedlam.

That amorous soul that is  
In love a quaker,  
And doth adore a miss  
More than his Maker,  
Decks her in silk and furr,  
Then turns idolater,  
Kneels down and worships her,  
He's fit for Bedlam.

The young man that has got  
A golden talent ;  
And hath a brain-sick plot

F

To seem a gallant ;  
That richly is array'd,  
Spends land, and shop, and trade,  
To be a Hector made,  
Is fit for Bedlam.

The city-lad that sings,  
Rhimes, drolls, and dances,  
And all his business flings  
Away for fancies ;  
He that lets his angels fly,  
'Till he's not worth one peny,  
To study poetry,  
Is fit for Bedlam.

Whilst some with brandy burn  
Their guts with drinking ;  
Philosophers do turn  
Their heads with thinking ;  
He who is such a one  
As studies for the stone,  
'Till's brains and his money's gone,  
Prepares for Bedlam.

That churl who gold hath won,  
And dares not use it,  
But hath a squandering son  
Doth game and lose it,  
His brains do greatly err :  
He that with water cleer  
Would fill a colander,  
Must do't in Bedlam.

He that with an estate  
Weds a poor beauty,  
Who to disdain and hate,  
Turns love and duty ;  
It doth his reason daunt,  
He has a bargain on't,  
Worse than the elephant,  
And's fit for Bedlam.

I could tell many more,  
(I have enroll'd 'em),  
Should I declare my store,  
As I have told 'em ;  
With mortar, brick, and stone,  
Could they their building run,  
From thence to Islington,  
'Twould never hold 'em.

---

### THE MAD SECTARY.

FROM Jordan's "London's Triumphs," 1677, where it is printed without a title. It was sung in Guildhall, after dinner, to the tune of "Tom-a-Bedlam," by "one of the city musicians, being attired like a New-Bedlamite, with apt action, and audible voice." It gives a curious detail of the many forms of belief which distracted the religionists of the Cromwellian age; Bishop Corbet had previously written a song which may be found in Percy's "Reliques," in exactly the same measure as this by Jordan; it is called "The Distracted Puritan," but it deals with the madness of that class only, and Jordan may, in the present effusion, have carried out a wish to enlarge the idea of the worthy bishop, if not to rival him.

---

I AM the woful'st madman,  
That e'er came near your knowledge ;  
I thrice have in  
New Prison been,  
And twice in Bedlam Colledge :  
In hunger, cold, and darkness,  
I was a very sad man,  
But I will show,  
And tell you how  
I first became a madman :  
Then give me room, give me breath, give me hearing,  
My name is Captain Pigeon,  
When English-men  
Fell out, I then  
Did alter my Religion.

A Protestant I first was  
The Church is my recorder,  
And then I did,  
(As I was bid),  
Love decency and order :  
The Common Prayer and organ,  
The surplice, copes, and rotchets,  
I then upheld,  
'Till I was fill'd  
With Presbyterian crotchets.  
Then did I turn from the right to the left side,  
Amongst a flock of widgeons,  
I was so bad,  
I fell stark mad,  
'With changing of religions.

I turn'd a Presbyterian,  
And did maintain much popery ;  
The devil and we  
Did all agree  
To fight and pull down Popery.  
We beat up drums for nothing,  
The cause looked like a riddle,  
Two fools were stout,  
And did fall out  
Who should lie in the middle.  
Then did I turn from the right to the left side,  
With a troop of widgeons,  
Who filled my brains  
With pangs and pains,  
Begot by new religions.

Next I turn'd Anabaptist,  
And prayed by the spirit;  
To preach and print,  
Make mouths and squint,  
We thought was mighty merit.  
We slighted steeple houses,\*  
Stables we met together in,  
With yea and nay  
We did betray  
Our Presbyterian brethren.  
Then presently was the League and the Cov'nant,  
(Which destroy'd allegiance),

---

\* The name scornfully bestowed on churches by these men.

Quite tumbld down  
With king and crown,  
To let in more religions.

We pulled down all the crosses,  
And gained the people's curses,  
They were so pin'd  
They could not find  
A cross left in their purses.\*  
We broke all painted windows,  
In churches and in chappels,  
We did no good,  
But shed the blood,  
Of Lucas, Lises, and Capels.†  
Then did we cry to the right, to the left,  
We'll muster up our legions ;  
Then I was Koax't,  
And finely fox't,  
With many mad religions.

Then I became a Brownist,‡  
And was a saint perfidious,

---

\* The coinage of England had generally a large cross upon the reverse ; it began to be discontinued, at times, in the reign of Charles I, and was entirely left off during the Commonwealth.

† Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot by Fairfax, at Colchester, in 1648. Lord Capel was beheaded with the Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland, in Palace-yard, Westminster, March 9th, 1649.

‡ The Brownists, or Separatists, received their name from Robert Brown, who, toward the middle of Elizabeth's reign, was

We preach'd, we pray'd,  
Poor men betray'd,  
And this we call'd religious.  
In pulpits we put red-coates,  
To make our faction prouder,  
They filled our eares  
With bandoliers,  
Pikes, pistols, guns, and powder.  
Then did we cry to the right, to the left,  
We plunder'd pigs and pigeons;  
And thus did I  
At length comply  
With all sorts of religions.

This sect I soon deserted,  
And quickly made an end on't,  
And like an elf  
I made myself  
A plotting Independant.\*  
No government they owned,  
As I did understand 'em,  
For they confest  
It pleas'd 'em best  
To reign and rule at random.

---

a preacher in the diocese of Norwich : he was descended from a good family, and is said to have been a near relation of Lord Burghley. They argued for a total separation from the Church of England, renouncing all communion with her, not only in the prayers and ceremonies, but in hearing the word, and the sacraments.

\* This class of men were originally Brownists.

Faces about to the left, to the right,  
Wee'll pull down all the regions,  
From rocks and shelves  
We'll steer our selves,  
And be of all religions.

The next I was a Seeker,\*  
Then I grew something blinder,  
For in my youth  
I lost the Truth,  
And knew not where to find her.  
Then I turned Antinomian,†  
When I from that was driven,  
A Leveller‡  
I did prefer,  
To make my brains lie even.  
But still I cry'd, from the right to the left,  
Let's face about, ye widgeons;  
For I protest  
This is the best  
Of all my new religions.

---

\* A sect that obtained its name from the declaration of constantly "seeking the Lord," made by its followers. They were sometimes termed Vanists, after the younger Sir Harry Vane, who was of this persuasion, and, like them all, a great mystic.

† A sect who taught an equality of persons, and justifying faith, or free grace, entirely independent of works.

‡ The Levellers were the bitterest opponents of Charles I, or Ahab, as they termed him, and were for "no king but King Jesus;" they were of most ungovernable turbulence in the early part of the civil wars.



We all had equal lordships,  
No power we did pray to.  
Fifth Monarchy\*  
Did then pass by,  
And I must do as they do.  
This made my judgement stagger,  
My brain began to burn too,  
I grew amaz'd,  
I star'd and gaz'd,  
And knew not what to turn to.  
Yet still I cry'd, from the right to the left,  
Let's face about, ye widgeons,  
I'll not take in  
Till I have bin  
A man of all religions.  
  
I weary was of this, too,  
And needs must be a Shaker,†  
Which made me sad,  
Then I ran mad,  
And so became a Quaker.  
I changed to an Arminian,  
And would have been a Papist,  
But having not  
Much learning got,

---

\* The Fifth-Monarchy men were violent oppositionists, and believed in an approaching millennium, (the fifth great prophetic monarchy of Scripture—see *Dan.* vii. 13, *Zech.* i. &c.) when Christ would reign for a thousand years, with the saints for his ministers.

† A class of fanatics who excited themselves at all their meetings until they shook and leaped in their prayers.

I last of all turn'd Atheist.  
Thus did I fly from the right to the left,  
And they will prove but widgeons,  
Who in their youth  
Let go the truth,  
And turn to new religions.

---

## SONG IN PRAISE OF THE MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

FROM Jordan's "London's Glory, or the Lord Mayor's Show," 1680. It is sung in the last pageant, "The Palace of Pleasure," and is a curious specimen of the songs composed expressly in praise of the company to whom the mayor belonged, and who were on these occasions selected for unusual laudation; the city poets regularly insisting on their superiority over all others. This praise was, however, as regularly transferred to another company in the year following.

---

OF all the professions that ever were nam'd,  
The taylor's, though slighted, is much to be fam'd:  
For various invention, and antiquity,  
No trade with the taylor's compared may be:  
For warmth, and distinction, and fashion he doth  
Provide for both sexes, with silk, stuff, and cloth.  
Then do not disdain him, or slight him, or flout him,  
Since, (if well consider'd), you can't live without him.  
But let all due praises, (that can be), be made,  
To honour and dignifie the taylor's trade.

When Adam and Eve out of Eden were hurl'd,  
They were at that time king and queen of the world;

Yet this royal couple were forced to play  
The taylers, and put themselves in green array :  
For modesty, and for necessity's sake,  
They had figs for the belly, and leaves for the back ;  
And afterward clothing of sheep-skins they made,  
Then judge if a tayler was not the first trade.

The oldest profession, and they are but raylers,  
Who scoff and deride men that be merchant-taylers.

Some say that the shomaker's trade doth out-go him,  
But I am persuaded it is much below him ;  
When he's at the bottom, the tayler's o' th' top,  
When the shomaker kneels, the stout tayler stands up,  
Embracing and lacing his madam so fair,  
And decking her body with robes debonair :  
But only this fault I do find with his trade,  
Of late there's small difference 'twixt mistress and maid.

And yet, for all that, I do count them but raylers,  
Who shall undervalue the brave merchant-taylers.

If princes and people stark naked should go,  
Who could their gradations of dignity know ?  
It would pretty modest fair virgins perplex,  
'Cause nakedness shows the distinction of sex.  
And therefore the taylor, to fortifie nature,  
By art, in formalities, covers the creature :  
To every person he gives a due dress,  
Which doth in fit order their callings express.

Then let all your praises be properly made,  
To commend and dignifie the taylers trade.

With various persons in habits he deals,  
And with outward shapes, inward secrets conceals:  
Distortions of body, and foulness of mind,  
That under good clothing you can't quickly find:  
A miss in high habit hath often been seen,  
Though as rank as a goat, yet as rich as a queen;  
Such power hath apparel that covers the skin,  
All embroyder'd without, and corrupted within.

    This falshood doth not in the tayler's art lurk,  
    But in the foul members that set him to work.

Kings, princes, dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts,  
    lords,

Have royal apparel from tayler's shop-boards;  
Grave bishops and judges, knights, gentlemen, yeomen,  
With all the degrees of men, children, and women;  
All sorts and distinctions of land-men and sailors,  
Are rob'd, gown'd, and coated, and tackled by taylers.  
In gallant apparel your martial-man thunders,  
Good clothes and good courage, too, daily do wonders.

    He that hath poor habit, and is out of fashion,  
    Is slighted, and seldom obtains estimation.

Nine kings of the brave merchant-taylers are free,  
As twenty-two princes and dukes also be;  
Twenty-seven bishops, right reverend and good,  
And forty-seven earls are of this brotherhood;  
With seventy-seven bold barons and lords,  
As may be produc'd from our ancient records.

Then judge if the dignify'd tayler have not  
Cause for estimation, ne're to be forgot.

Since none of good fashion, but ranters and raylers,  
Will wrong the right worshipful, the merchant-  
taylers.

---

### THE PROTESTANTS' EXHORTATION.

FROM the same pageant as the preceding. This is a curious specimen of what passed for propriety of opinion at this unsettled period. Hostility to the Catholics is strongly urged, and the "unanimity" at "the late election" insisted on, although Sir Patience Ward, the mayor, from his constant opposition to the encroachments of the court party, was exceedingly unpopular with the king, who managed in the following year, in opposition to the citizens, to get Sir John Moore into the office of mayor, who was a tool in the hands of the court, and entirely betrayed the city. After the sheriffs, (Papillon and Dubois), had been elected in the usual manner, Moore, at the request of the king, set them aside, and nominated others, by drinking to them,—an obsolete custom then done away with, they being always elected by the common hall. A poll being demanded, they were again returned by an immense majority; the mayor then declared the election irregular and riotous, Chief-Justice North and the Council backed him, and Dudley North, (brother to the Chief-Justice), and Rich, both courtiers, were illegally thrust into their places. Actions at law were commenced against Pilkington, the late sheriff, by way of revenge, and he was taxed with accusing the Duke of York with burning London in 1666; he was sentenced to pay £100,000 damages, by the king's packed jury, under the surveillance of his new-formed sheriffs, and Sir George Jefferys, now Recorder of London and rapidly rising in favour. Sir Patience Ward, who did not swear as was wished, was prosecuted with peculiar malevolence, found guilty of perjury, and sentenced to the pillory. Moore was rewarded by having "an honourable addition" granted to his coat-of-arms, "for his great and eminent services to the crown;" which was "the lion of England upon

a *canton*." Never was the British lion more degraded than when placed by a dissolute and unprincipled king upon the arms of a man who, having sworn to protect the citizens' rights as their chief magistrate, betrayed their interests, and paved the way for Charles to deprive them of their charter.

---

WHAT is the cruel cause  
Of our dissention,  
That holy and humane laws  
Yield no prevention ;  
That our poor land hath been  
Pull'd all to pieces ;  
And still our sorrows keen  
Daily increases ?  
If you would know for what,  
Reason will tell you that  
'Tis because we do not  
Love one another.

Such a command as this  
All power convinces ;  
'Twas made by him that is  
The prince of princes :  
The power of love is of  
A fruitfull nature,  
When it drops from above  
Into the creature ;  
It doth corroborate  
And fortify a state.  
Then, before 'tis too late,  
Love one another.

Daily dissensions rise,  
    Brother 'gainst brother :  
Son against father flies,  
    Daughter 'gainst mother.  
Strange contrarieties  
    Do rule men's reason :  
Whilst England's enemies  
    Are hatching treason.  
And driving on that plot,—  
(They think we have forgot,)  
'Cause they see we do not  
    Love one another.

If concord be the way  
    To peace and plenty,  
Discord must needs destroy,  
    And make all empty.  
Houses and kingdoms that  
    Are so divided,  
Are in a desperate state,—  
    Grossly misguided.  
The dangers of our land  
We never can withstand  
'Till we're united, and  
    Love one another.

Let us not mingle our  
    Faith with our fancies ;  
And leave the substance for  
    Small circumstances.

Let love and reason work  
    In us, and on us ;  
Serpents in secret lurk  
    To over run us.  
Their stinging pens are free  
To raise conspiracie,  
Which will be foil'd if we  
    Love one another.

If we do stir up hate  
    Against our brother,  
We prove like fire-brands that  
    Burn out each other ;  
Clyents whom lawyers light,  
    Till they unstate 'em,  
Or Dutch and English fight,  
    When French laugh at 'em.  
In such conditions are  
Men that love law and war,  
And such are those that ne're  
    Love one another.

In what a doubtful state  
    Is all our nation :  
Without us, Papal hate,  
    Within us, passion :  
And causeless prejudice  
    Doth still possess us ;  
'Tis feared our enemies  
    Will much oppress us.



We shall in snares be caught  
By this damn'd Popish plot,  
If we in time do not  
Love one another,

Let us with hearts and hands,  
Joyn all our forces  
Against the Romish bands,  
Their foot and horses;  
For if they get the best,  
And overpower us,  
We shall ne're live at rest,  
They will devour us;  
We must in sad restraints,  
Be plung'd in woes and wants;  
Then let true Protestants  
Love one another.

Our unanimity  
I' th' late election,  
Shew'd that we well agree  
In our affection ;  
Where all men did consent,  
Without resistance,  
'Twas a good argument  
Of Gods assistance.  
When men so well agree,  
And so concordant be,  
'Tis a plain sign that we  
Love one another.

---

## THE PLOTTING PAPISTS' LITANY.

FROM the same pageant as the previous song. Jordan tells us that the preceding one "being ended, they handle their instruments again, and play divers new ayres, which having done, three or four habit themselves according to the humour of the song, and one of them chanteth forth another song in the same tune with that last sung." The first verse alludes to the pretended Popish plot of the infamous Titus Oates, which set the nation at that time in a ferment.

---

THOUGH our plot be betray'd,  
 Let us pursue it,  
 We need not be dismay'd,  
 We will renew it;  
 Therefore, let us implore  
 Those saints above us,  
 Who have done so before,  
 And, therefore, love us.  
 Joyntly, then, wee'l agree  
 To sing a Litany,\*  
 And let the burden be  
 Ora pro nobis.

---

\* Parodies on the Litany were, at this period, far from uncommon. Scarcely any collection of political poems or songs is without several. In Thompson's "Collection of one hundred and eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678," is printed "a Litany from Geneva," the ninth verse containing in its last line an allusion to the last of the city laureates, in the words:—

— "from brawny Settle's poem in prose,  
 Libera nos domine."

Hone's celebrated defence on his three trials in Guildhall for a similar parody, may be consulted with advantage on the earlier

You that have been, as we,  
Engaged in dangers,  
Listen to us that be  
Heretick-rangers :  
Do you our suit prefer,  
And send unto us,  
Least Doctor Provender  
Do quite undo us.  
You that kings undertake  
To kill, for conscience sake,  
Clement and Raviliac,\*  
Ora pro nobis.

You that were two of those  
Excellent members,  
Who did assist in the  
Plot of November's ;

---

and later history of the same practice. In his book on "Ancient Mysteries," he hints that the celebration of lord mayor's day by a mock Litany on the same spot, might have been among the serviceable precedents cited to the juries, had he been then aware of the existence of the one here reprinted.

\* The friar Jacques Clement murdered Henry III of France, because he imagined that he favoured the Protestant party ; pretending business of importance, he gained admission to the king, and while he examined the letters he brought him, stabbed him in the bowels, a wound of which the king died on the following day, the 2nd of August, 1589. Francis Ravaiillac, who had been a schoolmaster, murdered the succeeding sovereign, Henry IV, from the same motive, on the 14th May, 1610, in his coach, as he passed through the streets of Paris : his ideas having been strengthened by the infamous preachers of the League, who invariably justified the act of Clement.

What you did leave undone,  
That we may do it;  
Grant us your orison,  
And prompt us to it.  
Ye that like hooded hawks,  
Wrought in dark lanthorn walks,  
Digby\* and Guido-Vaux,  
Ora pro nobis.

Great Cataline, do thou  
Aid and assist us;  
That in what we shall do  
None may resist us:  
Brutus and Cassius,  
Inspire us in season,  
And qualify us with  
Murder and treason.  
You that have plotted more  
Than men have done before,  
Gusman and Gundemore,†  
Ora pro nobis.

---

\* Sir Everard Digby can only claim the dishonourable distinction of a mention with Guido Fawkes, to the neglect of such men as Catesby, from the circumstance of the leading position his wealth and connections enabled him to take in this celebrated conspiracy. A curious relic of the most courageous of the band exists in the Bodleian picture gallery; it is the lanthorn found upon Guido Fawkes when he was discovered in the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament.

† Count Gondomar was ambassador from Spain to the court of King James I. He was greatly desirous of perfecting the proposed marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, and

Woolsey, that liv'd i' th' reign  
Of old King Harry;  
And you o' th' flaming train  
To Phil. and Mary,  
Teach us, that we with sticks,  
Fire-brand, and fuel,  
May burn all hereticks,  
And prove as cruel.  
You that consum'd by fire  
Ridley and Latimer,  
Bonner and Gardiner,  
Ora pro nobis.

You that with arguments  
Sophisticated,  
Rais'd several discontents,  
As 'tis related:  
You that made subjects  
Forsake their obedience,

---

his intrigues made him exceedingly unpopular in England. He was mainly instrumental in bringing Raleigh to the block, and obtained great ascendancy over that weak-minded sovereign, King James I, by flattering his weaknesses, until, as he boasted to the Spanish court, "he thought more of their interests than of those of his own family." James had an eager desire to parade his learning, and Gondomar was a good Latin scholar, and, as one means of ingratiating himself with the king, used to talk bad Latin in his presence, that he might have the pleasure of publicly correcting him, Gondomar loudly protesting he spoke it on the authority of most learned teachers. "He was," says Hume, "a man whose flattery was the more artful, because covered with the appearance of frankness and sincerity; whose politics were the more dangerous, because disguised under the masque of mirth and pleasantry."

And taught them to abhor  
 Oaths of allegiance :  
 You that could souls trappan,  
 With disputes off and on,  
 Parsons and Campion,\*  
 Ora pro nobis.

You Irish champions, that  
 In warlike manner,  
 Against the Church and State  
 Advanc'd your banner ;  
 Raise up our spirits, we  
 May be courageous ;  
 England's o'erthrow will be  
 Much advantageous :  
 Fitz-Gerald† and Tyrone,‡

---

\* Executed with other Romish priests during the reign of Elizabeth, for a pretended conspiracy against her life ; the writing and distributing of works favourable to the Church of Rome was all that could be clearly proved against them.

† The rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald occurred during the reign of Henry VIII, in the year 1533, upon a belief that his father, the Earl of Kildare and lord deputy of Ireland, who had been summoned to England, had been executed in the Tower for treason, a charge of that crime having been made against him by his enemies the Butlers. Lord Thomas and his five uncles had possession of the six strongest castles in Ireland, and their insurrection became most formidable ; after defeating the English forces he was ultimately obliged to surrender to them on their promise of a free pardon. "The five brethren," his uncles, were treacherously seized at a banquet, and after a long and cruel imprisonment in the Tower of London, they were all beheaded with their nephew, the young Earl, in February 1537.

‡ The Earl of Tyrone headed the Irish rebellion in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, in which he was much assisted

To you we cry, O hone!  
Gregory and Pope Joan,  
Ora pro nobis.

Hubert, whose fatal brand  
First fir'd the city,\*  
By hereticks' command,  
Dy'd without pity:  
Coleman,† that great statist,  
Whose brains were working,

---

by the Spanish king, in revenge for the assistance that queen had given to the States of Holland, who had revolted from their allegiance to him in the early part of her reign. Tyrone was finally defeated on Christmas Eve, 1601, when he advanced against the English army, under Lord Mountjoy, at Kinsale, with a force of 6000 native Irish, and 400 foreigners, to the assistance of Don Juan D'Aguilar, who was in that town with 4000 Spanish troops. This victory, and the ravages of famine, brought the Irish to extremities, and Tyrone, after flying from place to place, surrendered to Mountjoy at the end of 1602, on a promise of life and lands, which the queen reluctantly obeyed. During the reign of James I, he was suspected of engaging in a new rebellion, and fled into Spain, leaving his enormous possessions as a forfeiture to the crown.

\* This Hubert was a Frenchman, who was notoriously insane, and he accused himself of having, with two others, set fire to the first house burnt in the great fire of 1666. There were none to prosecute or accuse him, and his confession was so disjointed, and so clearly betrayed the state of his intellects, that the chief-justice told the king he could not believe him guilty. He was evidently a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and anxious to part with it in this way. Yet the jury found him guilty, and the king and judges, notwithstanding their conviction, allowed him to be executed.

† Coleman was the secretary and confidential agent of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II, and was accused in

Whilst Jesuit and priest  
In holes lay lurking ;  
This plot to pass to bring,  
Stout Grove and Pickering,\*  
Employed to kill the king,  
Ora pro nobis.

You that in bloody ways  
Have lately trod free,  
Who set an end to th' days  
Of justice Godfrey,†  
Though a prais'd magistrate,  
He was against us,  
And did deserve our hate,  
And much incens'd us :

---

1678, by the infamous Titus Oates, as the chief conspirator in the famous Popish Plot for the destruction of Charles II, and the introduction of the Romish religion. It was proved from his own letters, (perhaps to the surprise of Oates), that he had applied both to the Pope and others for money and assistance in "the utter ruin of the Protestant Party," and he was executed as a traitor.

\* These two were the men who, according to Oates and Bedloe, were employed by the Popish party to shoot Charles II. Upon the perjured and contradictory evidence of these two scoundrels they were found guilty and executed. They died professing their innocence, but the received opinion about Jesuitism prevented alike any belief, and any pity.

† Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, who had taken the depositions on the Popish plot, and excited himself greatly in the matter. He was found murdered immediately afterwards, a circumstance that inflamed the whole nation, and gave the greatest strength to Oates's perjuries.



Green, Bury, Hill,\* that dy'd,  
 Although for murther try'd,  
 By us y'are sanctify'd.

Ora pro nobis.

Ireland and Whitebread,† too,  
 Harcourt and Turner,‡  
 For whom there is in woe  
 Many a close mourner ;

\* These three men, who were employed about the Queen's Chapel at Somerset House, (from whence Sir Edmundbury Godfrey had disappeared), were hung at Tyburn for his murder, upon the evidence of one Prance, a Catholic Silversmith, who had, it appears, been tortured to confess, and had accused these unfortunate men to free himself from prison, and save his life. Primrose Hill, near London, close to which the body of Godfrey was found, was at this time re-named "Greenberry Hill," from the names of the three supposed murderers. The smaller hill beside it, now formed into a reservoir, was previous to that change, called by the lower classes, "bloody hill," probably in reference to the same event.

† Both these men were accused by Titus Oates as the prime movers of the Popish plot to assassinate King Charles II. Ireland was a Catholic priest, and Grove and Pickering, who were to do the murder, acted under the direction of him and the others, it was said. Ireland was tried by Lord Chief-Justice Scroggs at the Old Bailey, December 17th, 1678, and was executed at Tyburn on the 2nd of January following. Whitbread, styled in his trial "Thomas White, alias Whitbread, Provincial of the Jesuits in England," was tried on the 13th of June, 1679, and was executed at Tyburn on the 20th of the same month.

‡ William Harcourt and Anthony Turner were tried with Whitbread for participation in the Popish plot, and executed on the same day with him. Harcourt was termed by Oates the popish "rector of London." Turner was also a priest.

Fenwick and Gaven,\* and  
Langhorn the learned,†  
That plotted hand in hand,  
'Till 'twas discerned ;  
Who by the laws of late,  
And heretical hate,  
Did all submit to fate,  
Ora pro nobis.

---

## THE PLANTERS' SONG.

THIS is another specimen of a *trade-song*; it occurs in Jordan's "London's Joy," for Sir John Moore of the Grocers' Company, who was mayor in 1681. It was sung in the last pageant that day exhibited, "an Indian Garden of Spices," emblematic of their trade;—"on this stage are several planters, tumblers, dancers and vaulters, all blacks, men and women, who are supposed to be brought over by the Governess, (*Fructifera*), to celebrate the day, and to delight his lordship with their ridiculous rusticity, and mimical motion; one of which crew having a song composed for the purpose, being endued with a melodious voice, doth in a proper posture extend his jawes, and chanteth out this madrigal to a pleasant tune."

---

\* John Fenwick is called in the state trials "Procurator for the Jesuits in England." John Gavan, alias Gawen, was a priest, and these two men were also sacrificed to the perjury of Oates, on the same day as the others, and for the same pretended plot to murder Charles, and establish Popery.

+ Richard Langhorn was a lawyer of the Temple, and, according to Oates, was employed as solicitor for the Jesuits, and in connexion with the enemies of the state and religion, both in Spain and St. Omer's. He was tried on the 14th of June, 1679, and executed at Tyburn on the 14th of the following July.

WE are jolly planters who live in the East,  
And furnish the world with delights when they feast;  
For by our endeavours this country presumes  
To fit them with physic, food, gold, and perfumes.

Our trading is whirl'd

All over the world,

In vast voyages on the ocean so curl'd: [know  
France, Spain, Holland, England, have sent men to  
Where jewels are found, and how spices do grow;  
Where voyagers with a small stock have been made,  
By the wealthy returns of an East India trade.

From torments or troubles of body or mind,  
Your bonny brisk planters are free as the wind;  
We eat well to labour, and labour to eat,  
Our planting doth get us both stomach and meat.

There's not better physic

To vanquish the phthisic,

And when we're at leisure our voices are music;  
And now we are come with a brisk drolling ditty,  
To honour my lord; and to humour the city.  
We sing, dance, and trip it, as frolick as ranters;  
Such are the sweet lives of your bonny brave planters.

Our weighty endeavours have drams of delight,  
We slave it all day, but we sleep well at night;  
Let us but obtain a kind hour to be merry,  
Our digging and delving will ne'er make us weary.

And when we do prate

In reasons of state,

What's wanting in wit will be made up in weight;  
They'll currently pass I do simply suppose,  
At them no wise man will take pepper i' th' nose.  
No vaunters, or flawnters, or canters, or ranters,  
Do lead such a life as the bonny brave planters.

Of cinnamon, nutmegs, of mace, and of cloves,  
We have so much plenty they grow in whole groves;  
Which yield such a savour, when Sol's beams do bless  
'em,

That 'tis a sweet kind of contentment to dress 'em.

Our sugars and gums,

Our spices and plums,

Are better than battels of bullets and drums.  
From wars and battalias we have such release,  
We lie down in quiet and rise up in peace;  
We sing it, and dance it, and jig it, and skip it,  
Whilst our Indian lasses do gingerly trip it.

Our gracious good governess hath brought us over  
To England and London, that we may discover  
The generous triumphs that this year doth wait  
To honour the day of their wise magistrate,

A merchant of fame,

Let's love him for shame;

For *moor* is our nature, and *Moor* is his name;  
They feast him with dainties, in peace let him reign,  
The more is his honour, the more is our gain.  
God prosper the king and enthrone him with bliss,  
And bless the lord mayor who his lieutenant is.

No ranters, or vaunters, or chaunters, or flaunters,  
Doth lead such a life as the bonny boon planters.

---

## SONG OF THE CLOTH-WORKERS.

PRINTED at the end of Settle's "Triumphs of London, prepared for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Lane," 1694. His lordship was one of the Clothworkers Company, and this trade-song may be taken as a favourable specimen of its class.

---

COME all the nine sisters, that fill the great quire,  
For here's a rich theme must the Muses inspire.

The Clothworkers' glory,

So fair lies before ye;

So famous and antient their honour begun,  
When Adam first delv'd and our mother Eve spun.

Nor the gold, nor the pearl old England shall lack,  
You send out your cloth, and the Indies come back.

On your fair foundation

The wealth of the nation,

Our wool and our web, the supporters of crowns,  
'Tis wooll-sacks found bridges, and fleeces build towns.

Whilst thro' twelve starry signs, as Astronomers say,  
To circle the year, drives the great god of day.

Thro' Aries and Taurus,

Triumphant and glorious,

Whilst the ram in the heavens does so splendid appear,  
'Tis the Clothworkers' crest begins the fair year.

Two griffons of gold, your supporters so fair,  
These compounds of lyon and eagle wait there.

    The lyon, 'tis true, sirs,  
    In homage to you, sirs,  
As lord of the land, and the eagle of the ayr,  
To the Clothworkers glory their fealty bear.

The thistle, the Clothworkers servant so kind,  
Long glitt'ring with gold in their scutcheon has shined;

    The thistle, 'tis true, sirs,  
    To give her her due, sirs,  
With the fair English rose, both of royal renown,  
To the Clothworkers honour, the thistle and crown.

Since fortune's fleet wheel, and the great book of doom,  
With life but a thread is the work of the loom,

    The Fates, those dire sisters,  
    Our destiny twisters;  
'Tis clothworking all. For living or dead,  
'Tis he's only blest that spins a fair thread.

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## THE VINTNERS' SONG.

FROM Elkanah Settle's "Triumphs of London," for Sir Samuel Dashwood, of the Vintners' Company, mayor in 1702. Queen Anne dined in the Guildhall on this occasion, "with Prince George of Denmark, and the highest nobility of the kingdom." The song here printed occurs at the end of the descriptive pamphlet, and was sung in the Hall. No other pageant was ever publicly performed: that written for 1708 was not exhibited, owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. For that pageant no songs were written, so that this is the *last* song of the *last* city poet, and a better specimen than usual of his powers.

---

COME, come, let us drink the vintners' good health,  
'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;  
If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,  
The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.  
Then, next to the queen, let the vintners' fame shine,  
She gives us good laws, and they fill us good wine.

Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,  
To discover the mines of an Indian world,  
To find beds of gold so far they could roam:  
Fools! fools!—when the wealth of the world lay at  
home.

The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew,  
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

Let misers in garrets hide up their gay store,  
And heap their rich bags to live wretchedly poor;  
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd,  
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all around :  
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,  
But the vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy.

FINIS.







THE  
LIFE AND MARTYRDOM  
OF  
THOMAS BEKET,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

FROM THE SERIES OF LIVES AND LEGENDS NOW PROVED  
TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

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EDITED BY  
WILLIAM HENRY BLACK,

ONE OF THE ASSISTANT KEEPERS OF THE  
PUBLIC RECORDS.

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M.DCCC.XLV.



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OF  
**The Percy Society.**

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## PREFACE.

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OF the legends in old English Alexandrine verse, which constitute a complete *Liber Festivalis* in metre, for the whole year, one has already been presented to the members of the Percy Society, by Mr. Wright, in the publication (No. XLVIII) for August 1844; namely that of Saint Brandan. That is distinguished above others by the singularity of its subject-matter: the present is one of those lives of saints, which relate to English history, and is by far the largest in the whole work. Not only does it afford such a view of the life and character of that remarkable prelate THOMAS BEKET, the far-famed Saint of Canterbury, as was popularly entertained from the time of his death to the Reformation, but it fixes the period of the authorship of these legends, and, above all, enables us to ascertain the name of their author.

Numerous copies of the whole, or of detached portions of this work, are extant in manuscript, and extracts from them have been given by vari-

ous authors; among whom may be mentioned Ashmole, in whose "Institution of the Order of the Garter"\* are given five lines of the Life of Beket, from a valuable MS. in his own collection at Oxford, now marked No. 43. That copy contains no fewer than ninety-five articles, beginning imperfectly with Saint Wolstan, (whose day falls on the 19th of January,) and ending with Saints Oswald, Thomas of Canterbury, and Edward the Confessor: they are all in the order of the calendar except these last, whose days are 5th August, 29th December, and 5th January respectively. Two of them, therefore, are wrongly placed, and Beket's life is, of all the saints or festivals treated of by this author, the latest in the year. In the Harleian MS. 2277, which begins with Benedict Abbat (this copy being defective as far as 21st March),† the life of Beket is the latest which

\* 1672, fol. p. 21.

† "Its imperfection at the beginning may have deprived us of the author's name, which after much search I cannot now retrieve; having little reason to believe him to be that John Goldestone mentioned by Pits, p. 407, who is said to have compiled *Sermones de Sanctis*, and to have flourished A.D. 1320, because it does not appear that he was poetically given, or that he wrote in the English tongue; and besides, the handwriting of this MS. seems to be older than that year."—"Although the name of our old English poet may at this time be difficult to find out, yet the thing itself is of



relates to *saints*; but legends of Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilatus follow. It is from this latter manuscript that the text of the following pages, as well as that of Saint Brandan's legend, is printed: both manuscripts are of one age, the latter part of the reign of Edward I., having been written (as nearly as can be conjectured) about the year 1300. The Editor has not found opportunity of using any other manuscript, except some parts of the Arundel MS. No. 8, in the Heralds' Office, which is as late as the middle of the fifteenth century, and contains only the legends of Michael the archangel, and Thomas Beket, following a copy of the Brute Chronicle, which terminates with the death of King Henry V.

In his description of the last mentioned manuscript, the Editor first put forth an opinion, in 1829, that these legends "were evidently written in the time of Edward the First, and very probably by the author of the Chronicle called Robert of Gloucester's, the style and metre of which bear a

considerable value, not only upon account of its rarity, (I not remembering to have met with any other exemplar of it), but also for the purity of its language, its age considered, and the correctness of him who wrote it."—(Wanley, *Harleian Catalogue*, II. 637, 639.) There are, however, several MSS. in the Bodleian, especially the Vernon MS., and at Cambridge, beside Harl. 2250 in the British Museum, which last does not contain the life of Beket.

complete resemblance to these compositions.”\* In the same year, Sir Frederick Madden avowed the same opinion, in his edition of *Havelok the Dane*, which passed through the press at the same time as the Editor’s work here quoted. Shortly after, the Editor had the opportunity of confirming that opinion, by perusal (among others) of the poem contained in these pages, which affords demonstrative proof of the identity of authorship between the *Chronicle of England* and the *Lives and Legends*. When therefore the *Ashmolean MSS.* passed under his review, for a critical description of their contents, in 1831 and following years, he hesitated not to intitle the before-mentioned manuscript (No. 43), thus:—  
 “*Lives of Saints and Legends of the Festivals, in the order of the English calendar, composed in Alexandrine verse by ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, the author of the antient Metrical History of England.*”†

A scanty acquaintance with our early language is enough to refute the erroneous opinion of Warton, (who has quoted the first lines of

\* “*Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the Library of the College of Arms, 1829. Not published.*” (London, 8vo.) p. 14.

† *Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS. by W. H. Black, (Oxford, 1845, 4to.) col. 64-68.*

Beket's Life from a Bodleian MS.)\* that this work was written in the time of Richard I.; the notice of the translation of Beket, from his grave to a costly shrine, which took place in 1220, disproves it at once. Moreover, there is the life of one English Saint contained in the series, who was the *seventh successor* of Beket in the see of Canterbury, and died so late as 16th November 1242,—namely Edmund, commonly called of 'Pounteney' or Pontigny, from his burial-place in France.† This Archbishop was canonized in 1246: therefore the work could not have been written till the middle of the thirteenth century, about which time Robert of Gloucester flourished. His Chronicle comes down to the year 1270;‡ and if the last leaf of the Cottonian MS. had been preserved, it would doubtless appear to have terminated with the death of King Henry III, in 1272, or the coronation of Edward I. Unfortunately we know nothing certain about the author, except one autobiographical notice in his Chronicle: for the manuscripts of that work are as destitute of title or colophon, as those of the Legends

\* History of English Poetry, (8vo. ed.) i. 19.

† Harl. MS. 2277, f. 155. Ashm. MS. 43, f. 177. See also Hearne's extracts from Mr. Sheldon's MS., in his Glossary to Robert Mannyng, ('Langtoft's Chronicle'), pp. 607-609, and 611.

‡ See p. 570 of the printed copies.

are. The only authentic manuscript, which is in the Cottonian Collection, Caligula A. xi., has this modern heading, "*Historia Regum Angliæ ad Henricum Tertium, a Roberto Glocestrensi, qui eodem tempore floruit,*" which is not older than Sir Robert Cotton's time; and, whatever evidence might then have existed for that name, certainly none of a direct nature is now known, although the passage alluded to strongly confirms it. The author describes a great darkness which happened on the day of "the murder of Evesham," ("for battle it was not," says he); and adds "*for thirty miles thence, this saw ROBERD, who first this book made, and was well sore afeard.*"\* The event happened on the 4th of August, 1265. The distance of Evesham from Gloucester, being about twenty-five miles, well agrees with the supposition, (if it were no more than a supposition,) that this Robert was a man of Gloucester; and the dialect of his work agrees equally well with that of the county.

It has already been shown that the exact similarity of versification, style, phraseology, and dialect, first led the Editor to consider both works to be the production of one and the same author: but the *proof* of this opinion consists in the identity of considerable portions of the Life

\* Printed text, p. 560; and Hearne's Preface, p. lxviii.

of Beket with the text of the Chronicle. The most remarkable of these is the description of the murder, where thirty successive lines are alike in both poems; but neither these nor any other passages, which exactly correspond, can be considered as interpolations, but are evidently as genuine portions of the Chronicle as they are of the Legend. For the better manifestation of the fact, all that portion of the Chronicle, which relates to Beket's life and disputes with the King, his murder and its consequences, and his translation, is given in the Appendix, from the Cottonian MS.,\* and such references are made in the notes, from one text to the other, as will enable the reader easily to find the corresponding passages, and to arrive at the inevitable conclusion, that they have both proceeded from one mind and one pen. It might indeed be said that they are inseparably parts of each other, but for the fact that the details of Beket's history are omitted in the great compilation, founded on the basis of Robert of Gloucester's "Englysshe geste in ryme," which was finished on the 6th of August, 1448, and is preserved among the MSS. in the

\* It will be seen in the Appendix that one whole line, omitted by Hearne, has been restored, by following the MS. rather than the printed text.

Heralds' Office.\* In that copy, after the eighth line of the portion quoted in the Appendix, no fewer than eight pages and a half of Hearne's text are left out, and the following lines are inserted in the stead, amongst the prose additions made by compiler of that historical manuscript:—

“ And many other thingus mo, of Seynt Thomas dedes,  
That felle by twixt him and the Kyng, in his Lif may me  
rede.

In the xj. C. yere of grace, this good man, Seynt Thomas,  
And lxxj. thus imartired was.” (Fol. 246.)

Let it not be supposed that these are genuine lines of the original poet, for the compiler of that manuscript has taken the liberty of altering Robert's text throughout, and of adding or omitting *ad libitum*. The variations, at the foot of Hearne's pages, are a proof of this; although they afford no adequate idea of the extent to which the original work has been altered, by the anonymous historian. It is remarkable that he refers, in the lines here quoted, to the “Life” of Beket, which in all probability was the poem contained in these pages: for, although numerous Latin historians are quoted by name, in the prose additions, the only reference to a written testimony occurring in the old *ryme*, is to the metrical ‘romance’ of

\* Fully described in W. H. Black's Catalogue of the Arundel MSS., No. 58, pp. 104-110.

Richard Cœur de Lion, which is given at full length in the Herald's MS., while here, probably by reason of the greater frequency of copies of the Saints' Lives, he contents himself with referring to the Legend of Thomas; and this reference may, perhaps, be regarded as the indication of an acknowledgment that the two works had proceeded from one author.

There are fifteen or sixteen Lives of other English Saints contained in the work from which this of Beket is taken; among which may be traced some other correspondences with the same author's Chronicle. These, being short, may occupy the pages of some future publications of the Percy Society, and serve to throw some farther light on the interesting question of their authorship. Certainly they would greatly contribute to illustrate an edition of the metrical Chronicle, from the contemporary manuscript in the Cottonian collection, part only of which has been printed by Hearne, and that without the opportunity of collating his printed sheets with the original, by reason of his distance from London. Should the Editor's time permit, and the Council of the Society approve, he would gladly undertake the performance of what is due to so venerable a writer, and one who has for almost half his life been one of his favorite authors.

The text of the following pages is taken from the Harleian MS. beforementioned, written little later than the author's own time. The Editor has thought proper to preserve, in every line, the *colon* which marks the *cæsura*, as in that and other antient copies: in the best manuscript of the chronicle a single point occurs, both in the middle and at the end of every line. In addition to a modern punctuation in other respects, he has carefully marked those syllables which need to be peculiarly accented or distinctly expressed, for the completion of the metre, which will be found tolerably regular, and equivalent (if each couplet were divided into four lines) to the later ballad-measure, or the 'common metre' and 'short metre' of modern psalmody. Hearne's glossary to the chronicle will serve equally to explain this legend, to those who are unaccustomed to the language of the thirteenth century.

The portrait of Beket, prefixed to this work, is copied in facsimile from an antient drawing with pen and ink, among other religious pictures, in the Black Book of the Receipt of the Exchequer, preserved in the Public Record Office, Rolls House; where it follows a Calendar of Saints' Days, and extracts from the Gospels, formerly used in the administration of oaths in the Court of Receipt. This picture is not less remarkable



for its apparent authenticity (being at least as old as Beket's translation in 1220) than for the singular fact of its escape from the destruction levelled by King Henry VIII against every relic and vestige of the saint that his fury could reach, not excepting his very name. The Society is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fairholt, for the gratuitous execution of the engraving.

W. H. BLACK.

*Mill Yard, London,*

*27th June, 1845.*

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THE LIFE AND MARTYRDOM

OF

THOMAS BEKET,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

---

GILBERT was Thomas fader name: that true was and  
god,

And lovede God and holi church: siththe he wit un-  
derstod.

The croicē to the holie lond: in his junghede he nom,  
And mid on Richard, that was his man: to Ierusalem  
com.

There hi dude here pelrynage: in holi stedēs faste,  
So that among the Sarazyns: ynome hi were atte laste,  
Hi and other Cristene men: and in strong prisoun ido,  
In meseise and in pyne ynouȝ: of hunger and chile also.  
In strongē swynchē nȝt and dai: to ofswynche here  
metē stronge:

In such swynch and hardē lyve: hi bilevede (hem.  
thoȝtē) longe. 10

For ful other half ȝer: greate pyne hi hadde and schame,

B

In the Princes hous of the lawe: Admiraud was his  
name.

Ac Gilbert of London: best grace haddē there,  
Of the Prince and allē his: among alle that ther were.  
For oftē al in feteres: and in othe[r] bende,  
The Prince he servede atte mete: for him thoȝte hende.  
And ofte the Prince al so god: in consail him wolde  
drawe,

And of the manere of Engelond: him eschce, and of the  
lawe.

So that me wolde his felawes: moche god oftē do,  
For his love, and hi furde: the bet for him also. 20  
And nameliche thurf a maide: that this Gilbert lovede  
faste,

The Princes douȝter Admiraud: that hire hurte al upe  
him caste;

That lovede him in durnē love: in gret murnynge  
and in wo.

For the Princes heir heo was: for he nadde children no mo.  
Of hire he hadde lutē blisse: and lutē harm hit was,  
For heo com to betere ende: as ȝe schulle ihure that cas.  
This maide that lovede so: this man durnēliche,  
Heo spac tho heo seȝ hire tyme: with him priveiliche;  
Andeschte him of Engēlonde: and of the manere there,  
And of the lyf of Cristene men: and what here bile-  
vē were. 30

The manere of Engēlonde: this Gilbert hire tolde fore,  
And the toun het Londone: that he was inne ibore;  
And the bileve of Cristene men: this blisse withouten  
ende,

In hevene schal here medē beo: whan hi schulle hennē wende.

“Woldestou,” quath this maide tho: “ho so it wolde bede the,”

Tholiedeth for thi Louerdes love?” this Gilbert seidē “*3é*,”  
And that him werē swithē leof: ho so him therto brouȝte.  
Tho this maide him iseȝ so stedefast: heo stod longe in-  
thoȝte.

“Ich wole,” heo seidē, “al mi lond: leve for love of the,

“And Cristene womman bicomē: if thu wolt spousi me.”

40

Tho Gilbert ihurdē this: he stod in gretē thoȝt,  
And feignede his word her and ther: and ne grantede  
noȝt.

And seide he was al to hire wille: bote he moste bithenche,  
For he was stronge adrad ȝut: of wommanes wrenche.

He drof hire evere biheste: this maidē longede sore,

And lovede him durnēliche: evere the leng the more.

Gilbert and his felawes siththe: as God the gracē sende,

Prisoun brekē and by niȝte: out of the londē wende.

Thereve amorwe that hem scholde: to herē labour lede,

Nuste he tho he mistē hem: what him was to rede. 50

Faste he sude after hem: he and othere mo,

Ac er hi come to Cristene men: me ne miȝt hem noȝt  
ofgo.

Ac whan hi ne miȝte noȝ[t] hem oftake: aȝen hi turndē  
tho,

And dūdē here beste aȝē the Prince: ac evereft he  
was wo.

The maidē made deol ynouȝ: that heo was evere ibore,  
 For al the ioye of thisse lyve: hire thuȝte heo hadde  
 forlore.

Heo wep and made so moche deol: that me ne hurde  
 nevere more,

Ne telle of womman that me wiste: that love abouȝte  
 so sore.

For bi niȝte heo wende alone: heo nuste whoderward,  
 And of spensē with hire nom: to sichē Gilbard. 60

And bilevede al hire grete heritage. and hire cun also,  
 And ne sparede for no sorewe: that miȝte come hire to;  
 Ne for siknisse, ne for deth: ne for sorewe, ne for wo,  
 Ne for peryl in the see: na londe nothe mo;

Ne that heo scholde among Cristene men: vilere than  
 an hound beo,

Ne that hi ne knewe hire spechē noȝt: ne heo nuste  
 whoderward teo;

Ne whar he scholde alyve: this Gilbert fyndē oȝt,  
 Ne whar he wolde hire spousi: whan heo him hadde  
 al isoȝt.

And nathēles heo wendē forth: with wel god pas.

Hou thinȝth thou, nas heo hardi noȝt? for gode me  
 thinȝth heo was. 70

Heo nom and eschte to Engēlonde: and gret peryl  
 an hondē nom,

So that in pyne and wo ynou: atte laste heo com.

And tho heo was alles thider icome: heo ne couthe  
 Englisch word non,

Bote "Londone, Londone:" to esche whoderward gon.

And therthurf me taȝte hire the wei: so that heo thider  
 com,

And ȝeode aboutē as a best: that ne couthē no wysdom,  
 As heo were of another wordle: that folc thicke  
 ynouȝ,

To biholde such a mopisch best: aboute hire ther drouȝ.  
 And nameliche ȝungē childerne: and wyldē boyes also,  
 For the wonder sude hire: and scornede hire  
 therto. 80

So that mid noyse and cri ynouȝ: attan ende bi cas,  
 Tho heo com aȝē thulkē hous: ther this Gilbert was,  
 As Seint Thomas was inne ibore: joyful was that cas,  
 Ther is nouth an hospital: arerd of Seint Thomas.

As Richard therinnē was: the noyse he ihurdē there,  
 Out he ȝeodē forte awaite: what that wonder were.

He stod, tho he hire ikneu: as a man that were forlore,  
 In gret wonder he orn in: and tolde his louerd fore.  
 This Gilbert thoȝtē wonder gret: ac thenchésoun wel  
 he thoȝte;

He het Richard that he hire nome: and amid a god  
 wyf broȝte 90

Ther biside, that faire ynou: and with fair semblant  
 hire nom.

Attan endē tho this Gilbert: bfore this maidē com.  
 This maidē ful upriȝt iswoȝe: tho heo him iseȝ,  
 That deol was among al that folc: that ther was tho  
 neȝ.

This Gilbert him huld somdel stille: as him nothing  
 nere;

Ac six Bischopes thulkē tyme: at Seint Poulēs were,  
 As hit were at a parlēment: for neodēs of the londe,

This Gilbert in this wonder cas: him gan understonde,  
 And ȝeode and toldē everechdel: red alto afonge. <sup>[100]</sup>  
 Therof hem wondrede alle: and in consail stodē longe.  
 The Bischop furst of Chichestre: his avys seidē thanne,  
 That hit was a bitokninge: of God and noȝt of manne;  
 And that God wolde that hi were ispoused: and such  
     cas sende therfore,

And that ther miȝte sum holi child: bituene hem beon  
     ibore.

Therfore alle hi radde: and bituene hem gonne biseo,  
 That this Gilbert hire scholde spousi: if heo wolde  
     Cristene beo.

So that this maide amorwe: tofore this Bischops com.  
 Hi radde hire for Gilbertes love: afongē Cristendom.  
 “Wel fawe,” quath this maidē tho: “if he me wolde  
     spousi oȝt.

“For ȝe mowe alle understonde: if y nadde that ithoȝt,  
 “I nadde bileved al mi cun: and so wide him isoȝt,<sup>[110]</sup>  
 “Ne mid hunger and other wo: him so deore aboȝt.”

This maide ibaptized was: among the Bischop[s] echon,  
 And heȝe men therate of the lond: ther were menion.  
 For-reverence of the heȝē cunne: and the gentyl blod  
     also,

Of wham heo com, and for heo was: semee and fair  
     therto.

Of this Bischops hi were anon: ispoused in the  
     place.

Ech man mai siggē wel: that ther was Godēs grace.  
 For the furste niȝt afterward: bituene hem biȝute was



The godē child of wham we speketh: the holi Seint  
Thomas. 120

This Gilbert amorwe: so gret wille him com to,  
To wende eft to the holi lond: that he nuste what do.  
Of his wyf was his mestē care: hou scholde fram hire  
beo ibroȝt,

That was so ȝung, and heo ne couthe: of the londes  
lawe noȝt.

So moche he carede durnēliche: that hit was care  
to iseo,

His wyf was eke in gretē thoȝte: wherfore hit miȝtē beo,  
And draddē that hit were for hire: for hi were is-  
poused so.

Ne mai no man clenē telle: of here beire durne wo.  
This ȝunge wyf noldē fyne: on hire louerd to grede,  
Forte thenchēsoun of his sor: al clenliche he hire  
sede; 130

And hou his care was al for hire: to the holie londe to  
wende.

“Sirē,” seide this godē wyf: “oure Louerd his grace  
the sende !

“Lute we habbeth to gadere ibeo: and lutē jōye afonge,  
“And if thou wendest thanē wey: oute thou worst wel  
longe.

“Ac noȝt for than ic biddē the: if thou haste wille  
and thoȝt,

“In oure Louerdes servise to wende: ne lef hit for me  
noȝt.

“For ich hopie that mi Louerd: that me hath iwist  
herto,

"The while that y ne kneu him noȝt: ȝut he wole also.

"And eke nou ic am of his: therfore ic biddē the,

"If thu wolt wende in his servise: ne lef it noȝt for  
me. 140

"Ac bilef me Richard thi man: that mi wardeyn  
mowe beo,

"That knoweth me and mi langage: forte ic the eft  
iseo."

Gilbert tho heo hurdē this: in gret ioy was ido,  
He ordeyned wel his hous: and his meynē also;  
And his wyf hou heo libbē scholde: fortē God sende  
other sonde,

And wendē forth a Godes name: to the holi londe.

And was oute threo ȝer and an hālf: er he aȝē com.

Tho he com he fond his sone: a god goinge grom.

Theonige fair and manliche: as eni child miȝte beo,

Ech man tolde of him pris: that him miȝte iseo. 150

Wel he wax and itheȝ: and to eche godnisse drouȝ,  
ȝung he was to skole iset: and spedde wel ynouȝ.

His moder him wolde aldai rede: and oftē on him crie,  
To ledē chast lyf and elene: and fleo lecherie.

And lovie tofore allē thing: God and Seinte Marie,

And servie hem and holi churche: and leve alle folie.

This child theȝ hit were ȝung: wel hit understod,

For seli child is sone ilered: ther he wole beo god.

Tho this child was bot in elde: of tuo and twenti ȝer,

His moder wende out of thisse lyve: that so wel him  
loved er. 160

This child wold leng to scolē go: ac his fader him nolde  
fynde.

For child that hath his moder ilore: his help is moche  
bi hynde.

This child thurf his fader heste: as man that no red  
not,

Servede a burgeys of the toun: and his accountës wrot,  
So longë that he com to court: and waş in god offiz  
With the Archebischop of Canterbury: Sire Thebaud  
god and wys.

He servede him so hendëliche: that in a lutë stounde,  
He makede him his consailler: so stedefast he him  
founde.

His Arcedekne he makede him siththe: and dude al  
bi his rede.

Swithe wel gan this Arcedekne: holi churchë lede, <sup>170</sup>  
And stifliche huld up hirë riztes: as meni men iseye,  
And therof noldë tholie wrong: theȝ he scholde ther-  
fore deye.

Wel ofte he wende to Rome: for holi churcha also,  
(Suche prelatȝ nou an urthe: to fewe ther beoth ido,)  
So that the Duc of Normandie: ymaked was al in pees,  
Henri Kyng of Engëlund: after Stevene the Beles.  
He lovede mochë wel to do: and gode men to him nom,  
This Henri the godë Kyng: tho he to londë com;  
And fondede to habbe god consail: and wys thurf al his  
myȝte,

Forto holdë riche and pore: and echë man to rizte. <sup>180</sup>  
Of the Ardekne Thomas: me tolde him sone ynouȝ,  
Hou he stable and wys: and to eche godnisse drouȝ.  
Thurf the Archebischopes grant: he makede him  
Chanceler,

For evere me mounteȝ him above: that haveth mest poer.  
 Tho Seint Thomas was iturnd: fram offiȝ of holi churchē,  
 To a gret offiȝ of the wordle: therafter he moste wurche.  
 Alto nobley of the worlde: his contenance he brouȝte,  
 That me ne huld non so prout: theȝ other were in his  
 thoȝte.

With more noblei he rod ynouȝ: than he was woned  
 to do;

His loreyns weren of golde: stiropes and spores also.<sup>190</sup>  
 The pley he suede of houndes: and of hauekes also ynouȝ,  
 As men thoȝte in echē poynte: alto prute he drouȝ.  
 Ac in his hurte hit was another: hou so he him evere  
 bere;

[And ever chastethurghē althyng: how so ever it were.]  
 And evere he was for holi churchē: and for pore men  
 also,

Aȝen the proutē conteckours: that wolde aȝen hem  
 oȝt do;

To holde up the riȝtes of holi churchē: so moche wo he  
 gan dryve,

Aȝen the lithere conteccours: that nuyede him of his  
 lyve;

As the Archebischop tolde: wepingē wel sore,  
 And othere ofte in priveité: that lovede him the  
 more. 200

He wilnede mest of allē thing: and on oure Louerd gan  
 crie,

That he moste with onur: levē thulke baillie,  
 And ech other service of court: bi the Kynges gode  
 wille,

For he ne miȝtē paye his court: bote he scholde his  
soulē spille.

Ac the King him fond so stable: and so god consailler,  
That he nolde maki for no thing: another chanceler.  
He ne triste to non so moche: ne ther nas non so heȝ,  
That so moche wiste his priveitez: ne that him was so  
neȝ.

So moche he caste his hurte on him: that on his warde  
he gan do

His eldeste sone Sire Henri: and his heire also;      210  
That he were his wardeyn: and his ordeynour,  
To wissē him after his wille: and to the Kinges honour.  
The King wende to Normandie: to seo tourney there,  
And bilevede his sone with Seint Thomas: that he his  
wardeyn were.

Bothe the fader and the sone: so moche here lovē caste,  
Upē Seint Thomas the holi man: the while it wolde  
ilaste;

Ther nas non in Engēlonde: that hadde so gret poēr,  
Of the kynedom as Seint Thomas: that was Chanceler.  
Hit biful siththe that Sire Tebaud: (as God the gracē  
sende,)

Tharchebishop of Canterbure: out of this wordle  
wende.      220

The crie was sonē widē couth: among thue and  
freo,

That Seint Thomas scholde after him: Archēbischof  
beo.

The King also in Normandie: tho me tolde him the cas,  
Anon bar his hurtē mest: to do ther Seint Thomas.

The Covent of Canterbury: desiredē him also;  
 So as men wolde: ibrouȝt hit was therto.  
 At Westmynstre he was ichose: to thulkē heze poēr,  
 The vyfte ȝer that he was: ymaked Chancellor.  
 Of elde he was thulkē tyme: of four and fourti ȝer;  
 His owe deth he afeng: and his owe martirdom ther.  
 For the Kyng was in Normandie: ipresented he [230  
 was

To his ȝunge sone in Engēlonde: for non other Kyng  
 ther nas.

Ac theȝ hit were aȝen his wille: he nolde hit noȝt forsake,  
 Ac he eschte in whiche manere: he scholde the croicē  
 take.

Me seide him that scholde afonge: holi churchē so freo,  
 That heo ne scholde under no man: bote under the  
 Pope beo;

Ne nothing thenche bote holdē up: holi churchē lawe.  
 "In thisse manere," quath Seint Thomas: "ic hire  
 afongē fawe."

A Witsonedai this was: that this dede com to ende,  
 This gode man toward Canterbury: anon him gan wende.  
 Al the contray with onur: to him com and drouȝ; [240  
 Ther was for him in Canterbury: ioȝe and blisse ynouȝ.  
 The dai of the Trinité: isacred he was,  
 And afeng his digneté: the gode man Seint Thomas.  
 Sire Henri the Kynges sone: was at his sacringe,  
 And sixtene Bischops ek: this dede to endē forto bringe.  
 Tho this dede was ido: hi gonne to sendē sone,  
 After his pallioun to Rome: as riȝt was to done.  
 The Pope Alisandre: was tho at Montpailers,

Thider wende this wisē men: that were messagers.<sup>250</sup>  
 The Abbot Adam of Evesham: to here cheveteyn hi  
 nome,

To the Pope Alisandre: to Montpaillers hi come.  
 Here erande hi haddē sone: for he hem nothing ne  
 wornde,

Hi neme of him here leve: and hamward aȝē turnde.  
 And this pallioun was: to Seint Thomas ibrouȝt:  
 This gode man hit afeng: with wel myldē thoȝt.  
 Tho he was in his digneté: al clanliche ido,  
 He gan to changi al his lyf: and his manere also.  
 The here he dudē next his liche: his flesches maister  
 to beo,

Schurte and brech streit ynouȝ: adoun to the kneo.  
 For he thoȝte he miȝtē wel: of othere habbe maistrie,  
 If he hadde of his owe flesch: thurfout seignurye. <sup>262</sup>  
 If his soulē maister were: and his flesch hire hyne,  
 Him thoȝte he miȝte his digneté: bringē to god fyne.  
 Above the herē siththe: thabyt of monek he nom,  
 And siththē clerkēs robe above: as to his stat bicom.  
 So that he was withinne monek: withoutē clerk also,  
 Thurf thabyt that he hadde on him: priveiliche ido.  
 In penance and in fastinge: he was niȝt and dai,  
 And in oreisoun bote the while: he aslepē lai. <sup>270</sup>  
 Evere wan he massē song: he wep and siȝtē sore,  
 Faste he hastede therwith: ne miȝtē no man more.  
 Faire me fedde him attē mete: with great noblē and  
 prute,

And of the beste him silve he at: swithē scars and lute.

Of his ordres he was wel streit: and he was in greeete  
fere,

Forto ordeini eni man: bote he the betere were.  
Idel nolde he nevere beo: bote evere doinge he was,  
Of eche manere of betere lyve: nevere bischop nas.  
Sire Henry the Kinges sone: that with him was ibrozt,  
Levede evere in his warde: fram him he noldē nozt.<sup>280</sup>  
The love that bituene hem was: such nas nevere  
iseze,

Ne this child naddē of no man: more love ne fairere eye.  
Siththe that hit biful that the King: fram Norman-  
die com

To Engēlond, to loke the stat: of his kynēdom.  
Seint Thomas nam with him: Sire Henri his sone,  
And wendē faire azen him: anon to South Hamptonne.  
Ther was ioye and blisse ynouȝ: tho hi togadere come,  
Hi custen hem faste and clupte: and herede God ilome.  
The King bilevede in Engēlond: to loke his kynēdom,  
And to al his privei consail: Seint Thomas he nom;  
And huld him evere as he dude er: his heziste [<sup>290</sup>  
consailler,

And nolde his thonkes habbe ihaved: non other chanceler.  
Ac natheles whan he eni thing: dudē azen riȝte,  
Seint Thomas was theragen: evere bi al his myȝte.  
Siththe hit biful that the Bischof: of Wircestre ded  
was,

And Sire Gilbert Foliot: (as God ȝaf that cas),  
That was Bischof of Hereford: ibrozt was ȝut to more,  
And ymaked Bischof of Londone: that ne reude him  
nozt sore.



So that both the bischopriches: fulle bothe in the  
 Kynges hond,  
 Of Wircestre and of Hereford: as lawē was of lond.  
 The Kyng ne ȝaf hem noȝt anon: ac he huld hem  
 innē longe, 301

In his hond that he myȝte: the morē prou afonge.  
 Hit ne likede noȝt Seint Thomas: that holi churchē so,  
 Scholde for a lutē coveitise: in the Kinges hond beo ido.  
 Him thoȝte that hit was wel mochel: aȝen oure Louerdes  
 wille,

And that the Kyng myȝtē so: holi churchē spille.  
 In faire manere he bad the Kyng: that he ne scholde  
 bileve,

That thulkē tui bischopriches: sum god man he ȝeve.  
 The Kyng anon myldēliche: grantede his bone,  
 And this bischopriches he ȝaf: tui godē men wel sone.  
 Sire Roger he makede a god man: Bischof of Wircestre,  
 Sire Roberts sone that was: Eorl of Gloucestre. 312  
 Bischof he makede of Hereford: a good man ynouȝ,  
 Sire Robert of Mulnes: that to alle godnisse drouȝ.  
 Anoȝt Seint Thomas thoȝte wel: that he ne miȝte  
 all paye,

The King ne his consail, bote he wolde: holi churchē  
 bitraye.

In care and sorewe he was ynou: hou he miȝte bestē do,  
 For he ne miȝte noȝt pae the Kyng: and oure Louerd  
 also.

Seint Thomas halewe thulkē ȝer: the churchē of  
 Redinge,

That ifounded was and arerd: thurf Henri ourē Kyng;

That lyth ther faire ibured: Williames sone Bastard. 321  
 Inthulkęzer Seint Thomas ek: schryned Seint Edward,  
 At Westmynstre as he lith: that bifore Kyng Williame  
 was,

Bote King Harald him was bituene: for his poer no  
 leng nas.

The love was evere gret ynouȝ: bituenę Seint Thomas  
 And the King, forte the devel: hit desturbede, allas!  
 Lute and lute the contek aros: for porę manes riȝte,  
 For paye oure Louerde and the King: no man ne miȝte.  
 The furstę tyme that Seint Thomas: outliche him  
 withsede,

Was for pouere men that the Kynge: dude an unriȝt  
 dede. 330

The King nom thurf al Engęlond: fram ȝere to ȝerę  
 wide,

After his wille a summe of pans: ideld in echę side.  
 And siththe he let thurf enqueste: thurf the contray  
 enquere,

Hou moch echę man scholde paye: and what here riȝt  
 were.

So longe that he nom it to taillage: and eschte hit  
 attę laste,

Eche ȝur thurf a certeyn rente: thurf al Engęlondę  
 faste.

What for eye, what for love: non him ne withsede,  
 Ac evere thoȝte Seint Thomas: that hit was an unriȝt  
 dede.

He thoȝte on God and on his soule: and bilevede man-  
 hede,

And to the King wel baldēliche: wende withoutē  
drede. 340

“Sire,” he seide, “if hit is thi wille: thu ert riche and  
hende,

“And Kyng of gret poēr ynouȝ: oure Louerd thé morē  
sende!

“A taillage thu hast ech ȝer: thurf out al thi londe,

“And eschet hit for a certeyn rente: with unriȝt ich  
understonde.

“For certeyn rente schal beo itake: ech ȝer at a cer-  
teyn day,

“And siththe a certeyn assigned: as thu wost by riȝtē  
lay.

“Ac this nas noȝt certeyn itake: eche ȝer assigned is,

“Thurf enqueste of the contray: as taillage, iwis.

“Whar thurf me thingth a certeyn rente: thu ne miȝt  
noȝt make,

“Ac a taillage and sumdel: with unriȝt itake.” 350

“Thomas, Thomas,” quath the Kyng: “thu ert mi  
Chanceler.

“Thu auȝtest bet holdē up: than withsiggē mi poēr.”

“Sire,” quath this holi man: “ich habbe ibeo with thé,

“And thu hast (God hit thé ȝulde): gret god ido me;

“Ac another baillie ich habbe afonge: theȝ hit were  
aȝen mi wille.

“And ynemai noȝt bothē wel: bote ich mi soule aspille.

“For ich am alto lutē worth: that on forto loke.

“Thanne dude he gret folie: that morē me bitoke.

“Therefore ich ȝuldē thé up here: al clene the chan-  
celerie,

"And takē me to holi churchē: to God and Seinte  
Marie." 360

Tho was the King wroth ynouȝ: wrothere than he  
everē was;

Ac nathēles his hurtē bar: everē to Seint Thomas.

The thridde thing ȝut mest of alle: in contek hem  
brouȝte.

A preost ther was a lither man: that of God noȝt ne  
rouȝte,

That of manslaȝt was biclipēd: and ynome also,

And in the Bischopes prisoun was: of Salesbury ido.

The manēs freond that was aslawe: suēde up him faste,

So that the preost to jugēment: ibroȝt was attē laste.

Me acusede him faste of the dethe: ac he nanswerede  
noȝt therto,

And huld him faste to holi churchē: and upe non other  
nolde hit do. 370

Iloked he was to purgi him: thurf clergie if he miȝte,

And therof him was dai iset: thurf holi churchē riȝte.

Tho the dai him was icome: he ne miȝte him purgi  
noȝt;

He was sone ilad aȝen: and in prisoun ibroȝt.

Thanne was the Bischop in gret doute: what were  
therof to done,

Forto habbē wisere red: to Seint Thomas he sendē sone.

And he sendē worde aȝē: that he scholde the preost take,

And desordeyni him of his ordre: and a lewed man of  
him make;

And siththe in strong warde him do: that he neverē  
out ne wende,

In penance and in pyne ynouȝ: his synne forto amende.  
 The Bischof of Salesbury: dude Seint Thomas heste,<sup>381</sup>  
 So that this preöst was ibroȝt: in turmentȝ with the  
 meste.

So that the tethingē therof: to the Kyngē com,  
 That a liȝter theof and a manquellere: haddē so liȝt  
 dom.

Him thoȝtē that hit nas noȝt lawe: ne that hit miȝte  
 beo so;

And Phelip de Boys a canoun: him haddē eke misdo.  
 Therefore was ech other clerȝ: the more aȝen his wille,  
 Him thoȝtē such lawe scholde: the pays of londe aspille.  
 He wilnede as god Kyng: pays in his londe,  
 And in god ententē wel hit do: he dude ech under-  
 stonde. 390

For the pays of the londe: he wolde holdē also fawe,  
 As Seint Thomas in his manére; holi churchē lawe.  
 He seidē that the develes lymes: that ycroured werē so,  
 That miȝtē so al longē dai: aȝen his pays do.  
 For the jugement was so lute: the lasse hi woldē doute,  
 And do theofthe and robberie: in al the lond aboute.  
 To Westmystre he let sumni: the Biȝchopes of his londe,  
 And Clerkes that grettest werē ek: and heȝist, ich un-  
 derstonde.

“Beaus seignurs,” he seiȝe: “ynot what ye habbeth  
 ithoȝt:

“If ȝe goth forth mid ȝourē wille: oure pays ne worth  
 riȝt noȝt. 400

“If a clerk hath a man aslawe: other gret theofthe  
 ido,

“ And heo mowe be desordeyned: and come to fynē so;

“ Misdo hi wolleth al longē day: and theruppē beo  
wel bolde,

• “ And so schal the pays of the londe: wol uvele beon  
iholde.

“ For lute hi woldē recche: to loose here ordre so,

“ Whan for here ordre hi ne sparieth: theofthē forto do.

“ Ac evere the hezire here ordre is: me thinzth, bi  
pur lawe,

“ The strongere scholdē here dom beo: whan hi wolde  
to theofthe drawe.”

“ Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “ (if hit is thi  
wille),

“ Loth ous were do eni thing: thi pays forto aspile.

“ Ac clerkes that beoth yordeyned: thu wost hi bereth  
a signe, 411

“ That hi beoth lymes of holi churchē: that so worthi  
is and digne.

“ If hi were thanne with thulkē signe: to uvele dethe  
ido,

“ Aviled werē and ischēd: holi churchē so.

“ If hi beoth furst desordeyned: for thulkē silvē dede,

“ And siththe thurf dom to dethe ido: hit nere nozt  
wel to rede.

“ For hit nas nevere lawe ne riȝt: doble dom to take,

“ For o trespas as thu wost: and sinne hit were to make.

“ And unworthere than a lewed man: holi churchē were so,

“ For a lewed man for o trespas: nis bote o jugēment ido.

“ Therefore thi gracē we bisecheth: (if hit is thi  
wille,) 421

"That thu ne rere no nuë lawe: holi churche to spille.

"For we biddeth niȝt and dai: as riȝt is that we do,

"For thé and for thi children ek: and for thi kynedom  
also."

"Beau sire," quath the King tho: "thu saïst wel  
ynouȝ:

"Ich hadde loth bi myne conciënce: do holi churche  
eni wouȝ.

"Ac lawes ther beoth and custumës: that evere hab-  
beth ibeo iholde,

"Of bischopes thurf al Engēlonde: as oure ancestres  
habbeth itolde.

"And bi the Kyng Henriës dai: that oure ancēstre was,

"Iconfermed were and iholdē ek: that no man ther  
azé nas. 430

"Woltou thulke lawës holde? do me to understandē  
sone."

"We schulle do, sire," quath Seint Thomas: "al that  
is to done.

"Alle the lawes and custumës: we wolet holdē bi  
ourē miȝte,

"That beoth to holde and habbeth ibeo: sire, sauvé  
ourē riȝte."

"Sauf ȝourē riȝtēs?" quath the Kyng: "beau sire, whi  
saistou so?

"Inē scholde nothing bi that word: azé thi willē do

"That thu noldest siggē that hit were: aȝen holi churchē  
riȝte;

"And bringē so al mi lond: in contek and in fiȝte.

"Ac therwithoutē oldē lawes: siker ich understonde,

"That hit beo venymous: to the pays of mi londe."<sup>440</sup>

"Sire, sire," quath this holi man: "ne meve 3e 3ou riȝt  
noȝt:

"Wel thu wost that ech of ous: er we were herto  
ibroȝt,

"Trunisse thé sworē, as riȝt was: and urthlich onur also,

"Sauvé oure ordre and oure riȝt: ac that was out ido.

"Hou scholde we nouthē other do? ne auȝte 3e ous noȝt  
beode.

"For Godes love hold ous to riȝte: fōr 3e nabbeth non  
other neode."

"Ich iseo wel, Thomas," quath the King: "wharto  
thu wolt drawe:

"Thu ert icome to latē forth: to bynyme ous ourē lawe.

"Thu woldest me make morē wrecche: than evere eni  
kyng was:

"Thu ert icome therto to late: thu hast icast ambezas."

The Kyng aros mid wraththe ynōuȝ: and let hem sitte  
echon, 451

And to his chambre wend forth: and no grettē noȝt on.

Fram Londone he wendē sone: in wraththe as theȝ hit  
were:

He ne seide no man of his thoȝt: ac bilevedē hem there.

Tho Bischopes thoȝtē tho anon: that he was wroth ynōuȝ,

Ther werē fewe bote Seint Thomas: that toward him  
ne drouȝ.

On Seint Thomas hi cridē faste: his thoȝt forto wende,

Other he wolde al that lond: with thulke worth aschende.

Knyghtes and othere eft come: that with the Kingē  
were,



And bedē him ententifche: that he thulkē word forbere;  
 And that him werē gret folie: the King in wraththē  
 bringe, 461

And desturbi al that lond: for so lutē thinge.

Seint Thomas in thoȝtē longe: "Leove bretheren," he  
 sede,

"Nevere aȝe the Kynges honur: ynellē do no dede.

"Ac ech word ich wole bileve: that aȝe the Kynges  
 honur is."

Tho were thothere glad ynouȝ: tho hi ihurdē this;

And radde him wendē to the Kyng: his wraththē for-  
 to stille.

"Leof me were," quath Seint Thomas: "mid riȝtē do  
 his wille."

To the Kyng he wende to Oxenford: and with him  
 ther he fond 471

Gretē Eorlēs, and Barouns: the heȝiste of the lond.

The King him welcomedē so: mid wel lutē chere.

Bischopes he let clipie: and Eorlēs that ther were.

"Beau sires," quath the King: "ich am Kyng: with  
 riȝtēs of this londe:

"Custumes ther were bifore: yused ich understonde.

"And so moche wrecchē nam ynouȝ: that ynelle the  
 lawēs holde,

"That oure ancēstres huldē wyle: as oure counsailou[r]s  
 tolde.

"Therefore ich wole that thulkē lawes: iconfermed beo  
 echon,

"Of myn Eorles and of myne Knyȝtes: that hi ne  
 withsigge nouȝt on,

“ Therfore ich hotē ȝou echone: that ȝe beo thulkē day,

“ At mi manēr at Clarendone: withoutē ech delay,<sup>480</sup>

“ To confermi thulkē lawes: upe peyne that ich wole  
sett,

“ Ich hote that ȝe beo ther echon: that nothing ȝou ne  
lette.”

Siththē departedē this court: to his inne ech drouȝ,  
And evere was Seint Thomas: in care and sorewe  
ynouȝ.

The Bischops and the Barouns: come allē to the daye,  
To Clarendone in Wiltēschire: the Kyng forto paye.  
The parlēment him was iholde: in the ellevethe ȝere  
Of the Kyngēs corónēment: that so moche folc brouȝte  
there.

And elleve hondred ȝer: in the furthe and sixti ȝer riȝt,  
Hit was after that oure Louerd: in his moder was aliȝt.  
Noble was the parlēment: of this Clarendone,<sup>491</sup>  
For ther were, furst and aforeward: the Kyng and his  
sone.

And the Archebischop of Canterbury: and Sire Roger  
also,

Tharchebischop of Everwyk: for nere ther bote thei tuo.  
And Sire Gilbert Foliot: Bischop of Londone,  
And the Bischop of Lincolne: were alle at Clarendone.  
And Sire Neol, Bischop of Ely: and the Bischop of  
Wircestre,

Sire Roger, and Sire Hillari: Bischop of Circestre.  
The Bischop William of Nortwich: and the Bischop of  
Wy[n]chestre,

Sire Henri, and Sire Bartlomeu: Bischop of Chichestre.

Sire Osbern, and Sire Godēfrai: Bischop of Excestre,<sup>501</sup>

Sire Austin, and Sire Blas: Bischop of Wircestre.

The Bischop of Salesbury: Jocelyn, and Robert,

The Bischop of Herford: and also Sire Richard,

The Bischop of Chestre: this Bischops echon,

Were at this parlēment: and Eorles meni on:

Sire Renald Eorl of Cornwaille: and the Eorl of  
Leicestre,

Sire Robert, and Sire Roger: Eorl of Gloucestre.

Sire Conan Eorl of Bretaigne: and the Eorl John of  
Angeo,

Sire Godefrai Eorl de Maundēvyle: was ther. also. <sup>510</sup>

Sire Hughē Eorl of Chestre: and Eorl Williēm of  
Ferērs,

Were at this parlēment: stout ynou and fers.

Barouns ther were meni on: as Sire Williēm de Lucy,

And Sire Renaud de Wareyne: and Sire Renaud de  
Seint Walry.

Sire Roger Bigod also: Sire Richard de Caunvyle,

Sire Williēm de Brewēsek: Sire Robert de Dunstanvyle.

Sire Neel de Mountbray: Sire Umfrai de Booun,

Sire Simon de Beauchamp: louerd of meni o toun.

Sire Jocelin de Baillolf: Sire Williēm de Hastinge,

Sire Hughe de Morevyle: that so wel was with the  
Kynge. 520

Sire Williēm Malet: Sire Johan the Seneschal,

Sire Simon le Fiz Peres: gret man thurfout al.

Sire Williēm de Maudut: and Sire Godefrai de Veer;

Thus allē gretē louerdlings: and ȝut mo were ther.

Nou God helpē Seint Thomas: (for he was alone,)

That withseidē attē laste: this lordlings echone.  
 Tho hi bigonnet this parlēment: the King him eschte anon,  
 Whar hi wolde the lawēs holde: as his ancēstres dude  
 echon.

“Sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “if hit thi willē is, <sup>529</sup>  
 “Ech man mot speķē for him silve: and ich for me iwis.  
 “For my stat, and for holi churche: ich ansuerie therto,  
 “That alle the gode old lawes that habbeth ibeo: and ȝut  
 beoth also,

Granti ich woli for holi churche: and for to habbe  
 thin ore,

“Sauf oure riȝt and oure ordre: thu ne miȝt esche no  
 more.”

For that word the King was wroth: that gan him evere  
 mislike.

Seint Thomas wep in his hurte: and sorē gan to sike.  
 Alto blodi was that word: and deore hit was ibouȝt,  
 For therfore to dethe he was: attē laste ibrouȝt. <sup>538</sup>  
 The Bischop of Northwich: and of Salesbure also,  
 Kneulede toforē him wepinge: that he scholde another do;  
 And habbē reuthe of holi churche: and of hem echone,  
 That hi nere to grounde ibrouȝt: thurf thulkē word alone.  
 Heȝe men of the Kingēs curt: meni on ekē wende,  
 And kneulede toforē Seint Thomas: that word to amende.  
 “Lordlings,” quath Seint Thomas: “ich am ȝut ȝung  
 man,

“And lūtē while bischop ibeo: and lute theron ich can.  
 “Therfore of this oldē lawes: transcrit he me take,  
 “And ich wole ther uppe consailli me: which beo to  
 forsake.”

The Kyng him let transcrit make: of this custumes  
echon:

Seint Thomas grantede somme: and withseidē meni on.  
The lawēs that ich wole ȝou telle: he grantedē wel  
fawe:— 551

If a bonde man hadde a sone: to clergie idrawe,  
He ne scholde withoute his louerdēs leve: not icrouned  
beo,

For thu man ne mai noȝt boute his louerd: beo ymaked  
freo.

Another lawe he grantede ek: that ȝe mowe nou iseo:  
If eni man of holi churchē: holdeth eni laifeo,  
Persoun, other what he beo: he schal do therfore,  
Servise that to the kingē falth: that his riȝt ne beo  
forlore.

And in plaiding stonde in echē place: and jugēment also,  
Bote ther man schal beo bylymed: other to dethe ido.  
He grantede ek if eni man: the kingēs traytour were,  
And eni man his catel: to holi churchē bere; 562  
That holi churchē ne scholdē noȝt: the catel therē  
lette,

That the kyng wel baldēliche: out of the churchē hit  
felte.

For al that the feloun hath: the kyngēs hit is,  
And eche man mai in holi churchē: his owē take iwis.  
He grantede ek that a churchē: as of the kingēs ce,  
In one stede evere and evere: ne scholde iȝevē beo,  
As to hous of religioun: withoute the kingēs leve,  
And that he, other the patroun: furst the ȝift ȝeve.  
Seint Thomas grantede this: and felē othere mo, 571  
Ac this othere he withsede: that dudē him wel wo:—

If bituene tui lewede men: were eni strivinge,  
 Other bituene a lewede man and a clerc; for holi  
 churchē thinge;

As for an avoweisoun of churchē: whether scholde the  
 churchē ȝyve;

The king wolde that in his hond: the plai were idryve:  
 Fora[s]moche as a lewed man: that o parti was,  
 Clanliche was under the kyng: and under the bischop nas.  
 That other was, that no bischop: ne clerc nothē mo,  
 Ne schulde withoute the kingēs leve: out of Engēlonde  
 go, 580

And thanne hischuldeswerie here oth: upe the boc, iwis,  
 That hi ne scholde purchaci non uel: the Kyng, ne  
 non of his.

The thridde was, that if eni man: in mansing were  
 ibrouȝt,

And siththe come to amendement: and aȝe riȝte nerē  
 noȝt;

That he ne swore noȝt upe the boc: ac borewes fyndē  
 scholde,

To stonde to al that holi churchē: with riȝtē lokie wolde.  
 The furthē was, that no man: that of the kinge huld oȝt,  
 In chief other in eni servise: in mansinge were ibrouȝt;  
 Bote the wardeyn of holi churchē: that brouȝtē him  
 therto, 589

The king sende other his baillif: what he hadde misdo;  
 And loke ther wer he wolde: to amendement hit bringe,  
 And bote he wolde bi herē leve: do thannē the mansinge.  
 The vyftē was, that bischopriches: and abbeyes  
 also,

That vacantz were of prelatz: in kinges hond were ido;  
 And the king scholdē al that lond: in his hond take,  
 Forte attē laste that him lustē: eni prelat ther make;  
 And thulke prelat thannē sholde: in his chapel ichose  
 [beo],

Of his clerkēs which he wolde: to prelat biseo;  
 And thannē whan he were ichose: in his chapel riȝt  
 there,

Homage he scholde him do: er he confermed were.<sup>600</sup>  
 The sixtē was, if eni play: to chapitre were idrawe,  
 And eni makede his appel: that me dude him unlaue;  
 To the bischop fram arcedekne: his appel he scholdē  
 make,

And from bischop to archebisshop: and siththe non  
 heȝerē take;

And bote the archēbisshopes curt: to riȝte him woldē  
 bringe,

That he scholde fram thulkē curt: biclipie to the kyngē;  
 And fram kīnge no heȝere mo: and siththē attan ende,  
 Plaidingefram holi churchē: to the kyngē scholdē wende;  
 And the king amēdi scholde: the archēbisshopes dede,  
 And beo in the popēs stede: that Seint Thomas with-  
 sede. 610

The sovethē is, that plaiding: that of dettē were,  
 To ȝuldē wel with truthe ipliȝt: and noȝt iȝuldē nere.  
 Al theȝ thurf truthē were the play: hit scholdē beon  
 ibrouȝt,

Bifore the king and his baillifs: and to holi churchē  
 nouȝt.

The eȝtethē was, that in the londe: citacioun non nore,

Thurf bulle of the pope of Rome: ac al clene ileved  
were.

The neoȝethe was, that Peteres pans: that me  
gadereth meni on,

To the pope nere not on isend: ac to the king echon.  
The teothe was, if eni clerk: as feloun were itake,  
And for feloun iproved: and ne miȝte hit noȝt forsake;  
That me scholde him furst desordeynȝ: and siththē  
thurf pur lawe, 621

And pur jugement of the lond: bringe him out of  
dawe.

The King thuse custumes pultē forth: and meni  
other anon,

And het thurfout al Engēlond: holdē hem echon.  
This was bifore the Candelmasse: the furthe dai ido:  
The King het tho Seint Thomas: and other Bis-  
chopes also,

On this chartre sette here seles: that non aftertalē nere,  
Ac thurfout al Engēlond: that this custumes iholdē  
were.

“Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “for Godēs love  
thin ore!

“To consailli ous bet ȝif ous furst: er we spekē more.”  
So that respit was ȝyve: and ech wende in his side:  
Seint Thomas nom his transcrit: and nolde no leng abide.  
To Winchestre he wendē thanne: with sorwe and care  
ynouȝ, 633

Hou he myȝtē holi churchē: schuldē fram his wouȝ.  
Whan other men were faste aslepe: he wep and siȝtē  
sore,



And bad God helpē holi churchē: and cride him milce  
and ore.

He seȝ ther nas bot o wei: other he moste stif beo,  
Other holi churchē was bynethē: mid riȝte that was so  
freo.

Carful he was and sori: that he toc on so,  
Forto entri in answare: ther ne scholde non do; 640  
That he afeng the transcrit: and furst hadde ibede,  
For him thoȝte al holi churchē: he misdude in the stede.  
For holi churchē ne scholdē noȝt: in none stede stonde  
to dome,

Ne answare to kyng ne prince: bote the pope of Rome.  
The deol that Seint Thomas makede: no tongē telle  
ne may:

“Louerd!” he seide, “allas, allas: that ich evere iseȝ  
this day!

“That ich, the warde of holi churchē: so folliche  
scholdē take,

“So freo as heo was er: so theu nou hire make!

“Heo that was so freo and heȝ: bi myn ancēstres daye,

“That ich scholde hire bynethē bringe: (allas) and so  
bitraye! 650

“For this martirs that felē were: for hire to dethe ido,

“And heo is thu thurf me ymaked: allas! whi dude  
ich evere so?

“Unworth ich am of holi churchē: wardeyn forto  
beo,

“And of unworthe therto ynome: as meni man mai  
iseo.

“For ynam (as riȝt were): fram non ordre ynome,

"Ac fram Kinges court to holi church: uuele wolde  
hit bicom!

"Of houndes ich was and haukes: wardeyn with the  
Kyng;

"And wardeyn am of soulës nouthe: that ne vieth  
nothing.

"Ich, that forsoc myn owë soule: the while ich was  
Chanceler,

"So meni soulen habbe to loke: alas what do ich her!

"Ich doute that God me habbe forsake: hou tok ich  
on? alas!" 661

The deol that makede this holi man: withoute ende  
euer hit was.

He wep and siztë niȝt and dai: he huld him silve for-  
lore;

And if he mizte asoilled beo: to the Pope he wolthe  
therfore.

So he wende toward Canterbury: sone the Kyng me  
tolde,

That tharchëbischop nolde: noȝt his statutz holde.

To the see he wende: toward Rome: that no man hit  
nuste,

Bote tueye that he tok with him: that of his consail  
mest wiste.

Siththe whan his men him miste: and nuste whar he  
bicom,

And seȝethat hi were louerdles: ech of hem his red nom.  
Forto do everech his beste: to wende ech in his side,  
As men that were louerdles: and nuste noȝt wher  
abide. 672

This holi man wende forth: and dude him into schip  
sone,

And wendē forthward in the see: as he thoȝte to done.  
The wynd com, as oure Louerd hit wolde: and drof  
hem aȝé to londe,

Siththe he wende him eft into the see: passage forto  
fonde.

The wynd him drof eft aȝé: and ȝut in he wende,  
And evere he was aȝen idryve: as oure Louerd the gracē  
sende.

Tho iseȝ wel this holi man: that hit nas noȝt Godēs  
wille,

That he the ȝut of londē wende: he turnde aȝé wel  
stille. 680

On of his serjantz sat aniȝt: the whilē that men woke,  
In his in at Canterbury: the chambre forto loke.  
In theveninge he bad his knave: the dore to stekē  
faste,

The knavē wende toward the dore: and his eȝen aboutē  
caste.

Tho seȝ he Seint Thomas: in an hurnē stonde,  
He orn and tolde his maister före: and thonkede Godēs  
sonde.

The serjant ne leovede hit noȝt: ac natheles up he aros,  
And fon Seint Thomas in an hurne: sumdel him agros.  
Ther was sone joye and blisse: that folc to him drouȝ,  
And wolcome him and makede feste: with joye and  
blisse ynouȝ. 690

Hi leidē bord and spraddē cloth: and gonne to sopi faste.  
Seint Thomas wel myldēliche: tolde hem attē laste,

Whoder he thoȝtē habbe iwende: and what cas God him  
sende,

And hou hit nas noȝt Godēs wille: that he the ȝut wende.  
Tethinges to the Kyngē come: hou this gode man  
Seint Thomas,

Aȝen the statutz of Clarendone: of londe iwendē was.  
For the statut was, that no bischop: scholdē for non  
ende,

Withoutē levē of the Kyngē: out of londē wende.  
The King sende anon his men: to seisi al his lond,  
And tharchebischopriche also: as traitours, in his hond.  
The baillifs come to Canterbury: as hi ihotē wēre;  
Tho hi wendē habbe here wille: hi fonde Seint Thomas  
there. 700

Nothing ne miȝten hi seisi tho: thanē wei hi hadde  
forlore,

As hi come hi wende aȝē: and tolde the Kingē fore.  
ȝut Seint Thomas thoȝtē eft: forto fondi more,  
If he miȝte habbe of the Kinge: betere milce and ore.  
He ȝarkedē him wel myldēliche: and to him thane  
wei nom,

He fond him at Wodēstoke: and to him thider he com.  
As his urliche louerd: he grette him faire ynouȝ,  
The Kyng bihuld him al anhoker: and scornliche som-  
del louȝ. 710

“Thomas,” he seide, “hou goth this: beo we so gretē  
fon,

“That we ne mowe beo in one londe: Thomas, hou  
schal this gon?”

“Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “so ne schal hit  
nevere beo,

“Ac God sende holi churchē: betere grace to thé.

“And sende thé wille to loven hire bet: and God for  
his miȝte.

“Ne lete me nevere aȝen thi wille: do thing mid  
unriȝte.”

This Archebischof of Canturbure: fondede forto bringe  
Acord and love, bi his poër: bituene him and the Kyngē.  
The King swor anon his oth: that non other acord he  
nolde,

Bote the statutz of Clarendone: ech bischof holdē  
scholde; 720

And nameliche theo for alle other: if a clerk hadde  
misdo,

And for feloun iproved were: and for theof also,  
That me scholde him anon desordeynen: and siththē,  
thurf lawe,

The Kingēs baillyf delyvri him: to anhongē other to  
drawe.

Seint Thomas iseȝ wel tho: that ther nas wei bote on;  
Other he mostē withstonde: other his riȝtes forgon.

He thoȝt that holi churchē: he nolde nevere bitraye,  
And that he nolde nevere in suche servage: bringe hire  
bi his daye.

Rathere he wolde, as othere were: to martirdom beo ido,  
Than holi churchē were to bynethe: iredi he was therto.  
Nevere ne miȝte the King and he: nothing acordi  
there, 731

Ac departede al in wraththe: as hi dude ofte ere.  
The King him makede wroth ynouȝ: that so ofte in  
baret was,

For o man that him withsede: and non other azen him  
nas.

In gretë wraththe he swor his oth: that he wolde of  
him beo awreke,

If he moste abide the dai: and with tungë speke.

He let somni Seint Thomas: the nexte Thursdai that  
ther were,

Before Seint Lukes dai, at Norhamptone: to geve him  
ansuere there.

Andalle the Bischops of the lond: and the Barouns also,

He het to beo ther thulke dai: al his heste to do. <sup>740</sup>

Seint Thomas londës ek: in his hond hi nome,

As to distreigny him: that to his court he come.

Nou God helpe Seint Thomas: for other help nadde  
he non,

Among so meni tirantz to come: that allë were his  
fon!

Bodi and soulë he bitok: Iësus Godës Sone,

And at his dai isumned: he wende to Norhamptone.

In the castel sat the curt: bifore the tirantz echone,

This holi man a Godës name: wende among hem one.

“Sire King,” he seidë, “God thé loke: and sauve thi  
digneté!

“Isumned ich am to this dai: to answère t o t h é. <sup>750</sup>

“Archebischop of Canterbure: nas nevere isumned so;

“Në distreigned of nothing: ynot what thu thenzst do.

“Inot what is thi nuë lawe: that thu gynst forth to  
drawe,

“Bote hit beo on of Clarendone: that thu thenzst  
bringe to lawe.

“ On me nastou poër non: such distresce to do,

“ Imaked ich am wardeyn of holi churchē: theȝ ynē  
beo noȝt worthi therto.

“ Thi gostlich fader ich am: theȝ thu of me lutē lete;

“ Hit nas nevere ordre that the sone: the fader schuldē  
bete,

“ Ne that the disciple beote his maister: al this were  
azé lawe.

“ Al this (ho so riȝt bihalth): thu gynnest forth to  
drawe. 760

“ And the Bischops also god: that wardeyns beoth  
mid me,

“ To holde thonur of holi churchē: and the heȝe  
digneté,

“ Beoth aboutē hire to schende: and bringē to vyltē,

“ Nou God ȝyve holi churchē: betere grace to thé!

“ If thu wolt ouȝt toward me: thu wost wel ynemai  
noȝt fiȝte,

“ Iredi ich am the deth to afonge: for holi churchē riȝte.”

“ Inele no man,” quath the King: “for holi churchē  
quelle.

“ Beau sire, thu spext as a fol: another thu most  
telle.

“ Com to morwe to spechē tyme: that thu thane dai  
ne breke;

“ And ich wole of other thinges: thannē to thé speke.”

Thus ther departede the court: amorwe thane Fridai,  
Seint Thomas wendē thider azé: tho he thane tyme  
isay. 772

The King sat anheȝ on his cee: and acopede him faste.

“Thu were,” he seide, “mi Chanceler: alto longe hit ilaste.

“Ich thé lende vyf hondred pound: and thu ne ȝolde noȝt on:

“Sete me therof a schort dai: and thu me schalt paye echon.”

“Sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “God sende ous bet thin ore!

“Ině wende not of thulkě pans: ȝulde acountes no more.

“For ich haddě thulkě tyme: betere grace of ynouȝ,

“Of thé, than ich habbě nou: and that me thinȝth is wouȝ. 780

“Godě grace ich hadde to thé: thu me lovedest ynou tho;

“And thulkě pans thu ȝevě me: and ȝut thu woldest wel mo.

“Wel ich am therof iknowe: that ich hem feng of thé;

“And of thi ȝiftě with gode hurte: for sikere thu ȝave hem me.

“And so heȝ man as thu ert: hit miȝtě wel beo stille,

“To axi a thing that thu ȝeve er: with thi godě wille.”

The King him eschte if eni man: thulkě ȝifte isay,

And whar he miȝte the ȝiftě prove: “Sire,” he seidě, “nay.”

“Nou lordlings,” quath the King: “wel ȝe hureth this.

“Of the gairesoun he is iknowe: that ich him bitok, iwis:

“Ac the ȝifte ne mai he provi noȝt: as ȝe mowe alle iseo. 791



“Jugement ich axi of this curt: hou hit mai therof beo.”

The court him lokede, as he was: iknowe of the thinge,  
That he schulde al the catel: zuldē to the Kinge.

The King him het the pans zelde: other sikernisse  
him make;

Other his marschal scholde his bodi: into prisoun take.  
Seint Thomas of his bischopriche: hadde wel lutē god:  
As helpes man among his fon: withoute consail he stod.  
The marschals iredi were: to prisoun him lede anon:  
Hi heten him sikernisse fynde: other he scholde with  
hem gon. 800

This holi man nuste other red: bote suffrede alle here  
wouȝ.

Somme godē men that ther stode: hadde of him ruthe  
ynouȝ.

Vyf Knyztēs nomē hem to rede: and wendē to the  
Kynge;

And nome anhond for Seint Thomas: al that ilkē  
thinge,

Ech of hem an hondred pound: for this holi man to  
paye.

Tho was he al quyt ynouȝ: as to thulke daye.

Amorwe thanē Saterdai: aȝen to court he wende,  
Forto hure the Kyngēs wille: if his hurtē wolde  
amende.

The King sat adoun in his see: Seint Thomas tofore  
him stod.

“Belami! thu hast,” (quath the King): “istole me  
mochē god. 810

"To longe thu were mi Chanceler: and haddest in thin honde

"Abbeyes and bischopriches: and the more del of mi londe;

"And ne zulde me none accountes: therof merueth sore,

"That of thritti thousand pound: thu schalt me and more.

"Therefore make the zare inouȝ anon: thine accountes to zulde,

"For siker thu beo, thu schalt hit do: if ich mai thé welde."

Alle that ihurdē this demande: in gret wonder hi stode there;

And seide among hem ech to other: that hi ne hurde hit never ere,

And that Seint Thomas was albynethe: and that he upe the poyntē was,

To beo icast in prisoun: and non other wei ther nas.

Seint Thomas stod in thoȝtē longe: of that the King him hadde ised, 821

And bad he moste him conceilli: and therof nyme his red.

The Bischopes he nom to consail: the King ne wornde him noȝt:

In a chambre faste iloke: alle hi were ibrouȝt,

That hi ne scholde ascapie noȝt: er hi respounsē sede.

"Nou lordlings," quath Seint Thomas: "herof ȝe mote me rede.

"For so God bringe me out of care: ynabbe therof guilt non;

“Ac me to schende he axeth hem: mid unriȝte echon.

“For ich was er mid him wel ynouȝ: and that me  
bringeth nou in teone;

“Therefore ne tok ich no witnisse: of that ous was  
bituene.” 830

The Bischop Henri of Wynchestre: furst bigan him  
rede.

“Sire,” he seide, “thus me thinȝth: thu miȝt do of  
this dede.

“Thu miȝt sigge that thulkē tyme: that thu were mid  
the Kynge,

“Ne tho thu wendest of his baillie: he ne axede thé  
no thinge;

“And thu asonge the bischopriche: so clenē and so freo,

“That thu of non other thing: ne scholdest icharged  
beo;

“And quath thé quit al clenliche: eche other curē ther.

“And thé neschte nothing of node: that thu haddest  
ido er.

“Whar thurf me thinȝth that of nothing: thu ne schalt  
ansuere noȝt,

“Bote to wardi holi church: of alle othere thu ert  
ibroȝt.” 840

The Bischop Gilbert of Londone: seide tho his avys.

“Sire,” he seide, “if thu theinȝst: as god man and  
wys,

“What god the King thé hath ido: and to what poēr  
ibroȝt,

“And hou lute god ther wolē come: of such wonder  
thoȝt.

"And in which wo thu bringest ous alle: and holi  
churche also,

"And peryl of thyn owē bodi: bote thu his willē do;

"If thu al this understode: me thencheth, iwīs,

"That thu scholdest fondi him to paye: ellēs thu dost  
amis."

Tho seide the Bischop of Wircestre: "Sire Gilbert,  
beo stille!

"We suspendieth such consail: for hit nis noȝt worth a  
spille." 850

The Bischop Hillari of Chichestre: bigan to speke tho:

"Sire," he seide, "mi consail is: hou so hit evere go,

"In faire manēre to fonde: to paye this Kingēs wille,

"With faire bihestē forte eftsone: that hit werē stille.

"Thanne we miȝtē, whan we were: of this destresce  
ibroȝt,

"The bet cheve of oure consail: for nou ne do we  
noȝt."

The Bischop Robert of Lincolne: raddē wel therto:

"Sire Archebischop," he seide: "for Gode thu must  
do so.

"Other thu lust thi bischopriche: other peraventure  
thi lyf;

"And thannē thu biȝetest lute: (me thinȝth) with thi  
strif." 860

The Bischop Bartholomeu: bigan to sigge his thoȝt:

"In sorwe of the wordle: and care we beoth ibroȝt.

"Betere hit were that on heved: in peryl him broȝte,

"Than holi churche were bynethe: and ibroȝt to  
noȝte."

The Bischop Roger of Wircestre: longe in thoȝtē  
stod:

“Inele” he seide “sigge on no other: for ynot what  
is god.

“If ich rede forto abowe: to the Kyngēs wille,

“Mi owē mouth mi soulē demeth: al holi churchē to  
spille.

“Ac if ich rede aȝen him beo: in this place som is,

“That wolē telle the Kingē fore: and make him mi fo,  
iwis.”

870

Bi the Bischop of Londone: thulkē word he sede,

That aȝen Seint Thomas was: mid word and mid dede,

Therefore he seide “on no other: ynellē sigge, iwis:

“God consail God ous ȝeve: for al neod hit is.”

Hi alle ne couthē this consail: bringē to god ende;

Ne devise hi miȝtē best: out of chambre wende.

Attē last this consail al: moste upe Seint Thomas gon:

Tuei Eorlēs of the Kingēs hous: he let clipie anon.

“We habbeth,” he seide, “lordlings: ispekē of this  
thingē;

“And as furforth as we mowe: we wolles paye the  
Kinge.”

880

“And for we nabbeth al iredi her: ourē consail clene,

“Forte nextē dai we biddeth furst: that ȝe granti ous  
nou ene.”

Tho that furst was igranted: and ech wende in his weye,

Meni of Seint Thomas men: levede him for eye;

And Kniztes that were ek with him: al framward him  
drowe.

Seint Thomas nom bi the wei: porē men ynowe,

And ladde hem hom to his in: and to the mete hem  
sette,

And servede hem his owē bodi: and mēte ynouȝ hem  
fette.

“This beoth,” he seidē “godē knyȝtes: other men  
me habbeth forsake;

“Thusē kniȝtes ich lovie more: to hem ich wolē take.”

The Sonedai there nas no court iholde: for the heȝē  
day: 891

The Monedai Seint Thomas: sorē sik lay.

The the uel of mandeflanc: that oftē to him com;

And for the care that he was inne: wel the worse him  
nom.

Me seide him makede him sek: for he ne therste forth  
wende:

The King in gret wraththe ynouȝ: after him let sende.

“Wel ȝe seoth,” quath Seint Thomas: “that ynemai  
come noȝt:

“Ac certēs tomorwe ich wole: hou so ich beo thider  
ibroȝt.

“Theȝ ich scholde beo thider ibore: in barewe other  
in bere,

“Thider ich wole, thurf Godēs grace: God me helpē  
there!” 900

Amorwe thanē Tuēsdai: oure Louerd him gan arere,

Thane morwe after Seint Lukes dai: as hit ful in the  
ȝere.

Thulke dai he auȝte understonde: and meni another  
also;

For bi custūme al his anuy: bi Tuesdai com him to.

Alle the Bischopes thane Tuësdai: erliche to him wende:

“Sire,” hi seide, “in feble poynt thu ert: God thi stat amende!.

“We habbeth therof with onē mouthe: oure red ynome echon;

“We redeth thé to paye the King: hou so hit evere gon;

“Other we wolleth thé bere anhond: that thu ert his traitour,

“And forswore, whan thu swore: to don him urthlich honur, 910

“And dost him nou a tricherie: as he thé wole bere anhonde,

“And bynyme thi stat bicas: and bringe thé of thi londe.”

“Mi leovē bretheren,” quath Seint Thomas: “3e siggeth wel echon,

“That al the wordle gret on me one: and alle beoth mynē fon;

“And, that is mest reuthe 3ut of alle: 3e that myne bretheren beoth,

“And me (the3 ich sinful beo): 3oure fadere in turment iseoth,

“And beoth myne mestē fon of alle: and also beoth al3are,

“In secular court me to deme: and that nele no3t wel fare.

“For 3e habbeth among 3u, this tui dayes: bispekē that ilome. 919

“Nou God helpe holi churchē: and nymē therto gome!

“Ac in obedience ich 3u hote: that 3e ther ne3 ne beo,

“If ich am ibrougt to jugement: ac rathere that 3e fleo.

“And if eni man hond on me set: ich 3ou hote also,

“That 3e sentence of holi churchē: for suche violence do;

“And holdeth up the riztes of holi churchē: that 3ou beoth bitake,

“For ynē schal for no drede of deth: hirē riztes forsake.”

Tho Bischopes were tho wroth ynouȝ: and wende to court echone.

Nou God helpe Seint Thomas: for he was alone!

Bote the Bishop of Wynchestre: ther ne bilevede with him not on,

And the Bishop of Salesbury: that nere fram him agon. 930

Seint Thomas tristē al to God: and greithede him anon,  
And song a masse of Seinte Stevene: er he com among his fon.

He song oftē thulkē masse: for, as heo doth bigynne,  
The furste office is propre ynou: to the stat that he was inne.

The bigynning of thulkē masse: in Anglich is this,

“For whan princes habbe isete: and aȝē me ispeke, iwis,

“And lithere men pursuede me: Louerd, myn help thu beo!”

Meni seide that this ihurde: herbi me mai iseo,

That he singeth the masse for than one: for the King and for his;



For he halth hem allē lithere men: that aȝen him spek-  
eth, iwis. 940

This word com to court sone: wher thurf hi were  
echon,

In the more angusse aȝen him: and the more his fon.  
And somme of the Kinges conseillers: to him oftē wendē,  
And seidē, bote he hulde him stif: al his lond he  
schende.

If he grantede Seint Thomas: at thulkē tyme his  
wille,

His poēr in his londē were: nevereft worth a fille;  
Bote lete the clergie al iworthe: and holde him silvē  
stille,

And clerkēs diȝtē al his lond: and al his reaume aspillē;  
And attē laste bi here owe wille: maki kinges and  
cheose,

And so schulde ech king after him: his franchisē leose:  
Therfor he moste him wel bithenche: and ne flecchi  
noȝt. 951

Suchē wordes and meni other: apeirede moche his  
thoȝt.

Tho Seint Thomas hadde his masse ido: his cheisable  
he gan of weve,

And allē thother vestimentz: he let on him bileve.  
Other armure nadde he none: for holi churchē to  
fiȝte:

God almiȝti beo his help: bi daye and bi nyȝte!

Forth wende this godē kniȝt: among alle his fon:

Nou swete Iēsu beo his help: for other help nadde  
he non!

The croice he bar on his hond: and arerde up his  
baner:

The Bischop Robert of Herforde: anon wende him ner.

"Sire," he seide, "ich crie thin ore: thi chapeleyn  
make thu me! 961

"Bifore thé let me bare thi croice: for hit ne falleth  
nozt to thé."

"The while ich hire bere," quath Seint Thomas: "and  
tofore me iseo,

Ině doutie of no man: the hardiere ymai beo."

Tho seide the Bischop of Londone: that evere was his  
fo,

"Ině redě nozt that thu: tofore the Kingě so go.

"For wraththe he wolde anon: awreke him in the  
place."

"Ich bitake me," quath Seint Thomas: "al to Goděs  
grace."

"Je, al thi lyf," quath this other: "a fol thu hast ibeo,

"And that neltou nevère bileve: as me mai nou  
iseo." 970

Seint Thomas thus, with his croiz: into court gan gon:

Tho he seȝ him comě so: he wraththede him anon.

"Lordlings," he seide, "her je seoth: hou this man me  
schent;

"In whiche manère is he in this court: among ous  
iwent,

"As yně bileovede nozt in Cristendom: ne in oure  
Louerdes name.

"Ne mot ich nede awrekě beo: whan he me doth such  
schame?"

Tho seide al the court anon: "Sire, ȝe mowe iseo,  
 " That he is prout and conteckour: and evere hath  
 ibeo.

" And in despyt of thé and thyne: this dede he hath  
 ido;

" And, if thu wolt, thu miȝt beo war: eft to take on so,

" To bringē in so gret poēr: such on as he is, 981

" To the heȝiste of thi londe: as thu makest him, iwis.

" Therefore we ne bymeneth thé noȝt: for thu noldest  
 beo iwar bifore,

" That we sigge alle bi him: that he is purliche for-  
 swore.

" As bi a such man, do bi him: and as bi on of thi fon;

" For he swor thé urthlich onur: and he ne doth thé  
 non."

The bedēlēs and other schrewen: on him grenede faste;

And ibide the Kingēs heste: in prisoun him to caste.

The King let crie anon aboute: if eni so wod were,

That Seint Thomas consaillde: and cumpaignye bere;

Ac as the Kingēs traïtour: me scholde him nyme anon.

Nou swetē Jesus beo his help: among alle his fon! 992

The Bischop of Excestre: to Seint Thomas ful akneo,

" Merci," he seide, "for Godēs love: for sorewe thu  
 miȝt iseo.

" Have reuthē of thé and of ous: other thu wolt ous  
 allē schende.

" We wortheth alle ibrouȝt to noȝt: bote thu thi thoȝt  
 wende."

" Sire Bischop," quath Seint Thomas: "thu miȝt as  
 wel beo stille;

"Go hunnēs; of thé ne kepe ynozt: do ech man his wille."

The Bischops wende to gadere alle: and here consail nome,

And tho he hadde here forme iset: to the Kinge hi come. 1000

"Sire," hi seide, "anuyed thu ert: and ous hit ofthinketh sore:

"Forzif ous that 3e ous bereth anhond: and we ne schulle misdo nomore.

"Wel we witeth hit is a wrecche: that scholde oure chief beo:

"Fals he is, and forswore: and that ech man mai iseo.

"For he swor to holde thé urthliche onur: and hath ibroke his oth,

"And that we schullē proven wel: ne beo he nozt so wroth.

"Forzif ous thi wraththe, we thé biddeth: and to Rome we woleth wende,

"To bynyme him his bischopriche: and as a wrecche him schende.

"Forswore we wolēth him provi: sirē, bi 3oure rede."

The King bihet hem gret hōnur: for do thulkē dede.

To Seint Thomas, ther as he was: hi wende alle anon; 1011

The Bischop Hillari of Chichestre: tolde for hem echon.

"Sire," he seide, "oure gostliche fader: thu were her biore;

"Aȝ for fader nou we forsaketh thé: for thu ert fals  
and forswore.

"For thu swore him urthlich honur: and nelt him  
do non,

"Therefore to the court of Rome: we biclipieth hit  
echon."

Nou, swete Iësus, beo his help: whan alle othere were  
fon!

The King let clipie faste: that he come forth anon.

The Eorl Robert of Leicestre: and othere menion,

Come after him, and hete him sone: bifore the Kingē  
gon. 1020

"Lordlings," quath Seint Thomas: "ȝe witeth wel  
echon,

"Hou wel ich was w[i]th the Kinge: theȝ ich have nou  
lither iwon.

"Archebischop he makede me: to sothe, aȝé mi wille:

"For ich draddē for unconnyngē: mi soulē to aspile.

"Tho eschte ich tofore al that folc: in whiche manere  
hi hit me toke,

"The maistrie of holi churchē: to wardi and to loke.

"He me tok holi churchē: in eche manere so freo,

"To beo quit of al other court: and mid riȝtē scholde  
so beo.

"And whan holi churchē is so freo: ynele answère the  
Kinge,

"Ne non other of his court: of non urthlich thinge.

"For gold ne passeth noȝt in bounté: so moche leode, iwis,

"As digneté of preösthod: passeth the lewed man  
that is. 1032

“ And his gostliche fader ich am: if he wolde nymē  
geme;

“ And hit nere noȝt that the sone: his fader scholdē  
deme.

“ Therefore ich siggē, at o word: ynele me nothing  
take,

“ To jugēment of Kingēs court: ac outliche hit for-  
sake;

“ And take me alto holi churchē: and to non other  
dome,

“ And biclipie tofore ȝou alle: to the court of Rome.

“ Sauf the stat of holi churchē: and mi digneté,

“ That Jesu Crist hit sauvi: whan hit ne mai noȝt  
thurf me. 1040

“ And ȝou bischops ich biclipie: to the court of Rome  
also,

“ That ȝe honuryeth more an urthlich king: than ȝe  
God almiȝti do.”

And so thurf riȝt of holi churchē: out of this court  
gan wende,

To bringe this cause of holi churchē: tofore the Pope  
to ende.

This holi man out of this court: wel myldēliche gan  
gon,

That King and alle that with him were: wraththede  
him anon,

With also grete noyse, as al the toun: biset were with  
here fon;

This holi man him wendē forth: as stille as eni ston.

Hi ne miȝte makie morē cri: theȝ al the toun were  
afure,

Than hi dude upe this holi man: that reuthe hit was to  
hure. 1050

Nou God beo this holi manēs help: for he hadde ther  
lutē rewe;

For in al his lyf he hadde: godē dawēs fewe.

Forth him wendē Seint Thomas: as him nothing ne  
roȝte:

For more me schende Iēsu Crist: tho me him to dethē  
broȝte.

He weith upe his palefrai: and to his inne wende so:  
Unethe he miȝtē mid his hond: this threō thingēs do,  
Blesci that folc, and bere his croice: and his bridel  
wisse.

The simple folc orn him aboute: with joye ynou and  
blisse.

For hi wende wel he hadde ibeo: at court faste ynomē:  
Hi herede moche Iēsu Crist: that he miȝte among hem  
come. 1060

To his in, to Seint Andreuēs: he suede him faste ynouȝ;  
Alle the pore men with him: to the mete he drouȝ;  
And seidē, “Cometh forth mid me: for minē freond ȝe  
beoth:

“Inabbe non other freond than ȝou: of allē men ȝe  
seoth.”

He let hem fedē echone wel: ful his hous neȝ,

And him silve the gladdere was: that he ham iseȝ.

As Seint Thomas sat atte mete: theȝ he no wille  
nadde,

This word that ourē Louerd het: his redere bifore him  
radde:—

“ If me pursueth you in o toun: into another 3e fleo.”  
This holi man thoȝte bi him: this word miȝte wel beo:  
And that hit was Godēs wille: into another toun  
to gon, 1071

Anon as the godspel saith: to fleö alle his fon.  
The hardiere he was tho: of londē forto wende,  
Whan he miȝt ascapie wel: that God wolde the tymē  
sende.

Tho hit was toward eve: tui serjantz ther come fram  
the Kinge,

And sorē wepinge warnede him that me wolde: to  
strongē dethe him bringe.

For the Kinges men hadde iswore: thurf heste of the  
Kinge,

Whar so hi miȝtē fyndē him: to strongē dethe him  
bringe.

Seint Thomas thoȝte another: he let makie his bed  
aniȝt,

In the heȝē churchē: bituene tui wevedes riȝt. 1080  
Tho other men were alle aslepe: and noman him  
nas neȝ.

He ros him up and bihuld: on than ymāge anheȝ.

He ful adoun before the weved: and on oure Louerd  
gan crie;

And seidē furst the set samēs: and siththe the letanye.  
And wepinge ech halewe bad: his help forto beo,  
And at ech halwe up aros: and sat siththe adoun  
akneo.



Nou Crist in hevene beo his help: for neode he hadde  
therto ynouȝ!

For him was to cominge sorwe ynouȝ: as ȝe schulle  
ihure with wouȝ.

Tho he hadde ido his prière: stillȝche he gan gon,  
Alute bifore the cockës crowe: out of the churchē anon;  
And wende him out of Engēlonde: that noman with  
him nas, 1091

Bote o frere of Sympringham: that wel privei with  
him was.

This gode man fleȝ al Engēlond: for holi churchē riȝte.  
For al his wo ne ȝaf he noȝt: if he hit amendē myȝte.  
The niȝt that fram Norhamptone: Seint Thomas thane  
wei nom,

To on of his clerkes: in avisioun ther com  
A cler voiz, that seide: of the sauter this:—

“As hit were a sparewe: oure soule ibroȝt is  
“Out of the hunteres bonde: and the bond is undo,  
“And al defouled, and we: beoth delyvred so.” 1100  
Of wham was this avisioun: bote of Seint Thomas,  
That out of the bendes of his fon: tho delyvred was?  
That word com of Seint Thomas: to the Kingē sone:  
The heȝē men nome therof red: what hem wère to  
done.

The King and al his Baronie: and his Bischops  
echon,

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\* “Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est de laqueo venantium.  
Laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.”—(*Psalm cxxiv.*)  
This Latin quotation is in the margin of the Harleian MS.

That auȝtē with Seint Thomas beo: and were mest  
his fon,

To his consail everechone: assentede attan ende,  
That the King scholde of his heȝiste men: to the  
court of Romē sende,

Aȝen him whan he thider com: and the Pope do  
understonde,

That he is fals and forswore: and desturbour of the  
londe 1110

And to do this gretē neode: the wiseste men forth nome,  
And that the King were al in pees: forte he aȝē come.  
The Archebischop of Everwyk: and the Bischop of  
Excestre,

To Romē wende for thisse neode: and the Bischop of  
Cicestre.

The Bischop ek of Londone: and of Wircestre also,  
And gretē Eorlēs and Barouns: and clerkēs therto,  
To bere witnisse of this falshede: whan hi to courtē  
come.

Noble ȝiftēs and gewels: mid hem also hi nome:  
For therwith me mai ofte at court: the riȝtē bringe to  
wouȝ. 1119

Nou Crist helpe this porē man: for he was pore ynouȝ!  
None ȝiftēs he nadde to ȝyve: to holdē up his riȝte:  
Fram Norhamptonē bar he ȝeode: for holi churchē to  
fiȝte.

Fram Seint Andreues in Norhamptone: this holi man  
forth wende,

With a frere of Simpringham: as oure Louerd the  
gracē sende.

Vyf and tuenti mile he wende: to the toun of Gra[nt]-  
ham,

Er he stintē meni stede: with the frere of Simpringham.  
Al northward he drouȝ him forth: and framward the  
see,

That the Kinges men ne founde him noȝt: to nymē ne  
to sle.

Siththe he wendē fram Gra[nt]ham: fyve and tuenti  
myle also, 1129

To the cité of Lincolne: er he wolde him to restē do.  
The morwe upē Seint Lukēs dai: Tuēsdai hit was tho,  
He departede fram the Kingēs court: in suchē sorwe  
and wo.

Thanē Wendesdai aniȝt: out of the toun he nom;  
Sone amorwe thane Thursdai: to Lincolne he com.  
At a walkeres hous: his in he nom there;  
Alle gate he nom his wei: bi niȝte that he awaited nere.  
In watere he dude him at Lincolne: er God thane dai  
sende;

And thanē Fridai fourti myle: al bi water he wende,  
To an hermitage of Simpringham: that amidde the  
watere is:

Ther he levede hardiliche: threō dayes, iwis. 1140  
To Seint Botolf siththe he wende: that thannēs was  
ten myle;

And ther he dude him eft in watere: and com, in a  
lute while,

To the hous of Haverolt: that of Simpringham ek is.  
The frere him ladde bi thulkē hous: the sikerer to beo,  
iwis.

Therhanne he wende to Eystrie: his owe manère mid  
riȝte,

The Archebischop of Canterbury: if he were of miȝte;  
That was neȝ the see ynouȝ: he abod wel there;  
Lokede forto passi: whan best tymē were.

Soveniȝt he bilevede ther: forto Allē Soulen day,  
In chambre riȝt bi the churchē: dai and niȝt he lay;  
That noman ne scholde him underȝete: ne war of him  
beo. 1161

Thurf the churchē wal he makede an hol: the sacringe  
forto seo;

And forto hurē ther his masse: that hi, that to churchē  
come,

Nuste noȝt that he was so neȝ: ne toke therof no gome.  
Such an anker he was bicomē: Louerd, that him  
was wo,

Archebischop of Canterbury: that ne therste among  
none men go!

An Alle Soulen dai, thane Tuēsdai: er God thane  
dai sende,

He bitok God al holi churchē: and into the see wende.

Hi rewe forth al thanē dai: forte aȝen theveninge,

A myle hi aryvede: fram the havene of Graveninge.

Oye me clipeth the stede: as he com to londe, 1161

In the lond of Flandres: as ich understonde.

Forth he moste, this holi mān: hors nadde he non;

For al his bischopriche: afote he mostē gon.

And that noman him ne knewe: thabit of frere he  
nom,

And as a frere forth he ȝeode: tho he to Flandres com.

Blak was his cope above: his curtel whit blanket;  
 Upe his rug his cope he bar: forto go the bet.  
 The reyn was gret and swithē strong: the wei was  
 deope ynouȝ:

So weri was this holi man: that unethe his lymes he  
 drouȝ. 1170

So weri he was of the wei: and of the see bifore,  
 That he sat adoun and ne miȝte no fur: bote he were  
 ibore.

Tho ȝeodē forth on of his men: and hurede him a  
 mure,

For an Englisch peni, with an halter: this holi man  
 to bere.

This holi man his clothēs nom: and upe this mure  
 hem caste,

And werth upe above his clothes: and rod forth wel  
 faste.

A! weilawai! such a man: moche is Godēs miȝte!  
 So feblische wendē over lond: for uuele was hit his  
 riȝte.

Uuele bicom him to gon afote: other upe a suche best  
 to ride. 1179

Holi churche he aboutē dure: that me tiȝth on wide.  
 With this haltere upe this mure: forth rod this holi man,  
 As a frere, and let him clipen: frerē Cristian.

For he noldē liē noȝt: Cristenē he was;  
 And he was adrad to beon iknowe: if me clipede him  
 Thomas.

At a god manēs hous: his in a niȝt he nom,  
 He sat attē bordēs ende: as him noȝt wel bicom;

And his men sete alle withinne: as he the loweste were:  
 The oste nom wel gode zeme: hou hi hem alle bere.  
 He nom zeme of this holi man: attē bordēs ende,  
 Hou mylde he was attē borde: and curteys and hende.  
 Hou curteisliche he delde his mete: to hem that tofore  
 him stode, 1191

And hou lute him silf he at: mid wel simple mode.  
 His lymēs also he bihuld: hou gent hi were and freo;  
 Honden faire, with longē fyngres: fairere ne miȝte  
 none beo.

His facē long and brod also: his frount large ynouȝ;  
 And bifore alle thothere evere to him: his hurte mest  
 drouȝ.

Of tharchebischop of Canterbury: he gan him under-  
 stonde,

That hit was couth into al that lond: that he was  
 iwend of londe.

His hurte him ȝaf that hit was he: in gret studie he  
 was ibroȝt;

He rounede in his wyvēs ere: and tolde hire al his  
 thoȝt. 1200

His wyf, after thulkē tyme: that sothe also thoȝte,  
 Heo servede this holi man: and of deyntēs him broȝte.  
 Applen, peres, and notēs ek: heo fondede in eche  
 manēre,

Among alle this other men: to gladie this seli frere.  
 Heo bilevede to servi othere: and upe him was al hire  
 thoȝt;

Seint Thomas hit underȝet: and ne paidē him with  
 noȝt.

So that he bihuld aboute: anon after sopèr.

Wel myldēliche he bad his hoste: forto com him ner,  
And to sitte bi him adoun: and solāci him astounde.

“Sire, merci!” quath this other: “ich wole sittē upe the  
grounde.” 1210

He sat adoun at his fet: Seint Thomas him bad arise:  
“Certēs, sire,” quath this other: yneschal in nonē  
wise.

“Nolde God that ich bi thé sete: Louerd! ihered  
thu beo,

“That thu mostest in myne housē come: and ich thane  
dai iseo.”

“Lute deynté,” quath Seint Thomas: “of such a porē  
man,

“A seli frere as ich am: ihotē Cristian.”

“Sire, thin ore,” quath this other: “wel ich under-  
stonde,

“Archebischop thu ert of Canterbure: iwend out of  
Engēlonde.”

“Whi saistou so?” quath this other: “thu hast selde  
iseȝe,

“Tharchebischop of Canterbury: in suche manere  
ride bi weye.” 1220

“Sire,” quath this other, “thu hit ert: as me saith  
mi thoȝt,

“Ich bidde thé for the love of God: ne forsak hit aȝē  
me noȝt.”

Seint Thomas him bithoȝte: that other he moste lie,  
Other beo iknowe that he hit was: so thother on him  
gan crie.

Attē laste he was iknowe: ac amorwe he nom  
His hoste, and bad that he ne wreide him noȝt: er he  
afur wei com.

He wende him forth wel er dai: in wel foulē weye;  
Tuelf myle he ȝeode grete ynouȝ: to a grei abbeye,  
That me clipeth Clermareys: of greye monekes, iwīs,  
That biside the castel: of Seint Omer is. 1230  
To thabbey of Seint Bertin: fram thannē he wende,  
And ther he levede til oure Louerd: other tithinge  
him sende.

The Bischops of Engēlonde: and the Barouns also,  
Toward the court of Romē wende: her erande for to do.  
To the King of France hi wende: and lettres with  
hem bere,  
Fram the King of Engēlonde: that thus an Englisch  
were:—

“To his louerd, thurf Godēs grace: Sire Lowes the  
King,

“Henri King of Engēlonde: sent love and greting.

“Thomas that Archēbischop was: of Canterbure her-  
bifore,

“Out of mi lond is awend: as traytour and forswore.

“Therefore, as myn urlich louerd: ich bidde thé, bi mi  
sonde, 1241

“That thu ne suffri noȝt that he beo: receited in thi  
londe.”

Tho this King this bone ihurde: awhile in thoȝte he  
stod;

“Certēs,” he hem seide, “me thinȝth: this bonē nis  
noȝt god.



“ So strong theof nis non in Engēlond: if he into  
 Francē come,

“ That he ne miȝtē levē ther: as me sȝth ilome.

“ Nere he iproved so strong theof: other hadde that  
 lond forswore,

“ Ic ne miȝte do hit for no thing: theȝ he him haddē  
 ther misbore.

“ And whatlokere scholde such an heȝ man: ne come  
 he noȝt so sone,

“ And nother ich ne he habbeth: with oure bischops to  
 done. 1250

“ For myne bischops with holi churchē: ich lete here  
 willē do,

“ And fairere were the King, me thinȝth: lete him  
 iworthē so,

“ Than entremitti of holi churchē: here riȝtēs fortospille,

“ And loki the pees of the lond: me thinȝth he doth  
 his wille.”

Ne miȝte this heȝ men: non other word afonge;

So that hi wendē forth here wei: tho hi hadde abidē  
 longe.

Maister Herbad of Bozam: and othere siththē wende,

To the King of France: as Seint Thomas hem sende;

And tolde the King of al the wo: that Seint Thomas  
 hadde with wouȝ.

The King tho he hurdē this: wep and made deol  
 ynouȝ; 1260

And tolde al hou the Kingēs men: were at him bifore,

And which answeȝe he hem ȝaf: here wei hi hadde  
 forlore.

This godē man with joye ynouȝ: here levē of him nome,  
And fram him myldēlichē wende: to the court of  
Rome.

For ther nere hi noȝt wolcome: for the schame bifore,  
And the desclandre of Seint Thomas: that he was fals  
and forswore.

Ac nathclēs grace hi hadde: that hi to the Pop come  
miȝte.

Him silve hi tolde in priveité: al Seint Thomas wo with  
unriȝte;

Of the statutz of Clarendone: hou hi forth furst come;  
Hou he was ibroȝt to Noramptone: tofore the King to  
done; 1270

Hou he wende out of Engēlonde: in which miseise  
and wo;

And hou he changede his name: the sikerer forto go.  
The Pope bigan to sikē sore: mid wel dreori thoȝt,  
The terēs urne out of his ezen: he ne miȝte hem wernē  
noȝt.

He thonkede God that such prelat: under him miȝtē  
beo,

So stedēfast to holi churchē: and that he miȝte thane  
dai iseo.

Amorwe come the Bischops: and the Barouns also,  
To procuri him al the wele: that hi miȝtē do.

Tofore the Pope as he sat: myldēliche hi come,  
And bifore the Cardinals: attē curt of Rome.

The Bishop of Londone: that evere lither was,  
Bigan furst to telle his tale: aȝē Seint Thomas. 1280  
He stod up tofore al the court: "Beau pere," he sede,

“To thé we come to mene ous: of wrecchede that we  
doth lede,

“Ourë riȝtës up to holde: alle that godë beoth,

“And folës bringë of folie: whan we eni iseoth.

“A distance ther is ispronge: liȝtliche in Engëlonde,

“That desturbeth al that lond: with unriȝt, ich under-  
stonde.

“Tharchebischop of Canterbure: al aȝen oure wille,

“A folie bigan in Engëlonde: al holi church to spille:

“To bynyme the Kingës franchise: and his riȝtes also;

“Ac he ne miȝte ous makë for nothing: consenti therto.

“Therefore for wraththë siththe: for we nolde his  
willë do, 1291

“Upe ous he caste his owë gult: and upe the King  
also;

“And attë lastë, as hit were: the lond forto ablende,

“That no man him strenȝthë dude: of lond he gan  
wende.

“For men that that sothë nuste: scholdë understonde;

“That the King him dude unriȝt: and drof him out  
of londe.”

Tho he hadde his tale itold: and ymaked al his wise,  
He sat adoun and the Bischop of Cicestre gan arise.

“Beau pere,” he seidë to the Pope: “me thinȝth hit  
falth to thé,

“To desturbi thing that falleth: to harm of commu-  
neauté; 1300

“That o man ne beo isuffred noȝt: go forth with his  
wille,

"To bringē al the lond to schindisse: and holi churchē  
to spille.

"That hathoure Archebischop i wroȝt: that is isene, i wis,  
"Whan ech man of the lond: faste aȝen him is."

The Archebischop of Everwyk: tho he his tyme iseȝ,  
Aros up and gan to telle: his talē, al anheȝ.

"Sire," he seide, "no man ne knoweth: so wel as  
ich do,

"Tharchebischop of Canturbure: and tharchebischop-  
riche also.

"The Archebischop is wilful: and whan he is alles  
ibroȝt

"In a wil that is lute worth: he nele bileve hit noȝt.

"For man ne schal for nothing: bringe him out of his  
thoȝt: 1311

"In suchē fol wille is he nou: that we habbeth deore  
aboȝt.

"Liȝtliche therinne he com: and he nele bileve  
nevere mo,

"Bote ȝe pulte ȝoure hond therto: to bringe ous out  
of wo."

"Sire, sire," quath the Bischop: of Excestre tho,

"This cas ȝe mote amendi: hou so hit evere go.

"If ȝe ne loeveth noȝt that sothe: as me doth ȝou to  
understonde,

"Send with ous, fot with fot: a legat into Engēlonde,

"To enqueri that sothē ther: and let him thereafter  
wirche.

"For certēs, bote ȝe other thenche: ȝe schendeth holi  
churchē." 1320

Tho aros up the Eorl of Arondel : man of gret digneté,

“Sire,” he seide, “for Godës love: astounde herkne to me.

“We lewede men that herë beoth: ne cunnë Latyn non,

“Ne nothing nabbeth understonde: that 3e habbeth itold echon.

“Ac in langágë that we cunne: such men as we beoth,

“ (He3e Barouns and noble Kny3tes: that 3e bifor 3ou iseoth,)

“Telle ich wole bifore 3ou alle: whi we beoth hider iwend,

“Thurf mi louerd the Kinges heste: that ous hath isend.

“No3t that we wraththi eni man: other eni man sigge amis,

“And nameliche ourë alre hevede: that oure chiëf is,

“To wham al the wordle aboueth: (God holdë him his mizte,) 1331

“That au3te ech man 3urnë bidde: to holde ech man to rizte.

“Ac suchë kny3tës as we beoth: hider we beoth iwend;

“Oure louerd the King of Engëlonde: hider ous haveth isend,

“To schewë furst the reverence: and the grete love also,

“That he hath evere to 3ou ibore: and evere then3th to do;

- “ And that ȝe sende him word bi ous: as ȝe seoth ous stonde,
- “ Bischopes, Eorlēs, and Barouns: the heȝiste of his londe.
- “ If eni heȝere hadde ibeo: hider he hadde iwend,
- “ As to so heȝ curt as this is: hider ous he hath isend, 1340
- “ To schewi furst in his name: as wide as the wordle is,
- “ So true princē nis to Rome: ne that so moche ȝou loveth, iwis;
- “ Ne so moche honureth holi churche: and evere hath ido.
- “ Tharchebischop of Canterbure: is noble man also.
- “ That if o manere of him: as ich understonde,
- “ Ther nerē lond of Cristendom: aȝen Engēlonde,
- “ Ne holi churche so wel: ischuld from echē wouȝ,
- “ Under swithē noble prince: and prelat god ynouȝ.
- “ Ac the Archebischop Thomas: hath a lutē wille,
- “ To apeiri moche his godnisse: and that lond thenȝ[th] aspille. 1350
- “ His wille is such, that whan he is: icomē in fol thoȝt,
- “ He nele thurf consail ne thurf red: therof beo ibroȝt.
- “ In suchē folie he is icomē nouthe: (oure Louerd his thoȝt wende!)
- “ Bote me mowe him therof bringe: that lond he wole aschende.
- “ Therefore mi louerd the King ȝou bit: that ȝe with ous sende,
- “ A legat to Engēlonde: to enquere therof than ende.

“Other certēs he is upe the poynte: al that lond to  
spille,

“Bote ȝe chasti him thurf lawe: and bynyme his folē  
wille.”

Off alle the clerkēs that ther sete: non of hem ther  
nas,

That ne preisede moche this heȝē man: for he so rena-  
ble was. 1360

“Lordlings,” quath the Pope: “ȝe iseoth wel ynouȝ,

“That ȝe to tharchebischop telleth: beo hit riȝt other  
wouȝ.

“Ac we ne mowe no dom ȝyve: both he himsilf her  
were,

“Ne juggi no man bihyndē him: for no riȝt hit nere.”

“Sire,” quath th[e] Eorl of Arondel: “ȝe mote bet  
understonde:

“A certeyn dai ous is iset: to come to Engēlonde;

“And thane dai nethore we noȝt breke: for oure  
louerd the Kinge;

“Therefore ȝe mote ous gracē do: somdel of thissē  
thinge.

“We biddeth ȝou, if hit is ȝoure wille: a legat with  
ous sende,

“And tharchēbischop hote also: to Engēlondē wende

“And as the legat ther enquereth: therafter he mai  
do.” 1371

“Certēs, beau frere,” quath the Pope: “ynele noȝt  
take on so.

“Inot whan tharchēbischop cometh: ne what he wole  
forth drawe;

“And to deme a man bihynden him: thu wost hit nere  
no lawe.”

“Certēs, sire,” quath this other: “we nethore abidē  
noȝt.”

“Deperdeus,” quath the Pope: “doth as ȝe habbeth  
ithoȝt.”

This othere werē wroth ynou: wel faire here leve  
hi nome,

And wende hem forth in gretē wraththe: and to En-  
gēlondē come.

Seint Thomas was tho in Flandres: in huding, as  
hit were,

In the hous of Seint Bertin: for he him abussede  
there. 1880

Attēlaste he aros bi nyȝte: and out of Flandres wende,  
Al priveilichē into France: as God the gracē sende.

The King of Francē that tho was: Lowis, god and  
hende,

Hurde telle of this gode man: he let after him sende.  
Tho [t]his holi man to him com: gret joyē he gan make;  
He het him upon his lond: ynouȝ of his take,

To spene, to him and allē his: whar so he evere come.  
Nolde Seint Thomas abidē noȝt: er he com to Rome.

The King him tok spense ynouȝ: to him and allē his,  
And sendē with him god condut: to bringe him ther,  
iwis. 1390

Tho this gode man to Romē com: he was faire  
underfonge;

And somdel the Popē was anuyed: that he abod so  
longe.



Me acusede him of the trespàs: that the Bischops  
toldē there,

And bad him answare for his stat: and aleggi for him  
hou hit were.

Seint Thomas woldē up arise: me bad him sitte  
adoun;

Biside the Pope he sat: and seidē his reisoun.

“Sire,” he seide, “ich am iset: theȝ ich unworthi beo,  
“To wardi the churche of Canterbury: as ȝe mowe  
iseo.

“And theȝ ich ne beo noȝt worthi: such fol nam  
ynoȝt,

“That the King scholde thurf me: in wraththē beon  
ibroȝt. 1400

“For if ich wolde his willē do: and paye him of alle  
thinge,

“Ine ne scholde for noȝt: in such contek him bringe;

“He me wolde lovie ynouȝ: and al his lond, iwis,

“Scholde at mi willē beo: and alle thing that is his.

“Ac mi professioun ich habbe: to Jesu Crist ido;

“And the biheste that ich habbe ymaked: ne suffreth  
me noȝt so.

“And if ich wolde bileve: ynaddē nonē neode,

“To no man to go ous bituene: myn erande forto  
beode.

“Ac the churche of Canturbure: was iwoned to  
schynē wide,

“And beo as the sonne among alle othere: of the west  
side. 1410

“The sonne that was so briȝt: deork heo is bcome;

“Blodē clouden and stronge ynōu: hire lizt hire hab-  
beth binome.

“Overcast heo is with the clouden: that lizt ne 3ifth  
heo non;

“Whar thurf the churchen of Engēlonde: idurked  
beoth echon.

“For a cloude hire had overcast: that heo ne mai no3t  
lizte:

“The King that scholde hire governy: bynymeth al  
hire ri3te.

“Ich that scholde hire wardeyn beo: therazen ich  
mot fi3te,

“And stonde a3é and withsigge hire wrong: bi al mynē  
mi3te.

“For the3 ich hadde a thousand lyves: (as ynabbe bote  
on,)

“Rathere than ich woldē tholie: 3yve ich hem wolde  
echon. 1420

“The custumes a3é holi churchē: that the King hath  
forth ibro3t,

“Her 3e mowe hem nou ihure: if hi beoth to granti  
o3t.”

He gan hem rede the lithere lawes: as he hem hadde  
iwrite;

He wep that the teres urne adoun: that deole hit was  
to wite.

Tho the Pope and his Cardinals: that se3e him wepe  
so sore,

And ihurde ek this lithere lawes: hi ne mi3te forbere  
nomore;

And wope also pitousliche: and herede God also,  
 That hi miȝte finde such a prelat: over holi churche ido,  
 That huld hire so wel to riȝte: and ne suffredē ne  
 wouȝ;

And thonkede God of such a man: and honurede him  
 ynouȝ. 1430

The Pope het his clerkēs alle: thurf al Cristendom,  
 Withsiggē suchē lithere lawes: whar so eni of hem  
 com;

And that hi nere isuffred nowhar: hou so hi come to  
 ende,

And that hi deide rathere therfore; than holi churche  
 lete schende.

Tho spac him eft Seint Thomas: wepingē wel sore,  
 “Inabbē noȝt so moche wo: that me nere worthē more.  
 “For thurf strenȝthe of urthlich man: in such poēr  
 am ich ido,

“Ac ich douti aȝen Godēs wille: that ich unworthi beo  
 therto.

“Therefore God, for riȝtē wreche: uvel ending me doth  
 sende;

“Ac ich douti for mi wrecchē gult: that wors schal  
 beo the ende, 1440

“For mi synne and mi unmiȝte: that ynemai hire  
 wardi noȝt.

“Therefore, that holi churche: ne beo to grounde ibroȝt,

“Ich ȝyve ȝou up mi bischopriche: another ȝe mote  
 ther do,

“That hit mowe wardi bet: for unworthi ich am  
 therto.”

His ring he nom and tok the Pope: and zuld up the  
bischopriche.

The Pope wel deolfulliche: and wel myldēliche gan  
siche.

Therof conseilled al the court: what the beste red were,  
To lete him leve therchebischopriche: other to do  
another there.

“Me thingth,” quath a Cardinal: “in such cas as this  
man is,

“Betere hit were to do another: in his stede, iwis,<sup>1450</sup>

“Forto payē bet the King: and such cas miȝte bifalle,

“That the King wolde bileve and aswagi: the lithere  
lawēs alle.

“For betere hit were, in faire manère: ho so hit miȝte,  
to endē bringe,

“Than contek holde in suchē lond: and nameliche a é  
the Kinge.

“And me miȝte purveye the godē man: as god as  
that is.

“Inot what conseil ȝe wolleth rede: ich wole redē this.”

Tho seide another Cardinal: “yne rede noȝt so, iwis;

“For that wolde ȝyvē men ensample: aldai to do  
amis.

“For whan a king with a bischop: were wroth of eni  
thinge,

“Anon to bringē him adoun: uvele lawēs woldē bringe;

“And so were holi churchē theu: that levedi scholde  
beo.

1461

“Therefore this consail (me thingth) is feble: a bett[e]re  
me mai iseo.”

The Pop nom tho Seint Thomas: and tok him aȝe  
the ring,

To beo Archēbischof forth: stable thurf alle thing;  
Stedēfast to holdē up: holi churchē riȝte,  
And he him wolde aȝen ech man: helpē bi his miȝte;  
And he ne scholdē noȝt the ȝut: to Engēlondē wende,  
Ac abidē betere grace; if God woldē sende.  
To thabbei of Pontenay: to sojourni there,  
He sente this holi man: forte hit betere were. 1470

With lutel folc, and lutel ese: ther he gan to leve;  
For he nadde silver non to spene: bote as hi him  
ȝeve.

His men he brouȝtē in servise: here mete to wynnē  
there,

Him silve he was alonē neȝ: heȝ man theȝ he were.  
Lyf he werede hard ynouȝ: he werede hardē here,  
Schurte and brech hard ynouȝ: harderē non nere.  
The straples were istreynd harde ynouȝ: with knottēs  
also,

The schurte tilde anon to his thies: the brech to his to.  
The knotten wodē in his flesche: aboute in echē side:  
Wel unesē was his brech: aboutē for to ride. 1480  
Hardē miȝte he ligge adoun: and hardē sitte also.  
Louerd! deore abouȝte he hevene: wel auȝte he come  
therto!

The Bischops of Engēlonde: that aȝen him were  
at Rome,

And Eorles and othere ek: tho hi to Engelond come,  
Hi tolde the King al the cas: hou hi hadde isped.  
So sori and wroth the King was: that he was neȝ āwed.

"Allas," he seidē, "thulke traitoure: that ich habbe  
forth ibroȝt!

"That he me schal such schamē do: ynemai hit tholie  
noȝt.

"Whan he fliȝth out of londe: that ynemai to him  
come,

"Ich wole me awrekē of his kyn: hi schulle abuggē  
some." 1490

He let sicke out al clene his freond: and his kyn echon,  
And drof hem out of Engēlond: that hi ne bilevede  
noȝt on;

Sik ne feble, jung ne old: ne wymmen mid chylde,  
Ne chyldrene that sokinge were: moche he was un-  
mylde.

In armes the moder bar the child: in herē wombē  
some:

Ther hadde the King (me thinȝth): a feble wreche  
ynome.

Ihauled hi were, in grete meseise: out of the lond,  
allas!

Ech god man hadde reuthe of hem: that ihurdē of  
that cas.

Among hem hi seide stillēliche: that he lither King  
was.

More schrewede the King bithoȝte: ȝut of Seint  
Thomas. 1500

The men that he drof of londe: were hem leof other  
loth,

He make hem swerie upon a boc: ech after other, an  
oth;

That hi ne scholde in nonē stede: levē, nonē stoūnde,  
 Er hi come to Seint Tboomas: ther as hi him founde,  
 And toldē him hou hi were: out of londe ibroȝt,  
 To bringe him more in sorewe: if hi miȝte turne his  
 thoȝt.

ȝut he brouȝte a lither dedē more: upē Seint Thomas;  
 He let hote, thurf al the lond: as wide as his poēr was,  
 That no man ne scholdē for him bidde: in church ne  
 ellēswhare;

As me for tharchēbischop doth: and ido hath ȝare.<sup>1510</sup>  
 Louerd! moche was the schamē tho: that holi church  
 bitidde,

Whan heo ne mostē for hire heved: among other men  
 bidde!

That folc of Seint Thomas freond: thicke aboute  
 him drouȝ,

Aldai that were iflemmid for him: in meseise and sorwe  
 ynouȝ;

And woȝe and cridē dulfulliche: and tolde him al that  
 cas,

Hou hi werē fram him dryve: and which here sorwe  
 was.

Seint Thomas bihuld hem dulfulliche: and gan to sikē  
 sore;

Nathelēs he makede hem fair semblant: to conforti  
 hem the more;

And sende this word to gladi hem: that men unde[r]-  
 stondeth longe, 1519

“Echē lond,” he seide: “is contray to the stronge.

“As ho saith, theȝ ȝe beo: in strange contray ibroȝt,

"If ȝe beoth strong in Godës lawe: hit ne schal ȝou  
grevi noȝt."

Alle the heȝe men of the lond: that ihurde that cas,  
Acursedë the King, and seide: that he lither was.  
This seli men aboute him nome: for love of Seint  
Thomas,

And fonde hem sustenance ynouȝ: in meseise non ther  
nas.

Tho the tithinge to the King: of Engēlondë com,  
That this men were underfonge: gret deol to him he  
nom.

"Certës," he seide, "whan ynemai: his hurtë so buye,  
"In more meseise ich wole him bringe: that his lyf  
him schal anuye." 1530

Greye monēkës of Cisteaus: fram ȝere to ȝere,  
A chapitle makede general: of Abbotes that ther were;  
For monēkës of ech grei abbei: to this chapitle come,  
Withinne a termë, as ȝut doth: thurfout al Cristendome.  
Tho the chapitle plener was: the Kyng thider sende,  
To thabbotes plenerliche: that to the chapitle wende;  
And sende him word that him thoȝte: wonder gret  
ynouȝ,

That hi wolde him so moche misdo: uncundëliche and  
wouȝ,

To susteyne his withere wyne: among hem, and his fo,  
In the hous of Ponteney: that brouȝte him in such wo;  
And bote hi him levede: and susteynede him nomore,  
Alle the greye hous of Engēlonde: ofthenchë scholdë  
sore: 1542

For if hi susteynede his fo: no wonder hit nere,



Theȝ he wreke him of thulkē hous: that in his lond  
were.

Tho this lettres to Sisteaus: among this Abbotes come,  
Of the thretinge hi doutede sore: and gret consail  
nome;

So that hi bedē Seint Thomas: his bestē forto do;  
For hi ne therste, aȝe the Kingēs wille: nomorē holde  
him so.

Tho Seint Thomas this ihurde: he gan to sikē sore:  
He bad Jesus him helpē tho: and cride him milce  
and ore. 1550

“Lordlings,” he seide, “that me habbeth: susteyned  
meni o dai,

“In mi grete neode, Jesu Crist: hit ȝuldē; ynemai.

“The King that threteth ȝou so faste: if ȝe me hold-  
eth longe,

“If Crist wole, ȝe ne schulle for me: nevere harm  
afonge.

“Whar so ich evere an urthē beo: fram ȝou I wolē  
wende,

“That ȝe ne beo for me apeired: oure Louerd his  
grace me sende!

“For ich mai ȝut mi metē bidde: ynam noȝt to god  
therto:

“God that fedeth the wyldē best: me mai fede also.

“Ac hou hit evere bi me bifalle: God, if hit is thi  
wille,

“Hold up the riȝt of holi churche: that heo fulliche  
ne spille!” 1560

As this holi man in thoȝtē stod: whoder he miȝtē  
wende,

The King of France, that was so god: sone gan his  
word sende,

That he bilevede in al his lond: whar so his hurte best  
drouȝ,

Cheose him silvē, and he wolde: him sendē spounse  
ynouȝ.

Ther hit soth whan a man: in mest sorwe is and  
teone,

Thanne is oure Louerdes help wel neȝ: as hit tho isene.  
This holi man his levē nom: wel myldēliche and  
softe,

And sorē wepinge wendē forth: and ȝoxede and siȝtē  
ofte.

The Abbot of Pontenay: somdel forth him brouȝte;

He axede of him whi he were: in so deolful thoȝte.

“Ich wolē sigge,” quath Seint Thomas: “whi ich  
carie so,

1571

“That thu ne tellē non fore: er myn endedai beo ido.

“Ich am siker that ich schal: [deye] in martirdom:

“For to niȝt in mi sleping: a wonder meting me com.

“In the churche of Canterbure: me thoȝte ich stod,  
iwis,

“And strivede for holi churche: aȝen the King and his.

“Tho come ther four kniȝtes: and smyte me upe the  
croune,

“Ech after other, that mi brayn: schadde on the  
grounde adoune.

“For me ich thonki Jesu Crist: that ich schal deyə so;

“Ac for mi meynē ich sikē sore: that ynot what ich  
schal do.” 1580

This holi man him wendē forth: with care and deol  
bi·weye,

Forto he com to Seneouns: tuelf myle fram Ponteneye.

Ther he levede in sojourn: as longē as he wolde:

The King him fond to spene ynouȝ: of silver and of  
golde.

This holi man levede ther: in pays and rest ynouȝ;

Ac evere he carede for holi churchē: that me dude so  
wouȝ,

And sende to the King of Engēlond: that he lete beo  
stille,

That he ne werrede noȝt holi churchē: if hit were his  
wille.

Siththe the King of Engēlond: as his wille him nom,

Passede the see, as God hit wolde: and into Francē com.

The King of Francē was aboute: (if God wold the  
gracē sende,) 1591

To acordi him and Seint Thomas: if he hit miȝte  
bringe to ende;

So that hi were togadere ibroȝt: to a dai that hi sette.

Seint Thomas com tofore the King: and as his louerd  
him grette;

And to his fet ful adoun: and wep and cridē sore,

“Have reuthe,” he seide, “of holi churchē: and ne  
werrē hire nomore,

“And ich wole do al thi wille: as ich seide er, bi mi  
miȝte,

“Saf mi Louerdes honúr: and holi churchē riȝte.”

The King makede him wroth ynouȝ for that worth; as  
he hadde ofte ibeo,

“Nou ȝe mowe,” he seide, “echone: his falshede iseo.

“For ynescholde, upe this word, do: nothing aȝen his  
wille, 1601

“That he ne scholde sigge that ich wolde: holi church  
aspille;

“And that ich were aȝen Godes wille: and in suche  
man re he miȝte,

“The lond desturbi, and bynyme: mi franchise and  
mi riȝte.

“Gode bishops ther habbeth ibeo: bifore, ȝe wite,  
iwis:

“That ȝe seo mi trunisse: and that the wrong is al his.

“As the wyseste and the beste bishops: that bifore  
him were,

“Aȝen the mestē fol King: biforē me hem bere,

“Do he so aȝē me: and ich paye me wel ynouȝ;

“And if he is aȝē this forme: me thinȝth he haveȝ wouȝ.

“Other him thinȝth, of bishops: so wys as he non nas;

“Other he halth me the mestē wrecche: that evere  
bifore this was.”. 1612

Tho seide the King of France: and all that hurdē this,

“Certēs thu beodest him love ynou: the wrong is al  
his.”

Saint Thomas stod longe in thoȝte: and gan to sikē  
sore,

“Theȝ ich have ibeo in anuy: ȝut me is to comē more.

“If the archēbishops bifore me: haddo ido here miȝte,

“Hit nadde ibeo no need nou: to contecki ne to fiȝte.

“For er this, hi were stable ynouȝ: bi godē manēs  
siȝte,

“And custumes ne beoth to holdē noȝt: if hi beoth  
aȝé riȝte. 1620

“And for the bischopes were to nesche: bifore me, as  
ich hit fynde,

“Here folie ich mot nou abigge: other hit worth bi-  
hynde.

“Ich wot wel ther habbeth ibeo bifore: custumes in  
Engēlonde,

“Ac aȝen riȝte hi beoth: as ich understonde.

“Theȝ hi longe isuffred beo: and to custumēs idrawe,

“Ther ne mai no man to sothē sigge; that hit beo riȝt  
ne lawe.

“For oure Louerd loveth soth and riȝtnisse: and uvele  
custumes riȝt noȝt, iwis;

“And that he scheweth bi a word: that in the god-  
spel is:

“For oure Louerd him silf him eveneth: to sothnissē  
there,

“Ac he ne eveneth him nowhar to custumēs: for aȝé  
riȝt hit were. 1630

“Therefore me thingth that hit is riȝt: that we to soth-  
nisse drawe,

“And uvele custumēs desturbi: that beoth aȝé lawe.

“Therefore ynele none custumēs: suffri, bi mi miȝte,

“That aȝen sothnisse beoth: and holi churchē riȝte.

“Her me mai iseo that none uvele lawes: no god man  
ne schal afonge,

“Ac desturbi bi al his miȝte: theȝ hi beo holdē longe.

“For he that susteneth uvele lawes: as wel he haveth  
the sinne,

“Bote if he hem alegge, if he mai: as he that hem  
doth byg[i]nne.”

Tho the King of France ihurdě this: and othere that  
ther were,

That Seint Thomas this withseide: nothing apaid hi  
nere. 1640

“Sire Archěbischof,” he seide: “ich ihurě wel thi  
wrong;

“The King the beodeth love ynouȝ: the strif is on thé  
ilong.

“That woldest bynyme his lawes: that nere nevere  
bynome,

“And habbeth ibeo iholde of Kinges: that bifore him  
come.

“Gret maister thu woldest alondě beo: to moche were  
thi poër;

“To moche ich have honúred thé: in mi londě her.

“Bote thu grantie the riȝte lawes: bicomē ich wole  
thi fo;

“And if we beoth thine fon bothe: ynot whoder thu  
wolt go.”

Seint Thomas huld him evere in on: the Kinges werě  
wrothe,

And departede fram him so: in gretě wrathě bothe.

Hi stode and makede noyse ynouȝ: Seint Thomas he  
stod stille: 1651

For rather he wolde thaně deth: than herě lithere  
wille.

Nou helpě Crist this holi man: for neode he hadde tho!  
 Nou bothe the Kinges beoth his fon: whoder mai he  
 nou go?

Iflemmed he was of Engēlonde: and of France also:  
 His men makede tho deol ynouȝ: and nustě tho  
 what do.

And namliche his cunnēs men: that for him iflemmed  
 were.

“Louerd,” hi seide, “allas allas: that we of lyvě  
 nere!

“We beoth idryve of Engēlonde: and of France also,  
 “What scholdě morě sorwe, Louerd: than is icome  
 ous to?” 1660

Seint Thomas him makede glad ynouȝ: and gladede  
 also his men anon.

“Beoth stille,” he seide, “for ȝe makieth: needles deol  
 echon.

“ȝourě mete ȝe mowe aswynke: as gode men doth  
 menion.

“Beo ȝe fram me, hi wolleth beo freondes: that nou  
 beoth ȝourě fon.

“For ȝe nabbeth hate of noman: bote for me with  
 wouȝ;

“And beo ȝe fram me iwend: me wole ȝou lovie  
 ynouȝ.”

“A sire! merci,” quath this othere: “we witeth wel  
 al this:

“For ous silvě nis ous noȝt: bote for thé, iwis.

“For we schulle wel oure mete iwinne: ac we nute  
 what thu schalt do: 1669

“Bote thu schulle for hunger deye: louerd, whar thu schullē so.”

“Ich mai bidde mi mete,” quath Seint Thomas: “ynam to god therto;

“God zuldē alle that eni god: for his love me hath ido.

“Bituenē Burgoigne and Province: as me doth me understonde,

“Gode men beoth and almēsful: and of cundē londe.

“If ynemot in Francē beo: thider ich wolē wende,

“And bidde mi mete for Godēs love: if he hit me wolē sende.

“3ut som god man me mai iseo: if hit is Godēs wille,

“And habbe reuthe of me, and helpē me: that meseise me ne spille.”

His men for him and for hem silve: makede deol ynou3:

This gode man among al his wo: confortede hem and lou3. 1680

Allas the deol that ther was: that such aman bitidde!

That tharchebischop of Canterbure: scholde his metē bidde!

Deore abou3te he holi churchē: and holi churchē ri3te!

Wel au3te ech man her after drede: a3en holi churchē to fi3te.

As ech man his levē nom: aboutē forto wende,

And this holi man ek, in his half: whoder God him woldē sende;

Whoder God wolde, to bidde his mete: forte God him sende betere won;



God sende his grace among hem alle: that sori were  
echon.

The Kingës messenger of France: to Seint Thomas  
com gon,

And seidē that the King him bad: to him come anon.  
Forth wende this holi man: ac he nuste for whichē  
thingē, 1691

He tok him al to Godēs wille: and com bifore the  
Kinge.

The King anon, so he him isez: toward him com gon,  
And to his fet ful akneo: and cride merci anon.

“Blynd ich have ibeo,” he seide: “and that ich under-  
stonde.

“Al mi lond to thi wille nouth: ich bitakē thé an  
honde.

“The while ich am in Francē Kyng: ich wole thé  
fynde ynouȝ,

“For ich understonde that sothē nouth: that the King  
hath thé wouȝ.”

To Seint Denys he sende aȝé: this godē man, iwis,  
And fond him ther to spene ynou: him and allē his.

More he dude his miȝtē ȝut: and bituene hem sende his  
sonde, 1701

To bringe acord bituene hem: and the King of  
Engēlonde.

At Mount Martre in France: this dai was ynome:  
Thider were the Kingës bothe: and Seint Thomas  
icome.

The King of Francē dude his miȝte: that hi were at  
one ibrouȝt

Ac tho hi hadde to gadere ispeke: al hit was for noȝt.  
For the King swor evere his grete oth: that he nolde  
acord non,

Bote the statutz of Clarendone: iholdē were echon.  
And Seint Thomas swor, bi his day: that he nolde  
holde noȝt on;

Rathere he wolde thane deth afonge: bote ther were  
other iwon. 1710

Mid wraththē hi departedē: and nolde non other  
do:

Seint Thomas gan to sikē sore: and inliche wepe also.  
“Louerd,” he seidē, “help me nou: for thi swetē  
wounde!

“Other holi churchē is upē the poynte: to beo ibroȝt  
to grounde.

Maister Herbard of Bozham: that on of his clerkēs  
was,

In priveité bituene hem tuo: seidē to Seint Thomas;  
“Sire,” (he seide,) “the Mountmartre: this hul  
iclipē is,

“As hi habbeth ispeke of the pays: of holi churchē,  
iwis;

“And as the name saith of this hul: ich douti on mi  
thoȝt,

“Thurf thi martirdom holi churchē: worth to riȝte  
·ibroȝt.” 1720

This other seide, and siȝtē sore: “God ȝeve hit  
werē so,

“That thurf mi deth holi churchē: were ibroȝt therto,  
“That heo werē in riȝtē lawe: and in god pees ibroȝt:

“ And if ich hit miȝte bringe therto: of mi deth nere  
me no t.”

Aȝen midsomer hit biful: that the King gan under-  
stonde,

And in wraththe of Seint Thomas: aȝen wende to  
Engēlonde,

To seisi Henri his sone: with al his kynēdom,

And to crouni him, and longe him thoȝte: er he therto  
com.

And his consail that his was: mest of allē thinge,

Holi churche and Seint Thomas: in unriȝt forto  
bringe. 1730

For the archēbischofes riȝt: of Canterbury hit is,

To crouni the King of Engēlond: and non other, iwis;

And the King, in prejudice of him: to bynyme his  
riȝte,

Let other Bischops crouni his sone: and cudde a lutel  
miȝte.

Four Bischops him crounede: aȝen riȝt and wone;

Tharchebischop of Everwyke: and the Bischop of  
Londone;

And the Bischop of Salesbury: and of Roucetre also;

At Westmynstre, in Seint Peteres churche: this dedē  
was ido.

The fader servedē the sone: attē mete, aday; 1739

And with the reaumē seidē him: as al that folc isay.

This tethinges of this Kinges: to Seint Thomas come;

Of the unriȝt he sendē some: to the Court of Rome.

The Pope him sende his lettres aȝé: and his bulle, that  
me scholde

Amansi the King and his consail: which tymē that he  
wolde;

And suspendi the Bischops: that such unriȝt dude  
there;

And entrediti al Engelond: forto hit amended were.  
Seint Thomas athuld the lettre: forte God the gracē  
sende,

That he miȝte the dedē do: whan he to Engelond  
wende.

ȝut com Henri King tholthe: oftsone into France,  
And the King of France was anuyed: of his destur-  
bance; 1750

And wende aboute to makie acord. and bituene sendē  
faste,

So that, as God hit wolde: hi acordedē attē laste.

A Seintē Marie dai Magdalene: ido was this dede,

In a stede, that me clipeth: Traitousres Mede.

Also furde thacord: as the mede icliped was:

For therafter in a lutē stounde: nothing isene hit nas.

Moche hi speke in priveité: and in grete love wende  
atuo;

And Seint Thomas wende that the King: wolde al his  
willē do.

Maister Herbard of Bozam: to the King siththē  
wende,

Upe foreward that hi hadde: as Seint Thomas him  
sende; 1760

And bad him hotē ȝulde azé: as furforth as he miȝte,

That his ballifs in his bischopriche: nomē mid unriȝte.

“ȝé,” quath he, “wolde he so? ȝut he schal abide.

“Ich wole furst lokē hou he wole: him bere in other side.

“Peraventure he mai so faire: him berē a<sup>3</sup>é me,

“That ich him wole <sup>3</sup>ulde ech ferthing: therfore cheosē he.”

Lo which acord this was: and hou sone ido!

The anuy that hadde Seint Thomas: nas no<sup>3</sup>t yēnded so.  
Maister Herbard wende a<sup>3</sup>é: and tolde Seint Thomas  
fore. 1789

“<sup>3</sup>é,” tho<sup>3</sup>te this holi man: “this pees is forlore.”

Him silf Seint Thomas siththe: to the Kingē wende,  
To spe<sup>3</sup>ē more of this acord: if he hit mi<sup>3</sup>te amende.  
The King him wolcomede as li<sup>3</sup>te: as he ne huld no<sup>3</sup>t  
therto;

And wende him forth, and Seint Thomas: to hure his  
masse also.

He was iwoned to hure his masse: as hit ful to the day,  
And tho nom he forth a soulē masse: that no<sup>3</sup>t therto  
ne lay.

For he nolde cussē massēcos: to cussē Seint Thomas:  
This holi man tho<sup>3</sup>tē wel: whi thenchesoun was.

Wel narewe the King him bitho<sup>3</sup>te: to dryve his lither  
tho<sup>3</sup>t:

This acord was sone ido: and to feble ende ibro<sup>3</sup>t. 1780  
Tho the massē was ido: in consail longe hi stode.

Ofte the King up breide the he: him dude er of gode;  
Hou lo<sup>3</sup> man to him he com: and in which poēr he  
him bro<sup>3</sup>te,

And that he au<sup>3</sup>te wel uvele a<sup>3</sup>en him beo: if he him  
wel bitho<sup>3</sup>te.

So hi were togadere longe: and tho hi hadde al ido,  
 Theȝ hit lutē while ilaste: with love hi departede atuo.  
 Seint Thomas gan to sikē sore: tho he him hadde understonde,

That he hadde so longe ibeo: out of Engēlonde;  
 Theȝ hit were aȝen his wille: him thoȝte hit a lither dede,

That his bischopriche hadde ibeo: withoute govern  
 and rede. 1790

To the King of France he wendē furst: and to the gode  
 men and hende,

And faire of hem his leve he nom: to Engēlonde to  
 wende.

He thonkede hem of al onúr: that hi him hadde ido,  
 And with fair condut and gret love: fram hem wendē  
 so.

With gret honúr he wende of France: toward Engēlonde;

Attē havene he gan abide: that me clipeth Whitsonde.

The lettres that he hadde of Rome: to Engēlond he  
 sende,

To do the sentence al abrod: bifore him er he wende.  
 The Archebishop of Everwyk: in sentence he let do,  
 And the Bishop of Salesbure: and of Londone also;  
 For hi hadde icrouned the ȝungē King: aȝen his digneté,  
 With unriȝt in his bischopriche: he amansede allē threo.  
 Tho the tethinge to hem com: hi makeden hem wroth  
 ynouȝ, 1803

And threttede this holi man: theȝ hit were with wouȝ.

Seint Thomas wende toward schipe: to Engēlond to  
wende:

A man ther com fram Engēlond: aȝen him, god and  
hende.

“A sire!” he seide, “for Godēs love: ne passe noȝt  
ȝut the see;

“For knyȝtes ther beoth in Engēlonde: iredi thé to slee.

“At eche havene hi awaitieth: to kepe thé, meni on:

“If thu comest among hem ouȝt: thu worst aslawe  
anon.” 1810

“Certēs, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “ynele no leng  
abide;

“To Engēlond ich wole nou drawe: itidē what bitide.

“Theȝ ich beo to drawe lyme mele: ynele abide namore:

“To longe ich have thannes ibeo: and that me reweth  
sore.

“The soulēs that ich have to loke: six ȝer and more,  
iwis,

“Withoutē warde habbeth ibeo: allas to longe hit is!

“Wel ich wot ich wordē ther: aslawe, er comē longe:

“Ich wole for holi churchē riȝt: thanē deth fawe  
afonge.

“Ac biddeth for me to Jesu Crist: ich bidde, par charité.

“Ac tofore alle othere namēliche: o thing biddeth  
for me, 1820

“That God, for his holi grace: to Canterbury mesende,

“That ich mote quik other ded: to myn owe churchē  
wende;

“If ynemay noȝt alyvē come: er ich ymartred beo,

“That mi bodi motē ded: God hit granti me!”

His leve he nom dulfulliche: to schipe he wendē tho:  
 He thonkede him al onúr: that he him hadde ido.  
 And biteigte al Francē Jesu Crist: and blescede hit  
 wel faste,

That folc makede deol ynouȝ: the sorewe longe ilaste.  
 At Dovere werē Knyztēs ȝare: that ihurde of him  
 telle,

As sonē as he come up there: iredi him to quelle. 1830  
 Sire Renald de Warene: and Sire Randolf de Broke,  
 And also Gerveis the Scherreve: gret folc with him  
 toke,

To kepe this seli man at Dovere: whan he come up of  
 the see,

And, bote he wolde here willē do: al ȝarē him to sle.  
 To the havene of Sandwich: that schip wel evene  
 drouȝ,

And thother him abide at Dovere: with threting ynouȝ.  
 In the schipēs seyl anheȝ: this holi man let do,  
 A croicē that me fur isēȝ: isowed faste therto.  
 That was signe of his banēr: for other ne kipte he  
 non:

Men stode at Sandwych, and bihulde: the croicē meni on.  
 "We seoth nou hiderward," hi seide: "oure Bischop  
 Thomas." 1841

The ȝut he was fur in the see: me wistē ho hit was.  
 The cri was sonē widē couth: that folc orn swithe  
 ynouȝ;

And er he were to londe icome: faste aȝen him drouȝ.  
 Hi cride and thonkede Jesu Crist: that hi him moste  
 alyve iseo;



Hi wolcomede him with joye ynouȝ; ne miȝte noman  
more beo.

The thriddē dai of the Advent: bifore Cristēs masse  
hit was,

That he com thus to Engēlond: this gode man Seint  
Thomas;

The sovethe ȝer that he furst wende: out of Engēlonde,  
For six ȝer and a month he was fleme: as ich under-  
stonde, 1850

This was ellevē hondred ȝer: and sixti and tene,  
After that God an urthe: in his moder alizte, ich wene.  
The word to this Kniȝtēs com: to Dovere, of this cas,  
Hou Seint Thomas the holi man: at Sandwyche aryved  
was.

To Sandwyche hi wendē faste: Seint Thomas hi fonde  
anon;

With lither semblant ynouȝ: hi wolcomede him echon.  
Hi seide, "Hou havestou thanē wey: to Engēlonde  
ynome,

"That desturbest the lond: as sone as thu er icome,  
"And also al holi church: as we aldai iseoth,  
"That amansest the Bischops: that thyne felawēs  
beoth? 1860

"Thu aȝttest mid allē lawe: love pees and arere,  
"And ther nas nevere alondē pees: siththe thu bischop  
were.

"If thu thenchest wel to do: withdrauȝ thi dede, we  
redeth, sone;

"Other me schal do bi thé: as bi such a man is to done."

"Mi leovē freond," quath Seint Thomas: "soth hit is  
ynouȝ,

“That mansing ich let do: mid riȝte and noȝt mid  
wouȝ;

“And bi mi louerdes leve, the King: that ech man  
in riȝte were,

“That so gret trepás ne wendē forth: bote hit amended  
were,

“And were eftsonē afterward: mid unriȝt and aȝé  
lawe,

“In diserteisoun of mi churche: to custume idrawe.  
Tho the Kniȝtes ihurde: that the King consentede  
therto, 1871

Hi bilevede here gretē mod: and here threting also,  
And in faire manere bede him: undo his mansinge,  
To norischi love to his felawes: bituene him and the  
Kinge.

So that respit bituenē hem: of this answerē hi nome,  
Forte Seint Thomas amorwe: to Canterbury come.

Seint Thomas amorwe: to Canturbure drouȝ;

The contrai aȝen him com: with joye and blisse ynouȝ.  
Ech preost somnede his parosche: clanliche, in ech  
ende;

To beo ȝare aȝen him: with processiouȝ to wende;  
So that with processiouȝ: meni and faire ynouȝ, 1881  
With croiz and with tapres: the contray aȝen him  
drouȝ.

With croiz and with taperes: ne miȝte non morē beo,  
Hi thonkede allē Jesu Crist: that hi miȝte him  
alyve iseo.

Of bellen and of taperes: so grēt was the soun,  
Of instrument and of song: tho he com into the toun,

That me ne miȝte ibure other thing: for the noyse so  
gret;

More joye ne miȝtē beo: than was in the stret.

As oure Louerd a Palmsonedai: honúred was ynouȝ,  
Tho he rod into Jerusalem: and toward his dethē  
drouȝ; 1890

Also was Seint Thomas: as me miȝte iseo there,  
For oure Louerd wolde that his deth: ilichē to his were.  
Er this holi man, Seint Thomas: to his churchē come,  
The monekes with processioun: aȝen him thane wei  
nome.

Of his palefrai he aliȝte adoun: and the monekes  
echon,

To the heȝe weved myldēliche: hi ladde him up anon.  
Tho he hadde at churche ido: al that was to done,  
With his men myldēliche: to his in he wendē sone.  
Nadde Seint Thomas noȝt ibeo: at his paleys wel longe,  
That this Kniȝtēs eft ne come: here answeƿe to  
afonge. 1900

Hi beden as hi duden er: undo his mansinge,  
And assoilli the Bisschops: that he let therinne bringe.  
“Beau frere,” quath Seint Thomas: “that ne mai ich  
do noȝt;

“For hi beoth in sentence: thurf the Pope ibroȝt.

“And ynemai noȝt undo his dede: ȝe wite, in nonē  
place;

“Ac noȝt, for than ich tristē wel: so mochē to his  
grace,

“That ich wole assoilli hem: in thissē formē, fawe,

“That hi do surance forto stonde: to holi churchē  
lawe,

“And to the heved of holi churchē: and in other  
formē non.”

The Knigtēs tho hi hurde this: faste hi chidde echon;  
And tho hi nadde non other word: for wraththē forth  
hem wende, 1911

And tolde the Bischops here answerē: that hem thider  
sende.

The Bischops hem makede wroth ynouȝ: and thret-  
nede faste,

And nathēles the tueye of hem: withdrowe hem attē  
laste.

The Bischop of Salesbury: and of Londone also,  
To holi churchē woldē stonde: and to hire loking also.  
Ac tharchebischop of Everwyk: anon him withsede:  
“Daithat,” he seide, “that astonde: so folliche at ȝoure  
rede,

“Forto don ous in his grace: that evere was oure fo.

“He hath ido ous meni schame: and thanne he wole do  
ous mo. 1920

“Theȝ he hadde of ȝou poër: he nath non of me,

“For Archebischop ich am: ȝe wite, as wel as he.

“Ich wot ich have a lutē cofre: that stent hol and  
sound,

“Ther beoth ȝut innē attē leste: eigthē hondred pound.

“ȝare ich am to spenē that: ȝut me thencheth to lute,

“Forto awreke ous wel of him: and alegge his prute.

“Wende we to the Kinge anon: and telle we of this  
dede,

“ And that him ne tideth nevereft pees: bote he him  
therof rede.”

This threo Bischops hastēliche: over see thanē wei  
nome;

Alute biforē Cristes masse: to the King hi come. 1930  
Hi fonden him in Normandie: hi fulle adoun akneo;  
Hi beden him holden up his onúr: and here help to  
beo.

Hi tolden him hou this gode man: tho he to londē com,  
Desturbede al holi churchē: and the kynēdom;  
And hou he hadde with gretē prute: in sentence ido  
Allē that makede his sone Kyng: and assentede therto;  
And hou he, in despit of him: dude suche lither dede,  
And the lawes of his lond: about riȝt withsede.

Theȝ King the he hurdē this: for wraththe he was neȝ  
wod;

He ȝeode up and doun as witles: and ofte in thoȝtē  
stod. 194

“ If alle that makedi mi sone King: he manseth,” he  
sede,

“ Mid the furste he manseth me: for hit was mi dede.

“ Ho miȝte in suchē sorinisse: such lyf longē lede?

“ The traitour aspilleth al that lond: and bringȝth ous  
in wrecchede.”

• Ofte he cursede alle: that he hadde forth ibroȝt,  
That hi of the falsē preost: his fo, ne wreke him noȝt,  
That desturbed al that lond: and broȝtē in wrecchede.  
As he ȝeodē up and doun: and this wordēs sede,  
His Kniȝtēs, tho hi hurdē this: hi stodē sonē stille:  
Hi bihoȝtē stillēliche: to paye the Kingēs wille. 1950

Foure that the mestě schrewen were: bithozten of a  
gyle,

Sire Renald le Fizours: and Sire Hughe de Moreville,  
And Sire Williem the Traci: and Sire Richard the  
Brut;

Here namēs, for here schrewede: ne beoth noȝt forȝutē  
ut.

Hi nome hem to redē stillēliche: to passi the see,  
And forto paye the Kingēs wille: Seint Thomas to sle.  
Stillēliche hi wendē forth: that no man hit nuste.

Hi were neȝwhat attē see: er the King hit wiste:  
Tho the King hit underȝet: after hem he sende, 1959  
That hi levede here folie: and aȝen to him wende.

Ac this messenger ne miȝtē noȝt: atake hem mid no ginne,  
For er he com to the see: hi were fur with inne,  
Tho makede the King deol ynouȝ: that hi were forth  
iwend,

And that the messenger hem ne oftok: that he after  
hem isend.

Seint Thomas at Canterbure: a Midewynteres day,  
Stod and prechedē that folc: as meni man isay.

In his predicioun: he gan to sikē sore,  
And deol and sorwe makede ynouȝ: ne miȝtē no man  
more.

He wep and lokedē therto: hou the teres urne adoun;  
Ther was ek meni weping eȝe: sone into al the toun.

“Mi leovē freond,” quath Seint Thomas: wepingē wel  
sore, 1961

“ȝoure preost ich habbe awhilē beo: ac ynemai nou  
nomore.

“For myn endedai is neȝ icome: ynē worthē noȝt her  
longe,

“Ich schal for holi churchē riȝt: quik thane deth  
afonge.

“Biddeth for me, for Godēs love: and for holi churchē  
also.

“That is almost ibroȝt to groundē: bote God nyme  
ȝeme therto.

“Ac thane deth ich wole fawe afonge: whan hit is  
Godēs wille,

“For the riȝt of holi churchē: rather than heo aspille.”  
Boc and candle he nom anon: and amansedē riȝt there,  
Alle that werrede holi churchē: and aȝen hire riȝtēs  
were; 1970

And nameliche Sire Randolf de Broke: and Sire Ro-  
bert de Brok also,

That the bischopriche of Canterbury: mid unriȝt  
hadde misdo.

For the while Seint Thomas was out of londe: the  
King Henri bitoc

The bischopriche, al to loke: to Sire Randolf de Brok;  
And he makede Robert de Brok: his clerk that was  
tho,

Wardeyn therof under him: that dude the lond wel wo.  
He destruyde al the bischopriche: and to him nom and  
drouȝ,

And let him gret bold arere: of that he nom with wouȝ.  
Therinne a Cristēs massē dai: tho this mansing was ido,  
He sat and et nobliche: and meni with him also. 1980  
He castē houndēs of his bred: that bifore him lay,

And everech hound hit forsoc: as al that folc isay.  
 Tho handlede he other bred: and let menge hit, attē  
 laste,

With other bred ther biside: and amonge the houndes  
 hit caste.

Al that he ihandlede hadde: the houndēs hit forlete,  
 And chose out thother ther among: and clanliche hit  
 ete.

The mansing was on him isene: anon thulkē day;  
 Ther was gret wreche of God: as al that folc isay.

Whan hi that bred forsoke: that tofore him lay,  
 Bi a Fridai, thulkē 3er: was Cristēs massē day. 1990  
 As this four lithere Kniȝtes: of wham we gonnē telle,  
 To Engēlondē were icome: Seint Thomas forto  
 quelle;

To the castel of Saltwode: a Seint Thomas dai hi come,  
 Six myle fram Canterbury: and ther here in nome.  
 And Sire Randolf de Brok: to hem com wel sone.  
 Thulkē niȝt hi nome here red: the lithere dede to done.  
 Amorwe, a Childerne massē dai: (as God the gracē  
 sende,)

Sire Randolf de Brok: to Canterburē wende,  
 Forto enquere of Seint Thomas: whar hi him miȝtē  
 fynde,

That he ne drowe him noȝt awei: ne huddē him bi-  
 hynde. 2000

This Kniȝtēs thanē Tuēsdai: nolde no leng bileve,  
 Ac wendē forth to Canterbure: wel er hit were eve.  
 Aboutē tyme of evēsong: to Seint Thomas hi come,  
 Thane wei, baldēliche: to his chambre hi nome.



Hi come, and fonden him stillliche: in his chambre  
stonde,

With his privei clerkes: and gret consail hadde an-  
honde.

Sire Renald le Fizours: grimliche forth wende:

“Sire,” he seide, “oure louerd the King: in message  
hider ous sende.”

“Fram him out of Normandie: an heste we habbeth  
ibroȝt,

“That thu do his comandement: that thu ne bileve  
hit noȝt; 2010

“And that thu wendē to his sone: that ȝung Kyng  
ymaked is,

“And amende aȝen him that thu hast: his fader ido amis;

“And swere him oth to beo him true: and of the  
baronye also,

“That thu holdest of him in chief: do that thu auȝtest  
to do.

“The clerkēs that thu bringest with thé: if hi wolleth  
her astonde,

“Swerie the King true to beo: other hi schulle out of  
londe.”

“Beau sire,” quath this godē man: “ynelē thé noȝt  
lie:

“Ich wole do the King that ich auȝte: for the baronie.

“Ac nolde God that holi churchē: underfote were  
so,

“That ich, other mi clerkes: eni of hem do. 2020

“Thu wost wel that alle the lewede men: that beōth  
in his londe,

"Ne swerieth noȝt thulkě oth: as ich understonde.

"Nou wolde ȝe holi churchē: in gret servagě do,

"In more than a lewed man: nai, ne worth hit noȝt so."

"Me thingth wel," quath Sire Renald: "thu nelt do nothing,

"Of the heste that we bringeth thé: fram oure louerd the King.

"We hoteth thé ek, in his half: that thu assoilli also

"The Bischop[s] that thu hast: in sentence ido."

"Beau sire," quath Seint Thomas: "hit nis mi dedě noȝt:

"Ac thurf the Popěs owě mouth: hi beoth in sentence  
ibroȝt; 2030

"And, thu wost wel, ynemai noȝt: the Popěs dēde undo."

"Thurf the Pope," quath Sire Renald: "ido? thurf thé hit is so."

"If the Pope," quath Seint Thomas: "hath in sentence ibroȝt,

"That habbeth mi churchē misdo: hit ne mispaeth me noȝt."

"In eche manēre thu schewest wel:" Sire Renald seidě tho,

"Forto anuye oure louerd the King: and thu ert his fo.

"Whar thurf we wel iseoth: thu wilnest him do wo,

"And bynyme his crounē, if thu miȝt: ac hit ne schal noȝt go so;

"And king thu woldest beo in his stede: thu ne worst nevermo."

"Certes, sire," quath Seint Thomas: "yně thenchě  
noȝt therto. 2040

"Ac ich him wole rathere therto helpe: so moche as  
ich may,

"And for him and his honúr: ich biddě niȝt and day.

"For ther nis non an urthe: that ich lovie more, iwis,

"Than ich do him, sauf his fader: that mi louerd is.

"A Seintě Marie dai Magdalene: (to sothe ich siggě  
thé,)

"Thacord was ymaked: bituene mi louerd and me;

"And he seide me that ich lete amansi: alle that  
habbeth misdo

"Mi churche, that is his owě moder: and that ich  
habbe ido."

"Avoy! sire preost!" quath this other: "to moche  
thu spext neȝ,

"Thu desclandrest thin owě louerd: thou nert  
nothin[g] sleȝ. 2050

"Saistou that mi louerd the King: in mansing let do

"Alle that makede his sone King: ne consentede he  
therto?

"Nas hit al bi his owě dede: and bi non other maně  
lore?

"Avoi! sire preost!" he seide, "bithench thé bet:  
ne sai thu so nomore."

"Sire," quath Seint Thomas: "thú wost wel hit was  
so:

"For thou were ther, tho thé silf: and meni other therto,

"Archebischops and Bischops: and other grete and  
heȝe;

“ȝe, vyf hondred men and mo: as thé silf iseȝe.”

“Beo stille!” quath this lithere Knigt: “hold thi mouth, ich rede.

“Thumissaist foule thin owě louerd: daithat hit so sede.

“Ho miȝtě suffri such desclandre: bote he nomě  
wrecche? 2061

“Bi the fei that ich owe to God: me schal thé another teche.”

His felawes also everechone: here arměs abroad caste,  
And furde as men that wodě were: and thretnedě faste.  
To the monekes hi wende anon: “cometh forth,” hi sede,  
“ȝe holdeth her the Kingěs fo: witeth him wel, ich rede:

“And her to the Kingěs wille: his bodi habbě ȝare,

“Other he schal ȝoure londes aboute: and ȝoure maners make bare.”

“Sire Renald,” quath Seint Thomas: “wenestou ich wole fleo?

“Nai, pardé, noȝt ofót: for the King ne for thé!” 2070

“Bi Gode, sire preost,” quath Renaud: “bi than thu wost than ende:

“Thi fleoinge worth swithě schört: thu ne schal noȝt fur wende.”

This Knigtěs in grete wraththe ynouȝ: wendě forth anon,

And lete hem armi swithě wel: and come aȝé echon,  
With swerděs and with axes: and mid other arměs mo;  
Robert de Brok, the lithere clerk: was with hem tho.  
Into the cloistre of Canterbure: with grete noyse hi gonne weve:

The monekes songe compli: for hit was neȝ eve.  
 Summe for this gretȝ noyse: fulle adoun for fere;  
 Summe bigonne to fleo aboute: as hi witles were. 2080  
 Seint Thomas nom a croice anhonde: and other armȝ  
 non,

And therwith wel baldȝliche: ȝeode aȝen his fon.  
 The monekes urnȝ to him sone: "Sire, merci!" hi sede,  
 "For Godȝ love abyd ȝut: ȝure Louerd thé mai wel  
 rede.

"Suffre that we helpȝ thé: other that we with thé  
 deye."

Some wolde maki the dores: tho hi this iseye.

"Bileveth," quath this holi man: "ȝe ne doth noȝt as  
 the wise:

"Singeth forth ȝour evȝsong: and ȝure Louerdes ser-  
 vise.

"Me ne schal of holi churche: castel mak non.

"Leteth foles astounde awede: and in here folies gon."

This Knigtȝ comȝ reken in: here folies forto do:

"Whar is," hi seide, "the traitour: and fals Bischof  
 also?" 2092

Seint Thomas nom the croiz anhonde: and answerede  
 his fon:

"Her ich am, Godȝ preost: ac traitour nan ich non.

"Secheth him that wole ȝu fleo: other thredȝ ȝoure  
 thretinge.

"No prestere ne beoth ȝoure swerdes: me to dethȝ  
 bringe,

"That myn hurtȝ prestere nis: thane dethȝ forto take:

"For the riȝt of holi churche: ynele thane deth forsake."

Ther wendē forth on, anon: and his hure of drouȝ,  
And his mantel afterward: mid vyltē ynouȝ. 2100

Sire Renald le Fizours: pursuede him anon.

“Sire Renald,” quath Seint Thomas: “hou schal this  
nou gon?”

“Ich have thé oftē god ido: thé and othere mo.”

“Thu schalt sone,” quath this other: “wite hou hit  
schal go.

“Traitour! thu ert ded anon: other neli do!”

“Tosothe,” quath[*this*] holi man: “prest ich am therto.

“For the riȝtes of holi churchē: of the deth ich am  
fawe,

“If heo miȝte therafterward: in pees beo and in lawe.

“Ac ich bidde ȝu, if ȝe sicheth me: in ourē Louerdes  
name,

“That ȝe ne come neȝ no man: him to no schame:

“For non other gulti nis: of that ȝe witeth me; 2111

“Alle gulteles hi beoth bote ich one: therfore siker  
ȝe beo;

“And also gulteles as hi beoth: harmles leteth hem  
wende.”

This gode man sat adoun akneo: tho he seȝ his ende:

And forto fongē martirdom: the heved he bed adoun,

And wel softe, as somme ihurde: seide his oreisoun.

“Oure Louerd and Seint Marie: and Seint Dionis also,

“And alle the avowes of the churchē: that ich an on  
ido;

“Ich bitake mi soul here: and holi churchē riȝte.”

ȝut he bad for holi churchē: tho he nadde non other  
miȝte. 2120

Sire Renald le Fizours: mest schrewe of echon,  
 Forto smyte this holi man: his swerd he droug anon.  
 Ac Edward Grim, that was his clerke: of Grante-  
 brugge ibore;

To helpe his louerd, if he miȝte: his arm pulte bifore.  
 He wondede his arm swithe sore: the blod orn adoun:  
 With thulkě dint he smot also: Seint Thomas upe the  
 croun,

That the blod orn bi his face adoun: bi the riȝt half  
 of the wounde.

Loude gradde this lithere Kniȝt: "smiteth alle to  
 grounde!" 2128

Edward Grim and alle his men: that aboute him were,  
 Urne aboute ech in his side: upe the wevedes for fere.  
 As hit bi oure Louerd furde: tho the Gywes him nome,  
 His disciples flowe anon: he nuste whar hi bicomē.  
 For in the Godspel hit is iwrite: as oure Louerd silf  
 sede,

"Whan me smyteth the schephurde: the schep wolleth  
 to sprede."

And oure Louerde bad me ne scholde: his disciples  
 non harm do:

Theron thoȝtē Seint Thomas: and bad for his men also.  
 Another Kniȝt smot Seint Thomas: in thulkě silvē  
 wounde,

And makede buye his face adoun: and loke toward  
 the grounde.

The thridde in thulkě silvē stede: therafter him smot  
 anon, 2139

And makede him aloute adoun: his face upe the ston.

In thulkē stede the furthē smot: that thothere hadde  
er ido,

And the poynt of his swerd brak: in the marbelston  
atuo.

For honour of the holi man: that therwith was  
ismyte,

Thulke poynt at Canterbury: the monekes witieth gute.  
With thulkē stroc he smot of: the sculle and eke the  
croune,

That the brayn orn abrod: upe the pavēment ther-  
doun.

The white brayn was ymengd: with red blod there;  
The colour was fair to iseo: theȝ hit reuthē were.

And alround hit orn aboute his heved: as theȝ hit  
were a diademe, 2049

And alround theraboutē lay: wherof me tok grete zeme.  
For whan me peynt an halewe: ȝe ne seoth noȝt  
bileved,

That ther nis ipeynt around: alaboute the heved;  
That is iclepid diademe: as me seȝ ther a fair cas,  
Bi the diademe of his heved: that he halewe was.

Tho this holi man was aslawe: this Kniȝtēs gradde  
echone,

“This traitour is to dethe ibroȝt: wende we hunne  
anon.

“Sueth ous the Kingēs men: and alle that with him  
beoth:

“Of this traitour we beoth awreke: as we alle iseoth.

“He thoȝte beo heȝere than the King: and bynyme  
his croune,



“And to noȝt bringe al that lond: and nou he lith ther-  
dounel!” 2060

As the Gywēs dude bi oure Louerd: tho hi wolde him  
to dethē do,

That he madeke him king, and non nas: and Godes  
Sone also.

Tho this lithere Kniȝtes: fram Seint Thomas were  
agon,

Robert de Brok him bithoȝte: and aȝē turnede anon,  
And thurf his scullē smot the swerd: fur with inne  
the heved,

That the sculle al amti was: and no brayn therinne  
bilevede.

As the Gywēs smyte oure Louerd: into the hurte  
grounde,

After his deth, with a spere: and madeke him the  
vyftē wounde.

This lithere men alle in o stede: smitē Seint Thomas,  
In the sculle evene abrod: as the crounē was. 2070

He nas noȝt the man that wolde: his heved enes  
withdrawe,

Ne fondē forto blinche a strok: ne his fot aweiward  
wawe;

Ne enēs grone ne makie cri: ac myldēliche and softe  
His heved huld eveneforth: theȝ hi smyten ofte.

This lithere Kniȝtēs wende anon: to his tresorie,  
And breke his dorēs and his cofres: and dude here  
robberie;

Hi nome his clothēs and his hors: and his tresour  
also,

Chartres and other priveri writes: that in his cofres  
were ido.

Hi bitoke hem Sire Randolf de Brok: that he to the  
Kingē wende, 2079

Therwith into Normandie: and sigge that hi him sende,  
That he dude therwith what he wolde: and if ther eni  
were,

Aȝen his franchise and his wille: that he hit sone to  
tere.

Among his tresour hi fonde ek: tui wel strongē here,  
Wel vyliche hi hem nome and caste awei: as hi noȝt  
worth nere;

And natheles hi bithoȝtē hem: and were somdel in  
fere,

And bispeke bituene hem stillēliche: that he god man  
were.

Sire Williēm de Traci siththē tolde: of this gode man  
Seint Thomas,

The Bischop of Excestre in schrifte: as he ischryvē  
was,

That tho Seint Thomas was islawe: and hi outward  
were,

Hem agros so sorē that hi were: neȝ witles for fere.  
For hem thoȝtē as hi outward wende: ne ȝeoden hi  
noȝt so swithe, 2091

That the urthe openede hem aȝē: to swolewe hem  
alyve.

Tho Seint Thomas aslawē was: and the Kniȝtes out  
agon,

Into al the toun of Canterbure: couth hit was anon;

That folc cride dulfulliche: and to churchē drowe,  
 And honurede that holi bodi: and custē hit ynowe.  
 The monekes come sone thider: and this holi bodi toke,  
 In a bere faire hi hit leide: and tofore an auter hit  
 woke.

The face was whyt and cler ynouȝ: and no blod ther-  
 inne,

Bote fram the lift half of his foreheved: to the lift half  
 of his chinne, 2100

A smal rewe ther was of blod: that over his nosē  
 drouȝ;

No more blod nas in his necke: as that folc iseȝ ynouȝ.  
 The wonden bledde al longē niȝt: me miȝte hente  
 therof, iwis:

In the churchē of Canturbure: of the blod ȝut ther is.  
 Ac he nas of nothe worse heu: for al that he bledde  
 there,

Bote cler and ihewed wel ynouȝ: as he alyvē were:  
 Sumdel laȝinge with his mouth: he lai as he slepe.  
 That folc was aboute him thicke: that blod forto kepe;  
 And forto gaderi of that blod: that ischad was in the  
 groundē,

And of the urthē that was babled: glad weren hi whan  
 hi hit founde. 2110

For that nolde noman hem werne: thicke awei me hit  
 drouȝ,

And ho miȝte him enēs tuochi: he was glad ynouȝ.  
 Amorwe this lithere Kniȝtes: armeden hem eftsone,  
 And withoute the tounē nome here red: what hem was  
 to done.

Hi radden hem to nyme this bodi: and with wyldē hors  
to drawe,

And on a warȝtreo hongē hit siththe: and seidē hit  
was lawe:

For he nas worthē to beon ibured: in churchē, ne in  
churchȝerd.

This monekes overtrowede this: and were sumdel aferd.

Hi burede this holi bodi: in a stede ther biside,

With wel lute solempneté: for hi ne therste no leng  
abide. 2120

This holi bodi was ibured: in the minstrē of Jesu  
Crist,

Bifore Seint Austines weved: and Seint Johnes the  
Baptist.

Hi ne therste so longe abide: that the bodi iwaschē  
were,

Ac al ungreithed hi leide hit in: and hizedē for fere.

As hi strupten his clothēs of: al abouten him hi fonde

Clerkēs clothes, as hit biful: ac another attē groundē:

For monekes abyȝt was withinne: as hi fondē there,

Bothe couele and stamyn: hi fondē next the here.

So that he was withinnē monek: and secular withoute:

Nuste noman his priveité: of that hem was aboute.

Next his flesch his herē was: with knottēs menion;

That deope in his flesch hi wode: and summe anon to  
the bon. 2132

Therof he haddē schurte and brech: lutel ese he miȝtē  
vele;

So that he was therinne ibounde: fram schuldre to the  
hele.

With lutel ese he miȝtē sitte: and unésēlichē ride,  
 And unésēlichē liggē ek: and wende up aither side.  
 Ful of wormēs was his flesch: ek to other wo,  
 In no creature (ich understonde): ne fond nevere man  
 mo.

For in eche stedē of his flesch: hi were so thicke  
 isete,  
 That the grete ne miȝtē come: for the smalē to here  
 mete. 2140

Faste hi schove and cropē ek: as emeten alaboutē;  
 Ac the smalē clevede fastē to: the grete levede with-  
 oute.

He deide ellevē hondred ȝer: and soventi and on,  
 After that oure Louerd aliȝte: to nyme oure flesch  
 and bon.

Of threo and vyfti ȝer him silf: of eldē he was tho:  
 He haddē meni a fair dai: ilyved in care and wo.  
 The King was evere in Normandie: and therof nustē  
 noȝt:

He makede deol and sorwe ynou: tho the tethinge him  
 was ibroȝt.

In the castel of Argentyme: he sojournede tho, 2149  
 Withoute the ȝet ne com he noȝt: fourti dayes ne mo;  
 Ac evere him hulde in priveité: in wop and other wo;  
 For no neode that me him sede: he nolde withoutē go.  
 He ne roȝte nothing of this wordle: lute he et also:  
 The sorwe and deol that he makede: ne miȝte nevere  
 beo ido.

He sende anon to Canterbure: for this deolful dede,

And the monekēs bad pitousliche: that hi for him  
bede;

And sende hem word that hit nas: nothing bi his rede,  
And that the Kniȝte[s] wendē forth: and nothing hi ne  
seide;

And that he sendē after hem: that hi come azé,  
And er the man hem comē to: hi were fur in the see.  
To the Popē also god: the King sendē sone, 2161  
And bad his consail pitousliche: what him was to done;  
And bad him, for the love of God: in such angusse  
him rede,

That he were ischryvē and assoilled: of the lithere  
dede.

The Pope haddē gret pité: that he such word him  
sende;

And gret joy that he hadde wille: his lyf to amende.  
Twei Cardynals he sendē him: wise men bothē tuo,  
To schryve him of thulkē synne: and assoilli also;  
And the Bischops to assoilli ek: that were in mansinge.  
Wele that this Cardinals: wolcome were the Kinge.  
The King bad hem deolfulliche: schryve him of the  
dede; 2171

Ac bihet hem stabliche: to stonde al at here rede.  
He swore upe the halidom: that hit nas bi him noȝt,  
Ne bi his wille, ne bi his heste: that he was to dethe  
ibroȝt;

Ne that for his fader deth: so sori man he nas,  
Ne for his mordē nothēmo: as he for him was.  
And that he wolde with godē hurte: the penance al  
afonge,

That hi wolde legge on him: nere hit noȝt so stronge;  
 For he was enchésoun of his deth: and of his anuy  
 also,

For the Kniȝtēs to paye him: brouȝtē him therto. 2180  
 Tho the Cardinals iseȝe: that he repentant withdrouȝ,  
 Hi assoillede him, and leide on him: penance strong  
 ynouȝ,

In priveité, as riȝt was: that noman hit nuste;  
 And this ek that ich wole nou telle: that that folc of  
 wiste;—

That he fonde to the holi londe: to hondred kniȝtes to  
 fiȝte,

Al a ȝer, with Templers: for holi churchē riȝte;  
 And the statutz of Clarendone: he scholde alout with-  
 drawe,

For whan this holi man: was ibroȝt of dawē;  
 And that he clanliche ȝulde aȝē: that bynomē was,  
 The bischopriche of Canterbure: for wraththe of  
 Seint Thomas; 2190

That he schulde his uel wille: al clanliche ek forȝyve,  
 Al that he hadde of londe: for wraththe of him idryve.  
 The King grantede al here wille: wepingē wel sore;  
 And seide hit was to lute: and bad legge on him more;  
 And seide, “almid willē her: mi bodi ich bitake:  
 “ȝeveth me penānce ynouȝ: ynelē non forsake.”  
 He wende out attē churchē dore: assoilled to beo,  
 And ne huld him noȝt worthe: that me scholde him  
 withinne iseo.

Withoute the churchē pitousliche: he sat adoun aȝneo,

Ac the Cardinals nolde noȝt: his bodi al unwreo. 2200  
 Ac somdel above his clothes: hi assoillede him there.  
 For deol hi wopě pitousliche: meni that ther were.  
 As sone he make ane biheste: with wel dreori chere,  
 His fader penance to fulfille: if he of poēr nere;  
 If he ful in feble stat: that he ne miȝte hit ful ende,  
 The penance he nom upe him silve: and dude as the  
 hende.

Thus was this godě man: ibroȝt to martirdom:  
 Meni was the fair mirācle: that siththě for him com.  
 Me wiste in Jerusalem: that he was to dethe ido, 2209  
 Withinne the furstě fourtēniȝt: that hit com therto.  
 For a monek of thulkě londe: in his deth uvel lay,  
 And his Abbot tofore him com: bifore his endě day;  
 And conjured him that he scholde: after his deth uvel  
 there,

Come to him and telle him fore: in which stat he were.  
 So that the monek deidě sone: as God ȝaf the cas.  
 To his Abbot siththe he com: as he conjured was;  
 And seide that he isaved was: in the joye of hevene  
 anheȝ, 2217

And tolde him mochě of the joye: that he ther iseȝ.  
 He tolde him that thulkě tyme: that he to hevene com,  
 The Archebischof of Canterbury: tholede martirdom;  
 And that his soulě thulkě tyme: wende to hevene anon.  
 Fair was the processoun: that aȝen him com gon,  
 Of angles and of patriarcs: and of apostles also,  
 Of martirs and of confessours: and of virginēs therto.  
 Hi nome alle his holi soule: and tofore oure Louerd  
 come,



And brouzte him with joye ynouȝ: as he sat on his  
trone.

His crounē was al of ismyte: blodi was his heved,  
And his brayn was al ischad: that ther nas noȝt ileved.  
“Thomas! Thomas!” quath oure Louerd: “thus hit  
falleth to thé,

“To come into thi Louerdes court: in suche manère  
to me. 2230

“For thi servise, ich thé ȝeve: mochē joye and blis,  
“As ich ȝaf Seint Peter: that myn owe disciple is.”  
A croune he sette upon his heved: of gold cler and  
god:

Wel bicom the briztē gold: upon the redē blod.  
Morē joye ne miȝtē beo: than for him in hevene was:  
The Archebisshop of Canterbure: this was Seint  
Thomas.

The Tuesdai after Cristēs masse: the nextē that ther  
com,

The holi man Seint Thomas: tholede martirdom.  
And whan thu hurest telle of his deth: of men of  
Engēlonde,

Thu schalt ileove me of this tale: and that sothe  
underfonge. 2240

The Abbot sone amorwe: ne forȝet noȝt Seint Thomas,  
Ac the Patriarc of Jerusalem: he toldē al that cas;  
So that forthere in the ȝere: hit was wel understonde,  
That Pelegrims thider come: out of Engēlonde.

The Pelegrims tolde al that sothe: as he hadde er ised,  
In what manère he was aslawe: and which tyme he  
was ded.

Icud was thus in Jerusalem: the deth of Seint Thomas,  
 Withinne the furstē fourtēnigt: that he ymartred was.  
 The vyftē ȝer (ich understonde): after his martirdom,  
 Bituene King Henri and his sone: gret contek ther  
 com. 2250

The sone bicom prout anon: for his kynēdom,  
 And of his fader toldē lute: and werrē upe him nom.  
 The mestē del was with his sone: of al Engēlonde,  
 And the King of France also: and the King of Scot-  
 londe;

So that this seli oldē man: in sorwe was ynouȝ;  
 Al he hit wiste the lithere dede: that me Seint Tho-  
 mas slouȝ.

He wendē out of Normandie: into Engēlonde;  
 Er he com to Canterbure: he nolde no whar atsonde.  
 Tho he com fur withoute the toun: he gan to alizte  
 adoun,

Al afote and barefot: he wende into the toun, 2260  
 In his curtel al ungurd: (as al that folc isay,)  
 And to the place he wendē so: as Seint Thomas lay.  
 He huld up his honden dulfulliche: and cridē milce  
 and ore:

At his tumber he ful akneo: wepingē wel sore.  
 Weping in his oreisouns: al fastinge he lay,  
 At this holi manēs tumber: a niȝt and a day.  
 Of ech monek of the hous: he let him discipline,  
 With a ȝurd, and ȝut him thoȝte: that hit was to lute  
 pyne.

He bad hem allē dulfulliche: biddē for him one: 2269  
 He swor ek to legge adoun: the lithere lawes echone.

So that he let singe a masse: er he thannēs wende,  
Of Seint Thomas the holi man: that he his grace him  
sende.

The whilē me this massē song: (as God ȝaf the cas,)  
The Kyng of Scotlond was ynome: that his meste fo  
was;

And meni othere ek with him: that were his mestē fon,  
So that hi that were ynome: naddē poēr non.  
So that this seli oldē Kyng: that bynethe tho was,  
Al above was ibroȝt: thurf the grace of Seint Thomas;  
And his sone was bynethe: and so biȝat ful lute,  
To werren aȝen his fader: for his sori prute. 2280  
Bi him men mowe nyme ensample: to beo to hastyve,  
To ȝeve here sonēs up here lond: the while hi beoth  
alyve.

The sone tho therafterward: provede uvele ynouȝ;  
Wel longe bifore his fader: toward the dethe he drouȝ,  
And forpynede in the meneisoun: that his lyf him  
thoȝtē longe,

And deidē siththē dulfulliche: in gret pyne and strong.  
His brother also, Sire Geffrai: that of Britaigne Eorl  
was,

Deide ek in the meneisoun: in the silvē cas;  
So that after here fader dethe: ther bilevede heir non,  
Bote here brother Kyng Richard: and siththē Kyng  
John. 2290

Ac Sire Geffreies child: bi riȝtē lawe of londe,  
Scholde hadde ibore the heritage: as ich understonde:  
Therefore that maide of Britaigne: that his douȝter was,  
In warde was al hire lyf: for thulkē silvē cas.

The lithere Kniztēs, allē foure: that slowē Seint  
Thomas,

Deide in strongē dethē ynouȝ: and no wonder nas!  
Hi were echone repentant: ne miȝtē none men more:  
Evere hi cride on Seint Thomas: to ȝeve hem milce  
and ore.

Sone after that he was aslawe: here god al hi lete,  
And wendē to the holi lond: here synnēs forto bete.  
Ac Williēm Traci ne wendē noȝt: forth with thother  
threo; 2301

He hopede her in Engēlond: repentant ynouȝ to beo;  
Ac he bicom therafterward: in grete meseise and  
strong,

His flesch bigan to breken out: and rotede and foule  
stonk,

So longē, that hit stonk so foule: that deol hit was to  
seo,

That unethe myȝtē eni man: for stinchē neȝ him beo.  
His flesch rotede on him ek: and aldai ful away,  
That his bonis were al bare: ne likede him no pley.  
He todrouȝ ek his owē flesch: mid his honden, attē  
laste,

Pece and other al abrod: fram him awei caste. 2310  
He todrouȝ honden and armes: mest of echon,  
That ther nas no flesch ileved: bote synnēs and bar bon.  
Meni men hit thoȝtē wel: that hit his willē were,  
Forto bete his synne: that his soule in peril nere.  
Wrecchedere gost ne miȝtē beo: than this seli prisoun  
was,

Evere he cridē deolfulliche: “mērci, Seint Thomas!”

Attē laste he let his lyf: in the strongē pyne,  
 And if hit Godēs willē was: com to godē fyne.  
 This Kniȝtēs, for this lithere dede: deidē sone echon,  
 So that in the thriddē ȝere: ther ne levede alyve noȝt  
 on: 2320

For the Sauter saith that suchē men: that of tricherie  
 beoth,  
 Ne schulleth noȝt half here dayes libbe: as we aldai  
 iseoth.

Theȝ hi beo wel repentant: as this Kniȝtēs were, ich  
 wene,  
 ȝut ne libbeth hi noȝt half here lyf: as hit was bi hem  
 isene.

Seint Thomas, this holi man: under urthē lay,  
 Er that he ischryned were: meni a long day.  
 He lai therinnē fourti ȝer: and half ȝer therto,  
 And aboute an eiȝtē dayes: er he were of urthe ido.  
 God wolde abidē a god tyme: to so noble thing,  
 Whan hi werē bothē gode: Archebischop and King.  
 For the Kyng that longē was: and evere was of lither  
 dede, 2331

Lutē thoȝtē, bi his day: to do so godē dede.  
 Ac the King Henri the ȝungē sone: nolde noȝt longē  
 fyne,  
 Tho he was ȝung King ymaked: er he were in schryne.  
 He nas noȝt of threttene ȝer: er he dude this noble  
 thing,  
 And hit was ek in the furthe ȝer: that he was ymaked  
 Kyng.  
 The gode Archebischop Stevenē: radde evere faste therto,

So that bi herě beirě red: this dedě was ido.

The Pope Hono[r]i that was tho: hedir he gan sende  
Pandolf, a Legat fram Rome: to bringe this dede to  
ende. 2340

The Pope 3af allě gret pardoun: that thider woldě gon,  
That me nuste longe in Engělund: so gret pardoun  
non.

Therfori to honurye this holi bodi: ther com folc ynou3,  
Of bishops and of abbotes: menion thider drou3;  
Of priours and of persones: and of meni other clerkes  
also,

Of eorlěs and of barouns: and of meni kny3tes therto;  
Of serjant3 and of squiers: and of hosebondes ynowe,  
And of simple men ek of the lond: so thickě thider  
drowe,

That al the lond therabout: the contrayes wide and  
longe,

Mizte unethe al that folc: that ther com, afonge. 2350  
So that this he3ě men: that scholde this dedě do,  
Were in care hou hi mizte: for pressě come therto;  
So that the Archěbischop Steven: of wham that ich  
3ou er sede,

And the Bischop Richard of Salisbure: nomě hem to  
rede;

And the Priour, Water, of the hous: and the Covent  
also,

Wenden hem alle in priveité: this dedě forto do.

Biny3te as the men leye and slepe: and lutě therof  
tho3te,

Hi nomě up this holi bones: and in a chiste hem bro3te.

And sette hem up in a privei stede: forte the dai were  
icome,

That was icrid into al that lond: that he scholde beo  
up ynome, 2360

This was in the month of Jul: riȝt evene the sovethe  
dai,

That bi a Tywēsdai was tho: as al that folc isay.

Tho this dai was icome: to this mynstre wende anon  
The Kyng Henri the jungē child: and this heȝe men  
echon.

Aboutē underne of the dai: to [this] holi bodi hi come;  
Pandolf wendē furste therto: the Legat of Rome;

And the Archebischop of Canterbury: and of Reyns  
also,

That for the silvē thingē come: fram biȝundē see  
therto.

And Sire Huberd de Brom: that was the heȝe Justise,  
And four grete louerdlings that were: noble men and  
wise, 2370

Upe here schuldren hi nome: this holi bodi anon;

And the bischops and abbotes: were ek meni on.

To the heȝ [auter] of the Trinité: this holi bones hi  
bere,

And leide the chiste al therwith: in a noble schryne  
there.

This King Henri was so jung: that he ne therstē noȝt,  
With othere bere this holi bones: leste me hurte him  
oȝt.

This was bi a Tywēsdai: that this bonēs up hi nome:  
Al his cheānces that he hadde: by Tywēsdai hi come.

Bi Twěsdai he was ibore: and out of his moder  
wombe com; 2379

And also me bringeth aně theof: to fongen his dom,  
Tofore the Kyng at Norhamptone: bi a Tuěsdai:  
With gretě schame he was ibrozt: as al that folc isai:  
Vyllokere than eni theof: that folc him ther aschende.  
Bi Tuěsdai he was iflemd: and out of Engellond wende.  
Bi a Tuěsday at Ponteney: oure Louerd to him com,  
And seidě him that swetě word: of his martirdom.  
“Thomas!” seide oure swetě Louerd: “ȝut schullen of  
thi blode,

“Alle mi churchen ihéred beo:” this beoth worděs  
gode.

Bi Tuěsdais also god: to Engellond he com, 2389

After that he was iflemd: to fonge his martirdom.

Bi a Tuěsdai at Canterbury: to dethe he was ido,

And siththě bi a Tuěsdai: ischryned also.

Thuse sově thinges bi Tuěsdai: him come attě laste:

Therfore me sizth meni men: maki herě faste,

To levě flesch thane Tuěsdai: other to o mel faste,

Forte hi come to Canterbure: to honury the heȝe feste.

Nou Jesus, for the swetě love: that Seint Thomas on  
thoȝte,

Bringe ous to thulkě joye: that he so deore ous to  
bouȝte. AMEN. 2398

EXPLICIT VITA SANCTORUM.

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# APPENDIX.

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## THE HISTORY AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BEKET,

EXTRACTED FROM THE METRICAL CHRONICLE OF

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

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(Hearne's edition, pp. 468-478, and 517-518, corrected by  
the Cottonian MS. Caligula A. xi. ff. 131<sup>b</sup>-135,  
and 145<sup>b</sup>-146.)



## APPENDIX.

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(Hearne, pp. 468-478, MS. ff. 131<sup>b</sup>-135.)

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KING HENRI wondede muche: to abbe men in offis,  
Mid him, that of conseil: werē god and wis.  
Ercedekne of Kanterbury: Sein Tomas tho was:  
The King him made is Chaunceler: ac\* is wille it  
nou[3]t nas.

To him the King trustē mest: ne ther nas non so hey,  
That so muche wuste is privité: ne that him were so  
ney.

So muche he truste on him: that in is warde he let do  
Henri is eldoste sone: and is eir al so,  
That he were his wardein: and al is ordeinour,  
To is wille to wissi him: and to the Kinges honour. 10  
The King wende to Normandie: to sojorni there,  
And mid Sein Tomas dude is sone: that he is wardein  
were.

Tho Tebaud the Erchebissop: suththē ded was,  
The King and monekes ek: chosē Seint Tomas.  
Tho he was Erchebissop: he huld ȝut in is hond  
That child, vort that the King: come in to Engēlond.

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\* MS. *at*.

The child loved him inou: more nas nevere iseye,  
 Ne he nadde of no man: morē love ne eye.  
 Tho the King to londē com: Sein Tomas nom is sone,  
 And wel vawe aȝen him: wende to Southhamtone. 20  
 Ther was joye and blisse inou: tho hii togadere come;  
 Hii custe hom and biclupte: and herede God ilome.  
 It was enlevē hundred ȝer: and sixti and tuo,  
 Of grace, that Sein Tomas: was Erchebissop tho.  
 The nexte ȝer ther after: (as it woldē be,)  
 Endlevē hundred ȝer of grace: and sixti and thre,  
 He halwede, as the King him bed: the church of  
 Redinge,  
 That verst ifounded was: thoru Henri the other Kinge.  
 He ssrinede thulkē sulvē ȝer: Seint Edward, iwis,  
 That was King of Engēlond: at Westmunstre that is. 30  
 The King ȝef thulkē sulvē ȝer: Henri is sone, Aungeo,  
 Tours, and al Normandie: and Richard is sone, al so,  
 He ȝef Gascoine and Aquitaine: so that hii dude homage  
 King Lowis of France: thervore, withoute outrage.  
 Geffray is sone he made Erl: of Brutaine al so.  
 The wule is children ȝongē were: al this was ido.  
 No man ne miztē thenche: the lovē that ther was,  
 Bituene the King Henri: and the gode man Seint  
 Tomas.  
 The Devel adde envie ther to: and sed bituene hom  
 seu:  
 Alas! alas! thulke stounde: vor al to wel it greu! 40  
 Vor ther adde er ibé: Kinges of luther dede,  
 As Willam Bastard and is sone: Willam the Rede;  
 That luther lawēs made ynou: and helde in to al the  
 lond.

The King nolde nouȝt bileve: the lawës that he fond,  
 Ne that is elderne hulde: ne the godeman Sein Tomas,  
 Thouȝte that thing aȝe riȝte: nevere lawë nas,  
 Ne sothnesse, ac costume: mid strengthe up iholde;  
 And he wuste that ur Louerd: in the gospel tolde,  
 That he him sult was sothnesse: and costumë nou[3]t:  
 Ther vore luther costumes: he noldë graunti nouȝt. <sup>50</sup>  
 Ne the King nolde bileve: that is elderne adde iholde;  
 So that contek sprong: bituene hom, mani volde.

The King drou to riȝtë lawe: mani luther costome:  
 Sein Tomas hom withsede: and grantédë some.  
 The lawës that icholle nou telle: he grauntedë vawe:—  
 ȝuf a thuman hath a sone: to clergie idrawe,  
 He ne ssal, withoute is louerdës [wille:\*)] icrouned  
 nouȝt be: .

Vor thuman ne may nouȝt be imad: aȝen is louerdës  
 wille fre.

Another thing he grauntede ek: as ȝe mowe nou isé:  
 ȝuf a man of holichirche: halt eni lay fe, <sup>60</sup>  
 Person other wat he be: he ssal do thervore  
 Kinges servise that ther valth†: that is riȝte ne be  
 vorlore;

In playdinge and in asise be: and in jugement also,  
 Bote war man ssal be bilemed: other to dethe ido.  
 He grantede ek, ȝuf eni man: the kingës traytour were,  
 And eni man of is chateus: to holi churchë bere,  
 That holi churchë ne ssoldë nouȝt: the chateus therë  
 lette,

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\* Evidently omitted in this line, though expressed in the next.

† Hearne has *valp*.

That the king there, other is: as is owene, is ne vette:  
 Vor al that the felon hath: the kingës it is,  
 And ech man mai, in holi churche: is owene take, ywis.<sup>70</sup>  
 He grantede ek, that a churche: of the kingës fe,  
 In none stede eve\* and evere: ne ssolde izivë be,  
 As to hous of religion: withoute the kingës leve;  
 And that he, other the patron: the 3ifte verst 3eve.  
 Seint Tomas grantede wel: thes and other mo:  
 Ac this othere he withsede: that dude him wel wo:—  
 3uf bituene tueie lewede men: were eni striving,  
 Other bituene a lewede and a clerc: vor holichurchë  
     thing,  
 As vor vowëson of churche: wether ssolde the churchë  
     3ive,  
 The king wolde that in is court: the ple ssolde be  
     drive, 80  
 Vor as muche as a lewed man: that the o partie was,  
 Clanliche was under the king: and under no bissop nas.  
 Another was, that no bissop: ne clerc nathëmo,  
 Ne ssolde withoute [the] kingës leve: out of this lond go;  
 And thannë hii ssolde suerie: upe the bok, ywis,  
 That hii ne ssolde purchasy non uvel: the king, ne  
     non of his.  
 The thridde was, 3uf eni man: in mansinge were ibrou3t,  
 And suththë come to amendement: ne a3é ri3te nere no3t,  
 That he ne suore nou3t upe the boc: ac borewes findë  
     solde,  
 To stonde to that holichirche: ther of him loky wolde. <sup>90</sup>

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\* Hearne has *ene*: perhaps it ought to read *evere* in both places.

The verthe was, that no man: that of the kinge hulde  
ouȝt,

In cheſ, other in eni ſerviſe: in manſinge were ibroȝt,  
Bote the wardeins of holichirche: that broȝtē him  
therto,

The king ſede, other is bailifs: wat he adde miſdo;  
And lokede verſt wer hii wolde: to amendement it  
bringe,

And bote hii wolde be hor leve: do the manſinge.

The viſte was, that biſſopriches: and abbeies alſo,

That vacauns were of prelas: in the kinges hond  
were ido;

And that the king ſſolde al the lond: as is owē take,  
Vort attē laſtē that him luſte: eni prelat ther make, 100  
And thannē thulkē prelat ſſolde: in is chapele ichoſē be,  
Of is clerkes, wuche he wolde: to ſuch prelat bi ſe;  
And thannē wan he were ichoſe: in is chapele riȝt  
there,

Homage he ſſolde him do: ar he confermed were.

The ſixtē was, ȝuf eni play: to chapitle were idrawe,  
And eni man made is apēl: ȝuf me dude him unlawe,  
That to the biſſop fram ercedekne: is apēl ſſoldē make,  
And fram biſſop to erchēbiſſop: and ſuththe non  
herrē take;

And bote the erchēbiſſopes court: to riȝte him woldē  
bringe,

That he ſſolde fram him: biclupe bivore the kinge; 110  
And fram the king non herre mo: ſo that, atten ende,  
Plaininge\* of holichirche: to the king ſoldē wende,

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\* So in the MS., but differently in v. 115.

And the king amendi ssolde: the erchēbissopes dede,  
 And be as in the popēs stude: ac Sein Tomas it with  
 sede.

The sevethe was, that plaidinge: that of dettē were,  
 To ȝelde wel thorū treuthe iplizt: and noȝt iholdē nere;  
 Al thei thorū treuthe it were: that ple ssolde be ibroȝt,  
 Bivore the king and is bailifs: and to holi churchē noȝt.  
 The eiȝtethe was, that in the londe: citacion non nere,  
 Thorū bullē of the pope of Rome: ac clene bileved were.  
 The nithe was, that Petres panes: that me gadereth  
 manion, 121

The popē nere nouȝt on isend: ac the king echon.  
 The tethē was, ȝuf eni clerc: as felon were itake,  
 And vor felon iproved: and ne miȝte it noȝt vorsake;  
 That me ssolde him verst desordeini: and suththe  
 thorū pur lawe,  
 And thorū jugement of the lond: honge him, other to  
 drawe.

Vor thes, and vor other mo: the godemon, Seint Tomas,  
 Fleu verst out of Engēlond: and suththe ymartred was.  
 Vor he sei ther nas bote o wey: other he moste stif be,  
 Other holichurchē was issent: that mid riȝte was so  
 fre. 130

Endlevē hundred ȝer of grace: and foure and sixti therto,  
 It was, that Sein Tomas: of londe wendē so.  
 The nexte ȝer ther after: the Amperessē Mold  
 Wende out of this live: as the boc ath itold.  
 The King let crouni to Kinge: an vif ȝer after this,  
 Henri is eldoste sone: at Westmunstre, ywis,  
 As endlevē hundred ȝer of grace: and sixti and tene;



And sixtene ȝer he was old: tho he was icrouned, ich  
wene.

The Erchebissop of Everwik: and the Bissop of Londone,  
And of Salesbury, him crounede: aȝen riȝt and wone.<sup>140</sup>  
Vor the Erchebissop of Canturburi: mid riȝte it  
ssoldē do.

Tho Sein Tomas it wuste: gret deol he nom him to.  
That the churchē of Kanterbury: in such unriȝt was  
ibroȝt,

He noldē, vor to tholie deth: leng tholie it noȝt.  
He drou him towarde Engēlond: to is martirdom:  
As Godēs kniȝt, he bigan: tho he hider com.  
He amansede allē thulke: that such unriȝt adde ido,  
To the churchē of Canterbury: and the King icrouned  
so.

The thre bissopes worthē\* were: and nome hom to rede,  
And wendē vorth to Normandie: and the olde King it  
sede. 150

The King was nei, vor wraththē, wod: and sedē, “ȝuf  
that he

“ Amanseth allē thulkē men: thanne amanseth he me.”  
He acorsede allē thulkē men: that he hadde vorth  
ibrouȝt,

That of an falsē preste: ne abbē eke him nouȝt.†  
That word he sedē ofte: in hastinesse, ywis:  
Foure of the Develes limes: is Kniȝtēs, hurdē this;  
Sire Reinaud Le Fizours: Sire Roger Brut al so,  
Sire Hue de Morvile: Sir Willam Traci ther to;

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\* So, for *wrothe*.

† That had not avenged him of a false priest. See *Life*, v. 1946.

Hü nomě hom to rede: and vor to paye is wille,  
 Wendě vorth to Engělund: hastěliche and stille. 160  
 Tho the King com to is mete: and is Kniztēs mid  
 him were,

He bihuld and miste: thulkě fourě there.  
 Is herte him ȝef anon: wuderward hii wende:  
 In anguisse and sor ynou: after hom he sende,  
 Toward the se, hasteliche: that hii come aȝé.  
 Ar the messenger come: hii were in the se.  
 Hii wende hom vorth to Kanterburi: and in the churchě  
 riȝt,

Hii martreden Sein Tomas: an Tiwesday at niȝt.  
 This godeman sat adoun akne: and is heved buyede  
 adoun,

And wel softe, as some hurde: sede this orison:— 170  
 “God and Seintě Marie: and Sein Denis al so,  
 “And alle the avowēs of this churchē: in was ore ich  
 am ido,\*

“Ich bitake min soule: and holi churchě riȝte!”  
 ȝut he bed vor holi churchē: tho he nadde other miȝte.  
 Sir Reinaud Le Fizours: mest ssrewe of echon,  
 Vor to smite this holi man: is suerd drou anon.  
 Ac Edward Grim, that was is clerc: of Grantěbrugge  
 ibore,

To helpe is louerd, ȝuf he miȝte: pulte is arm bivore.  
 He wounde his arm suithě sore: thut blod orn adoun:  
 Mid thulkě dunt ek he smot: Sein Tomas upē the  
 croun, 180

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\* And all the patron-saints of this church, in whose favor I  
 am placed.—Hearne reads *abowes*.

That thut blod orn bi is face: in the riȝt half of the  
wounde.

Loudě gradde the luther Kniȝt: "Smiteth alle to  
grounde!"

In thulkě sulvě wounde: an other him smot tho,  
That he abuyde is face adoun: vort ther comě mo.  
The thriddle in thulkě sulvě stede: ther after smot  
anon,

And made him aloute al adoun: is face vpe on the ston.  
In thulkě stede the verthě smot: that the othere adde  
er ydo;

And the point of is suerd brec: in the marbreston  
a tuo.

ȝut thulkě point at Canterbury: the monekes lateth  
wite,

Vor honour of the holi man: that therwith was ismite.  
With thulkě stroc he smot al of: the scolle and ek the  
croune, 191

That the brain orn al abrod: in the paviment ther  
doune.

Tho this holiman imartred was: the Kniȝtēs gradde  
echon,

"This traitor is to dethe ibroȝt: wende we henne  
anon.

"Syweth us\* the Kingēs men: and alle that mid him  
beth.

"Of this traitor we beth awreke: as ȝe nou iseth.

---

\* In the MS. *nou* was the original reading, corrected into *vs*,  
which Hearne misprinted *vi*.

“ He thouȝte be herrē than the King: and binime him  
is croune,

“ And to nouȝte bringe al Engēlond: and nou he lith  
ther doune!”

In endlevē hundred ȝer of grace: this godeman, Sein  
Tomas,

And sixti and endlevene: thus imartred was. 200

Tho the King it wuste: he madē deol ynou,

So that vor anguisse: nei him sulve he slou.

In the castel of Argentein: vourty dawes he was,

In a chaumbre al one: withoute eni solas.

In wop and sorwe and deol inou: and confort non him  
nas,

Ac evere on the holiman: criede, Sein Tomas.

So that tueie Cardinals: the Pope him sende, iwis;

And hii him asoilede: of that was ido amis.

And he undude the luther lawes: and grauntede alle  
the gode,

That Sein Tomas esste: as hii understode. 210

Of forest and of other thing: that is elderne nome  
amis,

He undude, and ther to: is chartre made, iwis.

Ac after is daye iholde: feblische it was,

Of King Jon, and of othere: and natheles ther nas,

Non of hom, that somē time: (mid wille thei it nere,)

Ne grauntede and confermede it: thei it lute wurth  
were:

Vor mani is the godē bodi: that aslawe is thervore.

To betere ende God it bringe: that vor us was ibore!\*

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\* Here ends the portion of the metrical text, omitted in the  
Heralds' MS.

After Sein Tomas dethe: aboute an zerēs to,  
 Ther sprong contek suithē strong: (thei it luther were  
 ido,) 220

Bituene King Henri the olde: and the jonge, mid wou:  
 Vor the sone aros azé the fader: and dude him ssame  
 ynou,

Thoru the King of France: was doȝter was is wif;  
 Vor thoru a vowe of him: the sone bigan that strif.  
 Vor the King of Fraunce: and the Erl of Flaundres  
 ther to,

And Sir Roberd Erl of Leicestre: and Sire Hue  
 Bigod also,

And the King of Scotlond ek: and manie other kniȝt,  
 With the sone azé [the] fader: huldē with unriȝt.

Hii destruede and robbede: the fader londes, mid wou:  
 The father was in Normandie: and deöl made ynou.

He huld it al wreche of God: vor Sein Tomas mar-  
 tirdom, 231

And nathēles with gret poër: to Engēlond he com.\*  
 The Erl Willam of Gloucestere: huld mid him vaste,  
 And mani other trewē kniȝt: so that attē laste,†  
 (Ac the olde King at Canterbury: mid gode herte and  
 wille,

---

\* This line is omitted in Hearne's copy, but supplied in his notes from the Heralds' MS. with a slight transposition of the words. It exists, however, in the Cottonian text, as above.

† This clause, in all propability, is erroneous, and left so by the author; for though the next four lines, (which are here printed within parentheses, as by Hearne,) are needful to complete the narrative, they are omitted in the Heralds' MS., and v. 239 is construed with this verse, in the stead of v. 238.

Hurde is masse of Sein Tomas: and cride him merci,  
 stille.

Is ost, and is soně ost: the wulě masse ilaste,  
 Smite an stronge bataile: so that attě laste,)   
 Thoru grace of Sein Tomas: is men overcome  
 Hor fon, and the King: of Scotlondě nome.  
 And Sir Hue Bigod ek: and the Erl of Leicetre, <sup>240</sup>  
 Inome was thoru Willam: Erl of Gloucestre.  
 Manion ther was aslawe: so that this vair cas,  
 The King it, thonkede everidel: the godeman Sein  
 Tomas.

So that the fader and the sone: acorded werě tho,  
 Ac the soněs herte a3é the fader: was ever mo;  
 And the bretheren hulde al so: a3en hor fader vaste,  
 Vorte the 3onge King Henri: deidě attě laste.  
 A Sein Barnaběs day: and (as it woldě be)  
 Endlevě hundred 3er of grace: and eizteti and thre;<sup>250</sup>  
 In Normandye he deyde: and thulkě 3er al so,  
 Seint Egwine at Evesham: in ssrine was verst ido:  
 Glastingburi was ther after: and to 3er, ibroz̃t to  
 grounde,  
 Vorbarnd, and of King Arthure: the boněs verst  
 ifounde.

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(Ibid. pp. 517-518, ff. 145<sup>b</sup>-146.)

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Ther after at Westmunstre: ar the Baronie bi sai,\*  
 Hii crowned the King ari3t: a Witesoněday.†

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\* Hearne *vi sai*.

† This coronation of King Henry III. took place on the 17th

It was as in the 3er of grace: a\* tuelf hundred and  
tuenti 3er,

And as in the verthē 3er: that he verst crounē ber.

The newē worc of Westm[unstre]: the King bigan  
tho anon,

After is crouninge: and leide the verstē ston. 260

The King wende tho to Canterbury: and the heiemen  
also.

To nime† up Sein Tomas body: and in to ssrinē do:

Arst he adde ileye an erthe: unssrined vifti 3er.

Of Engēlond and of France: so muche folc ther com  
ther,

That alle contreye aboute: unnethe avonge it mizte;

Ther vore hii nome him up: privēliche bi nizte.

of May, 1220, and the inshrining of Beket on the 7th of July following; which latter day is marked in calendars prior to the Reformation thus:—*Translatio sancti Thomæ Martyris*, to distinguish it from the day of his death, the 29th of December, where the first of these words is omitted.

\* So Hearne: the MS. has "&."

† So the MS., but Hearne reads *mine*. Cf. Life, vv. 2358, 2360, 2377.















